WADSWORTH's Remains:

BEING A

COLLECTION

Of ſome few

MEDITATIONS

With reſpect to the

LORDS-SUPPER.

Three Pious LETTERS when a young Student at *Cambridg.*

Two Practical SERMONS, much deſired by the Hearers.

Several Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations.

By that late Eminent Miniſter of the Goſpel,
Mr. *THOMAS WADSWORTH.*

With a PREFACE containing ſeveral Remarkables of his Holy LIFE and DEATH, from his own Note-book, and thoſe that knew him beſt.

Heb. 13. 7. *Remember them which have the rule over you,* [or are the guides to you] *who have ſpoken unto you the word of God: whoſe faith follow, conſidering the end of their converſation.*

Aliud eſt locis communibus laudare defunctum; aliud defuncti proprias narrare virtutes. *Hieronimus in vitâ Hilarionis.*

LONDON, Printed for *Tho. Parkhurſt* at the *Bible* and *Three Crowns* in *Cheapſide* near *Mercers-Chappel,* 1680.

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SECTION I.

TO the Publication of *theſe Remains of that Man of God*, Mr. *Thomas Wadſworth*, a large Preface of his holy Life and Death would have been acceptable; but a *Melchior Adam* well inſtructed with materials cannot readily be found, who might in a proper ſtile give him his due. Yet as an *Addition* to what hath been already written by

by Mr. *Bragge* in a Sermon, and an Epiſtle to it upon his Funerals; by Mr. *Baxter*, and Mr. *Parſons* Prefactory to the *two laſt Sermons* he himſelf Preached to his people; it may not be amiſs to acquaint the world,

II. That he was born of honeſt Parents, *Decemb.* 15. 1630, in the Pariſh of *Saviours*, or *Mary Overees Southwark*. But it ſeems whiles an *Infant*, he had ſuch a dangerous *Thruſh* in his Throat, that the Milk taken into his mouth (not having a right paſſage) came out at his Noſe: and he was grown ſo weak within the *month*, that they even gave him over for dead. Yea the *nurſe* having him on her knee, thought to have laid him out as a dead corpſe, only ſtaid till after Dinner; in which ſpace (ſhe thinking he had expir'd with a groan) he gave a *Keck*; whereupon ſhe preſently put her finger into his throat, and pull'd out a *core*, which being remov'd, open'd a free paſſage for the breaſt-milk. In this weakneſs his *Parents* ſeeking God earneſtly for his life, did *dedicate him to the Miniſtry*, if capable, as *Hannah* did her *Samuel* to the Lord. When his *Mother* (to whom he did evermore ſhew himſelf very obedient, and of whoſe tenderneſs he would ſpeak with thankfulneſs to the laſt ſometimes towards her latter end would ſay, He had coſt her more pains in bearing and nurſing, than any of her other Children. He would ſay pleaſantly, yet far from any conceitedneſs (but with an hearty acknowledgment of her motherly love and kindneſs) *Ah Mother! when you brought forth me, you brought a great Soul into the world.* They that knew

him beſt, had abundant proof that he really was ſuch an one. He did timely ſhew himſelf to be an ingenious and apt *Scholar* in the *Free-ſchool* of that place of his *Nativity*; where the ſtrict and skilful Maſter encourag'd by his Fathers liberality, found him every way ready to receive inſtruction, till about the 10*th year of his age*, he was fitted for *Academical* Studies. When upon his Fathers frequent converſe with the Reverend and Pious Dr. *Samuel Bolton*, then the famous *Lecturer* of the *Pariſh*, and the worthy Maſter of *Chriſt-Colledg* in *Cambridg*, who had often examin'd him at his *Fathers houſe*, and found him not only very Religiouſly diſpos'd, but well accompliſht with School-learning; He was then remov'd to that Colledg under the *Tutorid* of (him who was afterwards) Dr. *Outram*, who had a great value for him as long as he liv'd.

III. Before he went to the *Univerſity*, he ſhew'd himſelf to be one of a *tender conſcience*; for when a *Boy* having took a fair *Tulip* out of anothers Garden, and given it to his Father, who ſometime after askt him where he had it? upon his Father's admonition, and his own acknowledgment of his youthful folly (as *Auguſtine* did his) 'twas often after a great trouble to his ſpirit, and did keep him humble and watchful. So *early* did he begin to ſtartle at the committing of the leaſt ſin. For on a *Lords-day* going into the Work-houſe in his Fathers yard, and there a little loitering, he heedleſly clapt his hand on a Tenter-hook, and *tore his hand much*. Whereupon he reſolv'd no more to miſ-ſpend his time on the *Lords-day*, but to addict him-

himſelf wholly to the *Religious Obſervance* of it; which reſolution he was known to keep ſtrictly ever after both at home and abroad.

IV. When *at the Univerſity* he made good Proficiency in that learning which might make him moſtly inſtrumental for the winning of Souls to Chriſt, that being mainly deſign'd by him in the ſervice of his generation. In order to which, we find this *young Student* early aſſociating with an honeſt Club of Scholars of his own and other *Colledges*, as were not only daily converſant in *Philoſophical* Exerciſes, but did frequently meet to promote the *great buſineſs of real godlineſs and growth in grace*; and to make experiments on their own hearts of *that Religion* they ſhould be called to impart to others. And it ſeems *he* began betimes to impart what he had received of the *grace of God*; for not long after he had been of the *Colledg*, he obſerv'd a young *Scholar* of good parts, and a good humour, but having nothing of real godlineſs, whom he would often ſeek and ſingle out, and talk with, to draw him off from *vanity*, and to engage him to mind the concerns of his *precious ſoul*; and as it pleaſed God in ſome ſhort time, that ſame *Scholar* fell ſick unto death, and upon his *Death-bed* ſent for this young Mr. *Wadſworth* (as his ſpiritual Father) to whom he declar'd he was much affected with what he had formerly ſpoken to him in his *health* giving him hearty thanks for the love *he* had ſhew'd to his *ſoul*, and bewailing his own folly in his formerly declining *ſuch an ones* company, and importuning his earneſt *prayers* to God with him and for him. Whereupon this early *ſpi-*

ritual Father, dealt freely and moſt compaſſionately with him in farther inſtructing, and then comforting of that *ſpiritual penitent*, who gave good evidence that he had a true *work of grace* wrought upon his heart, was a *new creature*, and died very comfortably, to the great rejoicing of the *inſtrument*.

V. Whom we find in a piece of his *own Journal* or *Note-book*, Aug. 8. 1650. on a day of Thankſgiving to God, for his mercies in exalting the Throne of Chriſt in the *Land*, the *Univerſity*, and *Colledg* to which he did then relate, recording the *frame of his heart*, 'That it was pretty ſpiritual 'in the former and later part of the day, but in 'communion of ſome choice Servants of Chriſt, 'whom he and his Aſſociates had invited to Sup-'per, he was exceedingly rais'd in joy, ſo full 'that his mouth could not expreſs his heart, (and 'ſo was another of his friends then) but he ob-'ſerv'd, that the *Devil* did ſuggeſt to him there 'was much *carnalneſs* in his joy, which made him 'afraid, though ſtill he was perſuaded there was 'much ſpiritual joy mixt with it; for (he adds) 'Oh! how ſweet was the Communion of Saints 'to me! Truly it was ſo pleaſant that I remem-'ber I wiſht I could have always liv'd in that ſtate, 'and was loth to leave this company. The next 'day reviewing the temper of his ſpirit, he notes, 'he was very freely carried out for the good of 'Saints: Whereupon he reſolv'd, *firſt* to mortifie 'carnal joy, in which he had been before immers'd; 'in that he found it very deſtructive to his ſpiritual

"com-

"comfort; and *ſecondly*, to be more active for "God in the company, to ſelect ſome out, and diſ- "courſe with them, to inflame their ſouls in love "to God in Chriſt, and to the Children of God, 'praying for ſtrength thereunto from Heaven.

VI. 'The next Lords-day after, he records to 'the exaltation of the riches of Gods grace, That 'he appeared very clearly to him as a Father in 'Chriſt. I may truly ſay, I never found ſuch a diſ- 'covery of the mortification of carnal joy, and 'carnal love, as then, when I was exceeding mel- 'ted with a ſenſe of love, and with the remem- 'brance of Gods dealings with me. Further,

VII. 'If any would have me diſtinguiſh 'twixt '*carnal* love, and *ſpiritual*; let them *firſt* conſider, 'that *ſpiritual* love is carried out only to a Saint, 'as the image of God appears in him; now *carnal* 'love to a Saint appears when it is upon account of 'a ſweet diſpoſition, humility, meekneſs, and love- 'lineſs of body, uſually accompanied with a propen- 'ſity to laughter, and lightneſs of ſpirit; but *ſpi-* '*ritual* love is accompanied with abundance of ſe- 'rioufneſs of ſpirit, and compoſedneſs of mind, as 'I found at that time. *Carnal* love, and *carnal* joy 'in Saints, is a great rock againſt which they are 'very apt to run. You ſhall have *Saints* ſometimes 'ſo extaſied with joy, that they know not why, 'nor for what; and it is commonly in meltings of 'ſoul. 'Tis true, there may be the ſpirit there 'working, as he is often; and likewiſe there is the '*fleſh* mixed with it, therefore 'tis good to conſi-

'der

'der that rapture of St. *Paul* carried into the *third* 'Heavens, where were things unutterable. There 'was joy with an high discovery of God; but thou 'wast joyful, and (may be) sawest nothing. Whence 'may be this Inference:

VIII. 'That the more *discovery of God and thine* 'own nothingness, take them together; the joy com-'ming in upon such discovery is the more *spiritual*; 'but the less the discovery of those things, the 'more *carnality* in that joy. 'Tis true, it is the com-'mon complaining of Saints, Oh I want *comforts*, 'joys, discoveries of love, and these they daily 'pray for; but because they have them not so gi-'ven in as they us'd to be, they wonder. Alas! 'they little conceive, that there is some *lust*, some 'corruptions that they cherish in their bosom, 'which supplies the room of grace and comfort; 'and therefore *note*, God doth or would do thee a 'greater kindness to subdue thy corruption, than 'in giving thee in the comfort thou prayest for.

IX. 'As to *carnal* love, mark whether thy 'love to other Saints comes from discovery of 'grace in them, or from the sweetness of their 'dispositions, (for the carriage and sweetness of their 'natural temper is excellent) and be sure the more 'love doth arise from the sweetness of their natu-'ral *dispositions*, the more that love is *carnal*, be-'cause such is common to any *carnal* man.

'And as to the *effect*, that love which ariseth 'from their carriage, doth decay and flag upon 'more familiarity with them; but *spiritual* love 'decays not, yea, it increaseth by more acquain-

'tance,

'tance. And again, *ſpiritual* love to Saints is accom-
'panied with a compoſedneſs and ſerenity of ſoul;
'and doth not ſo much expreſs it ſelf in other out-
'ward joy, as in merrineſs of the countenance. The
'ſame may be ſaid of that *ſpiritual* love in ſoul to
'God; it is not ſo much carried out in joy, which is
'*external*, but in the *inward* man; and the more
'thy love is *ſpiritual*, and thy joy *ſpiritual* as to
'God, the more it is accompanied with a diſcove-
'ry of ſelf-emptineſs and ſelf-vileneſs; and this
'kind of love is maſculine, and far more durable
'than that love which ariſeth from the apprehen-
'ſions of Gods love, and a leſs of ſelf-vileneſs.
'Theſe are Truths much diſcovered to me, *Aug.*
'12. 1650.

X. On the 14*th.* ſaith he: 'I cannot but remem-
'ber, that being drawn out then (as *two* or *three*
'days before) for a diſcovery of the *Majeſty* of
'God, to keep me from ſin: I had ſuch a ſtrong
'perſuaſion ſet home upon my ſoul, that if God
'ſhould have anſwer'd my prayers in ſuch a mea-
'ſure as I beg'd, I ſhould not have endur'd his pre-
'ſence; for that glimpſe I had then, though it was
'but confus'd and vail'd, it put me into a kind of
'fear. And I could then ſay, If God had not mix-
'ed a diſcovery of *Love* with *Majeſty*, I could not
'have been able to endure the ſight of his glory.
'Therefore it is the beſt way for a ſoul *in this caſe*,
'to beg earneſtly for a diſcovery of *Love* and *Ma-*
'*jeſty*, leaving it to the wiſe God (who knows
'how to compound theſe together, for the com-
'fort and eſtabliſhment of his Saints) to meaſure

out

'out the degrees of them. Oh! I cannot, I cannot 'but admire the greatneſs and goodneſs of God, 'and the poorneſs and meanneſs of the creature; 'and I can ſet my ſeal to that truth, That, *They 'know not what to ask aright.*

XI. That Afternoon going to a friend, with 'whom we met ſome others, who diſcours'd of 'the aſperſions which *carnal* men caſt upon our 'meetings, calling us, *Blockheads, Sots, deſpiſers of 'learning*, mine heart did fly out into vanity in 'laughing at ſuch things, which ſhould rather have 'drawn out my ſoul to mourning and ſighing; to 'conſider how *my God*, whom I profeſſed ſo much 'love to, ſhould be diſhonoured by wicked men. 'After which being come home, I was dead in pray-'er, which I lookt upon as a check to the lightneſs 'of my ſpirit. Yet, before I went to bed, God did 'as eminently raiſe me, and draw me out in melt-'ings for that forementioned vanity, that I could 'not but ſay the Spirit of God helped me with *ſighs 'and groans unutterable*; for mine heart was ſo full, 'that I could not utter it in words. I was very 'much humbled, and truly I may ſay, to his ho-'nour, God did lift up my ſoul in a great meaſure 'above mine humiliation, ſo that I lookt upon it 'as nothing, but as given in upon the account of 'Chriſt. Oh my ſoul! *Praiſe the Lord!*

XII. It is very natural for young Converts to 'think they are never better than when *doubting*, 'and calling their ſtate in *queſtion* Ah! poor ſouls! 'let me ask you, what do you get by theſe vexatious

Queſtions?

'*Queſtions?* If they come with power, they ter
'rifie; and then thoſe that have them deſire hear-
'tily they might be off again, (inſtance *O.*) Again,
'what aſſurance of Gods love and comforts to
'your ſouls, do you get by them? If thou ſay'ſt,
'thereby thou ſhakeſt off ſecurity: Let me tell
'thee, that in ſhunning that rock, thou falleſt upon
'one as bad. For in cheriſhing of ſuch *doubts*, thou
'cheriſheſt *unbelief*. And I dare ſay, there is no *ſin*
'doth more vail that myſtery of *Juſtification of*
'*God in Chriſt* reconciling the world unto himſelf,
'than *unbelief*. We are to live upon *Chriſt* above
'all fears, and are not to cheriſh a *doubt*, any more
'than a *temptation*.

XIII. *Object.* 'But you'l ſay, *What uſe ſhould*
'*we then make of the examination of our hearts?*

Anſw. 'This ſhould be the *Uſe*: By it learn
'thine own miſery, that by the ſight of it, thou
'maiſt the more exalt *Free-grace*. For this is the
'great myſtery of the Goſpel to exalt the love and
'free grace of God: In order to which, mans ſelf
'muſt be abaſed. Now by this *abaſement* is not
'meant a ſorrowful, troubled, and vexatious tem-
'per; but ſuch an one as is joined with *humility*;
'and for tears, ſobs, and ſighs, they are but *acci-*
'*dental*, or rather a *conſequent* of this Humiliati-
'on and *ſelf-abaſement*, and not *eſſential*. Where-
'fore you ſhall obſerve, that your higheſt Chriſti-
'ans, they can live cheerily, and yet enjoy abun-
'dantly more of God, than a doubting Chriſtian.
'Be careful therefore of being too ſolicitous for
'*troubles of ſpirit*.

XIV. 'There

XIV. 'There is another *miſcarriage* in Saints; 'which keeps them from a full cloſing with Chriſt, 'and that is, *the multitude of their ſins. If*, think 'they, *my ſins had been but petty ſins, I could have 'gone to Chriſt; but they are aggravated ſins, againſt 'love; I have had hard thoughts of God, blaſphe-'mous riſings of heart againſt God*; (ſuch had *O.*) 'who after this manner reaſoned.

'I *anſwer*, That thou lookeſt upon Gods par-'doning of ſins with too carnal an eye, and think-'eſt that in this he is like to man, that becauſe it is 'hard to man who is unwilling to put up the *third* 'offence, as he hath done the *firſt* and *ſecond*, there-'fore it is ſo to God. Alas! this is a moſt groſs 'miſtake; wherefore know, as there be no *degrees* 'of hatred in God; who is infinite, ſo God is as 'fully angry at *one* ſin as at *ten thouſand*, and may 'as ſoon puniſh a man for *one* as for a *million*; becauſe 'he who is abſolutely perfect, admits no degrees of '*love* or *hatred*. Therefore when thou lookeſt 'upon thy ſelf, as offending love, as ſinning a-'gainſt mercy, eye God as making the Covenant 'of Grace in Chriſt *immediately*, and to thee in 'Chriſt, and from that aſpect thou maiſt draw this 'Inference, *That though I change, yet God cannot 'change*. For the Covenant of Grace ſtands firm 'ſtill; for he with whom God made it (taking in 'that which ſome call the Covenant of Redempti-'on) ſtands as firmly as himſelf, and ſo unmovable. 'Whereupon my ſtate is firm by virtue of that Co-'venant. Now this conſideration is very rational, 'for if God made his Covenant immediately with 'us, every time we ſhould ſin, God muſt renew his

Cove-

'Covenant, for we ſhould lack ſtill a *New Media-*
'*tor*; but ſaith God, *I have made an everlaſting*
'*Covenant with you*, which is upon the conſidera-
'tion of an *ever-ſtanding* Chriſt.

XV. 'If you would know whether there be ſe-
'curity mixed with your Faith, and your depen-
'dance upon God as for the welfare of your ſoul;
''Twill be a good way to put this *Queſtion* to the
'ſoul; *Whether it could truſt God with its body in*
'*caſe of exigency?* Suppoſe thou didſt want out-
'ward ſuſtinence: ſuppoſe God ſhould call thee
'out, to lay thy *body* at the ſtake for him. For
'this is very common to Saints, they can find in
'themſelves, that they do fully reſign up their
'ſouls to God; yet in the propoſals of ſuch caſes,
'they will find their faith begin to ſtagger. Where-
'fore if thou findeſt thy ſelf in this caſe to doubt,
'*truſt God.* And aſſure thy ſelf, that he who hath
'drawn out thy ſoul in dependance as for the
'one, will alſo do it for the other. See as to this
'caſe, *Pſal.* 78. and compare the condition of the
'*Iſraelites* to thine, and ſee whether thou couldeſt
'have *believed* God in thoſe things which they did
'*not.*

XVI. 'Sometimes Saints are ſtill and quiet as to
'the riſings of corruptions, as paſſions, *viz. anger,*
'*&c.* and think it is mortified becauſe it's *ſtill* up-
'on applying of the ſoul to the *blood of Chriſt*;
'yet if ſo be that particular corruption do after-
'wards riſe again, they are apt to conclude, that
'ſin was not mortified.

Anſw.

Anſw. 'Yet *firſt* we may conclude, That *mortification*, and the *riſing of corruption*, are not wholly 'inconſiſtent, but may be in the ſame ſubject, in 'different degrees. For this is certain, that *corruptions* cannot be totally ſubdued in this life. If thou 'ſaiſt, Why may they not be *totally* mortified as 'to the *riſings* of them, as well as for a *time?* For 'I remember they were *ſtill*, as to the riſings of 'them for a *time*.

Anſw. 'Thou hadſt better conclude, that thou 'waſt *blind* rather as to the *diſcovery* of them, than 'that they did not at all riſe at that *time*. But for 'more narrow ſearch into this caſe, conſider, whether thy corruptions *now riſing* are reſiſted by 'thee, *more* than they were *before*; if ſo, conclude 'then the mortification of them. *Secondly*, It is 'not beſt in this caſe to ask the *queſtion* too deeply, 'whether they were mortified *before*? becauſe the '*Devil* hereby will take advantage of the ſoul to 'vex it; but rather apply thy ſelf to *Chriſt* by '*new acts of faith* as to the mortification of them.

XVII. 'Often times ſouls are puzled in their *enquiries* into the mortification of corruptions, and 'know not what to conclude of them. For if they 'look upon their hearts, they find corruptions ei'ther *bubling* and *riſing* up, and *impetuous*; or elſe 'they are *ſtill*. If *riſing*, that makes againſt the 'mortification of them; if they *riſe not*, they are 'apt to conclude they are rather *ſtill* than *mortifi'ed*. To *reſolve* ſuch a ſoul, I think it is beſt for it 'to look upon *that* in the ſoul, which is *oppoſite* to 'ſin, and to examine whether there is greater *love*

'to

'to God in him? whether he *loves Saints more*? 'and is more desirous that his sins should be mortified than *formerly*? If he find these things in 'him, he may conclude that his sins are in a greater 'measure mortified. For *sins* and *grace*, or love to 'God, are like *two scales*, and if you can but discover that *grace is higher*, or your love and 'breathings are greater, you may conclude that '*sin is lower*, and mortified.

XVIII. On *Saturday*, *August* 17, 1650. He records, 'I was exceedingly troubled with *risings* '*of a proud heart*, and on *Sabath-day* in the morning I found the like accompanied with envying 'against the raisements of other Saints, as if I 'would have none higher than my self. Yea, and 'in the afternoon was exceeding troubled with 'lightness of spirit, so that I could scarce forbear 'laughing at Church, and after when I came home; 'for one of *Trinity* being with me, I was fain to 'leave him in the Chamber, and enter my Study, 'lest I should betray the nakedness of mine heart! 'Oh cursed heart! But for this spiritual distemper 'mine heart was suddenly troubled; and I had 'just such a *sorrow* as if I had lost some outward 'friend, and I did exceedingly take on in mourning for my folly.

XIX. 'On the 22*d* following, I had an ingenuous melting possest my soul on a sudden, reflecting upon my want of discovery of the love of 'God; these three or four days and the day following I was in a pretty good frame of spirit;

'Whereupon I came to conſider, if a man would 'know, *whether he lives above all his duties*; let him 'ſee whether or no (in a ſearch after Sanctification) 'he doth not lay more ſtreſs upon *one duty* than 'another; For this Souls are very apt to do, eſpe-'cially on *thoſe* duties which are *extraordinary*. As 'for inſtance, if thou keepeſt a private *faſt* with 'ſome other Chriſtians, or elſe prayeſt at ſome 'part in the day different from the *ſet*-times, or 'prayeſt *more* times a day than ordinary, either by 'thy ſelf, or with other Chriſtians, or ſuch times 'as thoſe above, praying at the *Chappel*; if thou 'doſt, it is a ſign that there is a tincture of *ſelf-de-'pendence*. Therefore it is the beſt way to make an 'equal conſcience of them all, as for performance 'of them; and look on them all with the ſame eye, 'and ſay that thou art *unprofitable* in them all. And 'that thou maiſt attain to this temper after every 'duty, examine what vanity of thoughts, what 'formality in ſpirit thou hadſt in the doing of 'them, that thou maiſt ſee they are *all nothing* 'without Chriſt.

XX. *What ſhould I do in a dull and dead ſtate?* *Anſw.* (1) 'Double the *watch* over thine own 'heart and affections, it is common to ſee a ſoul 'dead and careleſs. (2) Labour to ſtrengthen '*faith* in the Promiſes of Gods love, and willing-'neſs to receive ſouls. The *Parable* of the *Prodigal*, 'and that if a *child* ask his *father bread, will he give* '*him a ſtone*? *&c.* ſhould be conſider'd. (3) Make 'this improvement of thy preſent deadneſs, to '*humble* thy ſoul, and ſee thine own vileneſs, that

'thou

'thou ſhouldſt abuſe ſuch riches of grace, as it may 'be thou haſt done, and by that ſin ſhouldſt cauſe 'that deadneſs. Take heed of ſlighting the *dead-* 'neſs of your heart; if you do, you grow careleſs 'of Gods anger; for *deadneſs* is a ſign that God 'is angry.

XXI. *What ſhould a man do in enjoyments?* *Anſw.* 'It is common for ſuch ſouls preſently to 'grow ſo confident of themſelves, as to let go 'their watch; and ſo oftentimes are betray'd by 'their enemies. (1) Be then as earneſt for the en- 'joying of more of God when thou art raiſed, as 'thou waſt to enjoy any thing of God when thou 'waſt not. Let not a diſcovery of love ſtop thy 'breathing. Saints often ſit down here, and ſo fall 'back again. (2) Seek to redouble thy *faith*, to 'make it ſtronger than ever; for time will be, that 'thou maiſt have uſe of it. (3) Labour to *hum-* 'ble thy ſelf under thine enjoyments. Let not the 'thoughts of *Sonſhip* dry up thine eyes, but be 'ſure the more of ſelf-abhorrency the more evi- 'dence of thy *Sonſhip*.

XXII. On *Saturday* the 5*th*, and *Sabbath-day* the 6*th* of *Octob.* 1650, (He records) 'The Lord 'humbled me much in the ſight of unworthy deal- 'ings with God, and I may ſay God was in me of 'a truth; this *grace* was then ſo lively in me, that 'I preſt it much to the company. But yet, Oh wret- 'ched heart! before I came out of the company, 'that night I was taken with a violent paſſion of 'pride and anger. Yet by this fall (I may bleſs my

'God) God *humbled* me more than I was before;
'yea, and it cauſed me to have more contemptible
'thoughts of my ſelf than ever. Whereupon we
find this ſelf-abaſing Chriſtian ſtudent to ſet down
how he may get the victory over head-ſtrong
Paſſions, when he adds: '*Humility* of ſpirit is at-
'tainable by getting quick and ſprightful appre-
'henſions of *ſelf weakneſs* to grace, and diſcover-
'ing the evil of a *carnal heart*, which may be diſ-
'cern'd in ſpiritual duties by its ſallying often into
'the world; and much ſuſpected when it is readier
'to cloſe with a *promiſe* of God that ſpeaks *com-*
'*fort*, than with a *command* of God, which ſpeaks
'*obedience*. Oh! pray againſt ſuch a diſtemper as
'ſavours of *ſelf ſeeking*, and labour to get holy
'*Principles*, ſuch as *love* to God to be the ſpring of
'all thy words, actions, and walkings, and then
'thou maiſt take comfort in them: for if any o-
'ther *humility* which is *carnal* be found prevailing
'in thee, it will argue hypocriſie. There is ſo much
'*pride* in men naturally, that when God begins to
'work upon the ſoul, he finds no greater an ene-
'my to it than *pride*; and of nothing more do
'Saints complain than *it*; which makes them un-
'fit for any company, any diſcourſe; and there-
'fore you ſhall have many *poor ſouls* afraid to ſpeak
'of any thing, leſt they ſhould diſcover a *proud*
'heart; and eſpecially in ſuch conferences where-
'in men are diſcourſing of the things of God. And
'you that experience this, ſhall find it moſtly to
'riſe in ſuch diſcourſe, when you are able to diſ-
'cover the experiences of your ſoul more clearly
'than *other poor Saints*. For you ſhall have ſome

'that

'that are real Saints, yet but *babes* newly conver-
'ted, that will ſpeak of God but very confuſedly,
'by reaſon that God hath but in a very ſmall man-
'ner diſcover'd himſelf to them; and withal they
'are afraid to ſpeak leſt they ſhould diſcover an
'*hypocritical* heart in ſpeaking. To direct him that
'hath had more *clear diſcoveries* of God: Let him
'conſider, 1 *Pet.* 4. 2. *If any man ſpeak, let him*
'*ſpeak as the Oracles of God, as of the ability which*
'*God giveth.* Let him labour to ſet the crown of all
'his diſcoveries on Gods head, and ſo let him go
'on to ſpeak; and without doubt if a man for fear
'of diſcovering his *proud heart*, ceaſe to ſpeak
'for God; in ſo doing he doth only labour to cut
'off the branch, but ſuffereth the root to grow;
'and goes about only to *ſtill* the corruption not to
'mortifie it. And on the other hand, let the poor
'*weak Saint* take heed of ceaſing to ſpeak to other
'Saints for fear of diſcovering his *hypocriſie*; but
'let him go on to ſpeak and pray againſt his *hypo-*
'*criſie*, and conclude it to be a temptation.

XXIII. From this experience, and the Rule up-
on it, we have this very obſervant Divine, reſolving
this practical caſe or enquiry: viz. '*How a man*
'*may ſhun pride in the mind, and the appearance of*
'*of it in the body?* To which he anſwers, The *in-*
'*citements* and fomentings of *pride*, ariſe *either* from
'what a mans ſelf enjoys, or what he apprehends o-
'ther men think he enjoys. Examine it chiefly as to
'the *firſt head*; for if it be cured there, there is no
'fear of it in the *other*; if thou thinkeſt thou art *rich*,
'*beautiful*, and *well-parted*, and doſt make theſe
'fewel for an high conceit of *ſelf*, it argues a

'*vain*, yea a lighter than *vain ſpirit*. For con-
'ſider,

(1) 'What thou haſt, thou didſt *receive it*; it's
'none of thine own. What credit is it for thee to
'have an *hundred pounds* of another mans? wilt
'thou ſay therefore thou art rich of that which
'may be *taken away* from thee the next moment?
'Wilt thou be *proud* of an *alms*? methinks to con-
'ſider ſeriouſly that it's an *alms*, ſhould *humble*
'thee.

(2) 'Conſider, thou haſt not *ſo much* of any of
'theſe enjoyments, but others have *as much*, and
'many have *more*. And therefore if thou art eſtee-
'med for theſe, many have as much, and others
'have more than thou haſt; and if it were put to
'their choice, they would leave thee and cleave to
'another, as one to be prefer'd.

(3) 'Conſider if *ſome* do *eſteem* thee, *others* do
'diſlike thee as much; few know thee, of thoſe that
'know thee; few conſider thee, of them that con-
'ſider thee; ſome ſlight thee, ſome revile thee,
'ſome envy thee; and a fool art thou then to
'mind either what thou *haſt*, or what others *think*
'thou haſt.

Take Rules to keep the heart from pride.

[1] 'Never think of what thou haſt, but think
'that *others have more*, and what thou haſt was
'given thee; praiſe therefore the Donor.

[2] 'Whenever thou thinkeſt of what thou
'haſt, *ſhun* the thought that ſhall repreſent thee
'with what *other men think* thou haſt; this is an
'effectual means to mortifie thee. [3] Be

[3] 'Be much in *thinking of thy defects*, and 'thine unworthy improving of that thou haſt; this 'will be a good means to humble thee.

[4] 'Think if men knew all, they would *abate* 'and ſlacken of their *eſteem*, if they would not 'ſink into a diſeſteem of thy baſe heart.

Rules to keep pride from the appearance of it in the Body.

[1] 'When thou lookeſt, *ſhun a ſuperſtitious 'ſcornful brow*; put on a grave humble look, and 'labour to keep it conſtantly ſuch; and then thou 'wilt appear conſtantly humble.

[2] 'When thou ſpeakeſt, *let it be mildly*; ſhun 'oſtentation of words. Give others leave to ſpeak 'as well as thy ſelf, conſidering that thou haſt not 'monopolized reaſon to thy ſelf; and when thou 'ſpeakeſt, be ſhort and pithy, knowing that length 'is tedious.

[3] 'If thou apprehendeſt any *weakneſs* in o-'thers diſcourſe, *ſeem to take no notice of it*, either 'by any ſcornful words or geſtures. But if *their 'Diſcourſe* be lame, mend it in thy reply.

[4] *Uſe thy tongue* as an inſtrument to *expreſs a grateful mind* for what thou haſt received; and be 'ſerious in the expreſſion. For how ſhall men know 'what thankfulneſs is in thy mind, without thy 'bringing it up into thy tongue? or if thou bring-'eſt it thither, and ſpeakeſt lightly, they will ima-'gin that thine heart is lighter, and take it for no 'thanks at all.

[5] 'In *thine Appellations ſaluting any, give ſuch 'as are ſuitable.* That which becomes a *Ruſtick*, 'becomes not a *Gentleman*; and what becomes ſuch 'an one at one time, becomes him at all.

[6] 'In diſcourſe take heed of over-viliſying 'that which others approve of, and thy ſelf in 'part allows of; for this will be imputd to thee as 'ariſing from pride.

[7] 'Take heed of *bewraying pride in your Gate*; 'walk humbly and ſeriouſly without any affectati-'on of head, arms, or feet, or without any *fan-'taſtical* folding of thy garment about thee. For 'this will be an *Index* to others of an affected 'mind.

[8] 'Take heed of the *appearance of pride in 'thy garments*; be not coſtly in them, nor yet too 'ſordid; for both are *indices* of a baſe mind; but 'be ſure thou takeſt heed of *curioſity* in any part of 'them.

XXIV. On a Saturday in *March* 1651, we do again meet with this pious Student recording his experience in theſe words: 'I found much of God 'in *prayer* in the *morning*, and eſpecially in the '*evening* God ſpake out of *Heb.* 12. 8. *I will be 'merciful for their unrighteouſneſs, and their ſins 'and their iniquities will I remember no more.* A 'ſweet promiſe, I am ſure to my ſoul; and yet the 'night before I had a very ſinful frame of ſpirit, 'and likewiſe in the day, and much of the ſame 'ſpirit the day before. *Glory to God in the higheſt, 'on earth peace and good will towards men.* On the '*Saturday* following I had ἐπίδυμα, *a covering or*

'*cloud*

'*cloud* upon my ſpirit. But then after I never had 'ſuch ἐπιθυμητα, *deſirable things*, a clear making 'out of comfort wherewith *Paul* was comforted, 'when he prayed that God would take away the '*prick in his fleſh* (Chriſt pray'd that his faith fail'd 'not) in my life. Note, *it is a ſign of acceptance 'notwithſtanding ſin, if God kept the heart from 'ſtarting back, as an evil heart of unbelief doth.* On '*Sabbath-day* following, I was violently troubled 'with pride and unbelief as to truſting of God with 'means in the world; after *Sermon* more eſpecially: 'but going up ſtairs I knew not well why, only if 'it was for any thing, it was to read of the Contro-'verſie of Mr. *Goodwin*; Yet as it prov'd (by the 'all diſpoſing Providence) it was indeed for ano-'ther buſineſs. For as ſoon as I was in my *Chamber*, 'I was exceedingly *melted* for thoſe former ſins. *Oh 'happy time!* Oh bleſſed ſpirit! that led me not 'with my Saviour into the Wilderneſs to be temp-'ted, but to the Table of my Lord to feed on his 'fat things: *Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that 'is within me, bleſs his holy name!*

'On *Friday* before *Eaſter* 1651, I had no ſmall 'joy in *prayer*, never to my remembrance found I 'ſuch a ſpirit of indefatigability before; *O praiſe 'God, my ſoul! and hie to God!*

And elſewhere he writes: 'I have found in the 'various *diſpenſations* of Gods love, and his deal-'ing with me, ſuch a *temper* as this; I have gone 'to *prayer*, and laboured under ſuch indiſpoſition 'of ſoul, and hardneſs of mine heart, that I could 'not tell how to ſpeak to God, all ſparks of *faith* '(as to the caſting of my ſoul upon God) *ſeem'd* to

'be

'be extinct, all breathings after God and Chriſt 'ſeem'd to be dead; *ſin ſeem'd* as nothing; I ſought 'to lay them to my charge, yea and according to 'their aggravations; I laboured to ſet *Hell* as to 'its torments before me, that by them I might be 'ſtartled. Mine heart was *ſo hard*, *ſin* and its *ag-* 'gravations did as it were rebound back, and con- 'victions would not ſtick. Methought *Hell* and 'its *torments* in this *caſe* no more frighted me than 'a ſword at a *blind mans* throat would ſtartle him. 'I ſought indeed that mine *heart* might be ſoftned, 'yet (then) but in word, deſires came not kindly 'from mine heart, and in ſuch a caſe I left praying, '(this being *night.*) The *next morning* I went to 'duty again, with a *perhaps God will be gracious*, 'but found my ſoul hard as before; and having 'pray'd a while, and finding no comfort in it, I was 'thinking to break off; and ſo I ſhould, had not '*God prevented me*, by putting ſuch an *argument* 'into my mouth as this: *Lord! canſt thou that haſt* '*ſaid thou art a Father of ſuch tender bowels, ſuffer* '*thy poor child, thy poor creature, to plead thus with* '*thee for a broken heart and thou with hold it ſo* '*ſtifly from him!* Upon this mine heart was ex- 'ceedingly full and *broken*, diſſolved even into '*tears. Oh ye Saints! remember that Gods workings* '*are arbitrary.*

XXV. As he records the failings and comforts he had before, in, and after *prayer*; ſo we have him noting: 'It is a good means to keep a mans 'ſoul up in a *conſtant frame.* If he every day call 'his ſoul to a queſtion, *How he hath walked with* 'God

'*God that whole day?* And thoſe ſins he finds he 'hath fallen into that day, let him reſolve to watch 'againſt more ſtrictly the next day, and beg 'ſtrength againſt them, and by doing of this he 'ſhall quickly find a growth in grace, and victory 'over his corruptions. *He adds:* 'When thou art 'ever pleading with God againſt ſins, remember 'that they are *Gods enemies* as well as thine. Tell 'God he *hates ſin and wickedneſs* and theſe are the 'enemies that thou art conflicting with; and aſſure 'thy ſelf God will not ſtand as a neuter, but will 'take thy ſouls part (as *David* in the fifth *Pſalm.*) 'And again conſider, that thy *ſoul* is as a *Common-'wealth*, Chriſt the King, thy *corruptions* the ene-'mies; now you know that the *King* is as much, or 'rather ſhould be more engag'd againſt the *enemies* 'of his Kingdom than the *ſubjects* are; becauſe 'the deſtruction of them, or their victory, ſtrikes 'more upon his honour.

XXVI. 'It is an hard thing to believe that a 'mans *prayers are heard*, except he finds ſome warm-'ings in his ſpirit in prayer, either in ſolid *joy*, or 'an hearty *mourning*. Here theſe *caſes* came to be 'reſolv'd, *viz.* Seeing the Children of God are 'often drawn out in prayer at *By times*, a poor ſoul 'begins to reflect upon his own experiences, and 'finding no ſuch matter perform'd by himſelf, is 'apt to be diſcouraged, and to doubt whether God '*ever loved him*? *Firſt*, Thou muſt know, though 'ſuch diſpenſations are *ordinary*, yet not *neceſſary*. 'The Spirit can work without them, as doubtleſs 'he doth in many. *Secondly*, Perhaps it hath not

'been

'been Christs want of *love* to thee, but thy negli-
'gence towards him. He hath *knocked*, and thou
'hast not opened. Oh! this is a repulse to the
'King of Glory, a sad dealing with thy *Jesus*,
'with a Christ, that was all a-sweat for thee, and
'had his sides running out water and blood for
'thee, to let him stand and knock without, and
'give him no lodging.

Object. 'Yea, but the soul may say, *I have of-*
'ten watcht mine heart, and markt the breathings of
'my soul, whither they tended Godward or no? but
'alas! I was hard and blind, a sottish creature.

Ans. 'First, Let such a consideration as this
'serve to humble thee, but not to deject thee:
'Know that there is a *time* when God will *not be*
'found, and that is upon thy slighting of his for-
'mer tenders. Oh! when ever thou findest thy self
'in such a *case* forementioned, Go and bewail be-
'fore God thine hard and rough dealings with
'him.

Secondly, 'Consider that upon such a reflexion
'on thy self, and finding thine heart *dead* and
'listless to *prayer*, it is very probable that the *Spi-*
'rit of God calls thee out at *that time* to prayer
'against thine hardness, thy listlessness, and blind-
'ness, as to the discoveries of thy self, and Gods
'love towards thee. Oh! take heed of slighting
'such a *tender* as this. Perhaps thou mayst never
'have more of such tenders as these are; and that
'thou mayst wrestle a blessing out of Gods hand,
'urge God with his own *promises* in the 54*th*.
'Chapter of *Isaiah*, it is a most spiritual and rai-
'sing Chapter.

'Here

'Here it may be Queried, *How to know that God 'hides himſelf out of love to me?* This to me is a 'ſtrong evidence that God *hides* himſelf out of *love* 'to me after ſome miſcarriage of ſoul,

(1) 'When God by my fall into a *ſin*, makes me 'more *cautious* of *that* ſin for the future.

(2) God by *that* ſin *diſcovers* my baſe heart to 'me.

(3) 'When God *draws* out my ſoul to *beg* ear-'neſtly for *ſtrength* of him againſt it. But *a man 'after he hath fallen into ſome ſin, may take up re-'ſolutions againſt it and yet fall into it again?* '' Is true there is ſcarce a *Saint* but hath experi-'enc'd this very thing; and the *reaſons* of it are 'not dark.

[1] 'On *Gods part*, he will make his Saints to 'know, that *reſolutions*, nor *prayers*, nor *any duty* 'elſe can conquer *ſin*. He would have them ac-'knowledg when corruptions are ſubdued it came 'from God, that ſo they may put the crown of 'mortification upon his head.

[2] 'On *our part*, let us examine our ſelves whe-'ther we did *reſolve in the ſtrength of Chriſt?* If 'not, it's no wonder if we *fall*. If we ſay *we did:* 'Let's examine our ſouls whether we did apply our 'ſelves to God in the *blood of Jeſus*, for the *pardon-'ing of that ſin*, and *ſtrength* againſt it: If not, 'we may very well ſuſpect that we did not *reſolve* 'in the *ſtrength of Chriſt*.

XXVII. 'Says a poor Saint, *I have gone to 'prayer many a time, and have been exceeding low,* 'and have pray'd with much careleſneſs, juſt as if I

'were

'were talking or telling a tale, *What ſhall I do in ſuch 'a caſe?*

Anſw. Firſt, 'That neither raiſedneſs, nor flat-'neſs in prayer is the reaſon why God heareth thee. 'And therefore conſider, That in prayer thou art 'to approach a God-mediating, a *God-man*, and 'not a meer creature; but thus thou doſt, if thou 'thinkeſt God will not hear thee, except God 'raiſeth thee; thou makeſt *raiſedneſs* the ground 'of thine acceptance, which is but a meer created 'being, as all other graces are. Oh! Take heed 'then of depending upon *Aſhur*; ſay, *Aſhur ſhall 'not help me*; but on the Lord will I depend.

Secondly, 'Conſider this for thy comfort, that 'though thine heart is *ſtraitned here on earth* to-'wards God, and in mourning as to thine own 'vileneſs, yet Chriſts bowels are not *in heaven 'ſtraitned* towards thee. He is not ſo capable of 'mutability as thy condition. Though thou loſeſt 'thy firſt love, yet he is the ſame yeſterday, to day, 'and for ever.

Thirdly, 'Conſider that 'tis *Chriſts Interceſſion*, 'and pleading with his Father for thy prayer, and 'not thy *raiſedneſs* that is the ground of the *re-'turn* of thy prayer. The conſideration of Gods 'former dealings and diſpenſations of love is a good 'argument to move God in prayer, when a ſoul is 'at a loſs for *love* now, or for *ſtrength*, or when 'God ſeems to hide himſelf as to the *anſwering* of 'thy requeſt, to ſay, *Lord! why art thou ſo ſtrange 'to me now?* Time was that thou boreſt me as a 'lamb in thy boſom, and carriedſt me into thy ban-'queting houſe, and feedeſt me with love. Time

was

'was that thou enraviſhed'ſt my ſoul with a glance 'of thine eye; what is become of thy former love? 'haſt thou ſhut up thy tender mercies in wrath! 'ſee the *Pſalmiſt* thus pleading in *Pſal.* 77.

XXVIII. 'I have been in ſuch a temper that I 'have found *mine heart in prayer*, even contradi-'cting my tongue: If for mortifying of *pride* in 'parts, in learning, mine heart hath been 'ready to ſay to its ſelf, that there could be no joy 'except in exaltation of ſelf; as good to have no 'learning as not to delight in it, and applaud ſelf 'by it; truly this hath been the language of mine 'heart. But I bleſs my God that he hath given me '*a joy, and that above all that joy which creatures* '*can poſſibly afford.* It was my *non-experience* of 'Gods love to me, it was for want of ſpiritual en-'raviſhments that mine heart became ſo vain in its 'imaginations. Oh that I could magnifie my God 'for this his love and goodneſs. Again, I have 'been ſometime ſo carnal, that I have even thought 'that there could be no Heaven more ſweet, plea-'ſant and deſirable than that which might be made 'up of created beings, as to enjoy pleaſures, and 'never to be tired with them; to pleaſe my *taſte* in 'feeding, and never be weary of feeding; to *hear* the 'moſt ſweet and melodious muſick, and never weary 'of hearing; to delight mine *eye in ſeeing*, and ne-'ver be weary of ſeeing Thus have I delighted 'my ſoul with fooliſh imaginations, as they ſoon "appeared to be when God pluckt off theſe *earth-*'*ly and ſenſual* ſcales from mine eyes. He ſhew'd 'me more *true joy* in a ſmile of his reconciled coun-'tenance, than in a *Paradiſe* made up of all the

'ſweeteſt

'ſweeteſt flowers which may grow in Natures gar-
'den can poſſibly afford me. *Magnifie the Lord, Oh*
'*my ſoul! and all that is within me, praiſe his holy*
'*name.* For he hath been better to me than ten
'thouſand worlds. I will rejoice in thee ſo long as
'I have a being. *Oh my ſoul! praiſe the Lord!*

XXIX. 'At ſometimes it is hard for a man after
'the committing of *ſome ſin*, to believe *that ſin* is
'pardoned, and withall to *mourn* for it. And it's
'grounded on this; thinks the ſoul what ſhould I
'*mourn* for that which is not?

Anſw. 'Fear and *ſorrowing* for ſin may well be
'conſiſtent with cloſing with a promiſe by *faith*
'for the taking away of guilt. *Obſerve* therefore
'that the *freeneſs of grace*, and the *fulneſs of a pro-*
'*miſe* ought no way to take off a Saints *watchful-*
'*neſs* over *ſin*, and the *mourning* for ſin. Further
'conſider, although God *pardons* the ſin, yet he
'*ceaſeth not to hate ſin*, therefore *mourn for ſin*, be-
'cauſe it offends him. Again, it is difficult for a
'man to think that he hath acted *faith* upon God
'for *pardon of a ſin*, when he hath not in *prayer*
'*againſt that ſin*, felt himſelf *raiſed*, or his *heart*
'*melted.* As for *example*, after thou haſt ſinned,
'whether in letting thine heart rove upon worldly
'buſineſſes, when thou haſt been in duty at
'Church, *&c.* and apprehending it to ariſe from a
'carnal ſoul, coming home, thou goeſt to God by
'prayer to beg a *pardon of that ſin*, and for ſpiri-
'tual ſtrength to ſubdue it; and obſerving in *that*
'*prayer* that thine heart is not *raiſed* either in *love*
'to God, or *breathings* after the diſcovery of love;

'or

'or elſe that thine heart is not *melted* for that *ſin*; in 'ſuch a caſe it is hard for thee to conclude with thy 'ſelf that thou haſt acted *faith* upon Jeſus Chriſt 'for the *pardon of that ſin*. For *Anſwer*, I confeſs 'it is *a difficult caſe*; but yet the ſoul may be ex-'ceedingly *deceived* in it. Therefore it is good for 'ſuch a ſoul to mark this, that notwithſtanding his 'preſent *indiſpoſition* or blindneſs as to the *diſcove-'ry of pardon*, yet in a *ſecret manner* he may have 'pardon given in; and hereby you ſhall know it, 'That *if God do afterwards* (a *week* or a *month*, or 'more) *deaden and crucifie that corruption for thee*, 'thou maiſt conclude thou didſt *act faith* in that 'application of thy ſoul to God. The *reaſon* is 'clear, becauſe *actings of faith* do always accom-'pany true Faith. The inſtance of this is plain in '*Hannah*, ſhe went to God to beg a Son, 1 *Sam.* '1. 7, 10. And when ſhe had done, ſhe knew not 'whether or no God would anſwer; as appears 'from *verſ.* 11, 12. but in the latter end of *ver.* 9. 'we read that *the Lord remembred Hannah*. And 'another *example* of this we have in *Cornelius*, Act. '10. 2. 'Tis ſaid, *He was a devout man, and one that 'feared God, and pray'd to God alway*. And yet we 'read not that *Cornelius* knew that his prayers 'were accepted, until the Angel came and ſaid to 'him, *verſ.* 4. *Thy prayers and thine alms are come 'up for a memorial before God*. Hence the *Inference* 'is clear, That God may *hear* a ſoul, and ſee him '*acting faith* for a mercy, when as perhaps the 'ſoul that *prays* could *never judg of it himſelf*. But 'it may be *objected*, 'Tis true God may *hear* a ſoul, 'and the ſoul *not diſcover it*; but as for *acting of*

'*faith*, neither of theſe places mention. I *anſwer*, 'That we have no reaſon in the world to ſay, that '*God will hear any prayer, ſo as to anſwer it, except* '*it hath been put up in faith*; and the reaſon is clear, 'which is this, *becauſe we can receive no mercy* '*but through Chriſt*; and can have no intereſt in 'Chriſt, except we believe; and ſo can receive no- 'thing from God but *through faith mediating*; there- 'fore becauſe they did receive a mercy, to wit, the 'return of prayers from God, we muſt conclude 'that they did *believe*.

XXX. 'I have oftentimes been exceedingly '*raiſed in ſpirit*, and on a ſudden *caſt down* again, in 'an inſtant, as I may ſo ſay, and have been as far to 'ſeek for *comfort* as ever. Now upon enquiry into 'the *cauſes* of this, I have found them to be of this 'kind: *Firſt*, God did let me fall, becauſe I lookt 'too much upon mine *inraiſements*, as to the eſtab- 'liſhing of my ſoul, whereas I ſhould have liv'd 'above them, and ſhould have caſt my ſoul imme- 'diately upon Chriſt.

Secondly, 'God may *caſt-down* upon the *queſti-* 'onings in the ſoul concerning the reality of thoſe '*inraiſements*; and God may do it upon this ac- 'count, becauſe a *doubting* ſoul *miſtruſting* the *reality* 'of Gods mercies, and not knowing whether they 'came from God, or his own natural ſtrength, the 'ſoul knows not on whoſe head he ſhall put the '*Crown*; and becauſe God will *advance himſelf* in 'all Goſpel-deſigns, he lets thy ſoul fall, that it 'might know that all its *raiſements* are from God; 'and here God ſhews abundance of *love* to the 'ſoul,

'ſoul, and makes it more firm in its joys the next 'time. And for *direction* in ſuch a caſe, when a ſoul 'is at a loſs for the *diſcovery* of God, *it will be its 'beſt way to wait patiently upon God*, and in an hum- 'ble acknowledgment of his own unworthineſs, 'that he deſerves ever to be *low*; and if at any 'time he is *rais'd*, it is from Gods *free grace*. And 'if thou haſt found God in *former time*, coming 'into thy ſoul after ſuch a *ſudden dejection*; let 'that *experience* of Gods love be a ſtay to thy ſoul 'in *this caſe*, and then conclude that *Gods anger 'laſts but for a moment*.

Object. 'I, but ſaith ſuch a ſoul, I could make in- 'deed my *former experiences of Gods love a ground 'of my faith now, if I were but certain that they 'were then real; but I am afraid they were but flaſhes: 'and I ground it upon this that I ſee mine heart as 'wicked as ever, as much pride, as much deadneſs to 'the things of God, as much carnalneſs as ever; in a 'word, I find no through mortification in my ſoul.*

I *anſwer*, (1) That thou being in a ſtate of 'temptation, and of carnal reaſoning art no com- 'petent judg of thy mortification, for it is with 'ſuch a ſoul in *this caſe*, as with a man in a *paſſion*, 'whiles he is in ſuch a caſe, he can judg of nothing 'aright, for his *reaſon* is clouded with his *paſſion*.

'But (2) it is moſt certain that *corruptions* may 'be in the ſoul, and yet *grace* too, although as a 'ſpark it is cover'd with dead *embers*. Therefore I 'adviſe thee to wait patiently upon God till the 'ſpark flames, till the day-ſtar ariſe in thine heart, '[2 *Pet.* 1. 19.] And there it is very remarkable that 'the Apoſtle compares *grace* to an *immortal ſeed*

'which God puts in the heart. Now a *ſeed*, you 'know, may lie a long time under clods before it ap-'pear; wait then patiently upon God until the '*Sun of Righteouſneſs* ariſe in thy ſoul, and make this '*ſeed* to ſprout up, to bud forth, bloſſome and bring 'forth fruit to the glory of God.

XXXI. Object. '*It is true indeed, wait patient-'ly upon God I would, and live in expectations of a 'return to my ſoul again; but by reaſon of my trea-'cherous dealings with him, after receits of mercy, 'diſcoveries of love, I have ſinned, and am afraid 'that for this God will write bitter things againſt me.*

Anſw. 'Let not *ſin* diſcourage thee in thy *faith*, 'but be ſure withall to keep a watch over thine 'heart, and join prayer to this watch, that thy ſin 'may be mortified.

Object. '*I*, but ſays the ſoul, *all that I have done 'as to the conqueſt of my corruptions, hath been by 'prayer, and this prayer too ſlightly performed; nei-'ther hath it been accompanied with diligent endea-'vours. For alas! I can remember ſuch a temper, 'that I have gone it may be ten times or more to prayer 'at mornings and evenings againſt ſome one ſin, and 'yet after every one of thoſe prayers I have ruſhed 'into that particular ſin: can God be gracious to me?*

Anſ. 'It is true, thou haſt a moſt wicked heart; 'but I would that thou wouldeſt but make uſe of a '*Parable* which our *Saviour* put forth: *What King* '(ſays he) *will go to war before he hath ſate down to 'conſider what the war will coſt him?* And ſhall we 'think that the All-wiſe God, who foreſaw all the 'thoughts of mans heart, all his pride, *&c.* know-

'ing

'ing full well what an heart he had to deal with 'before he ſent Chriſt into the world to die for ſin-'ners, can be put by his work? ſurely if it could but 'have kept God from ſhewing and diſcovering him-'ſelf to the ſoul, he had never proſecuted that Go-'ſpel-deſign; and now he is reſolv'd to carry the 'ſoul through all oppoſitions, neither *pride* nor '*carnalneſs* ſhall hinder him in it. We are therefore 'ſaid to be *kept by the power of God unto Salvation.* 'Truly this very thing ſpoke abundance of com-'fort to my ſoul, and eſtabliſht me exceedingly, 'when I was once poring on my manifold corrup-'tions.

XXXII. 'God in his dealings with his *Saints* 'ſometimes leaves them to *carnal reaſonings, where-'by they do in ſome ſort reaſon themſelves out of grace*; 'and in this caſe *Satan* is very buſie; and if ſuch a 'ſoul ſhould ſay unto me, *what ſhall I do in ſuch a 'caſe?*

Anſ. 'Firſt, Beware of entring the liſts with '*Satan*; if you do, 'tis a thouſand to one but you 'are foiled; or at leaſt caſt into abundance of 'trouble and diſquietments of ſoul, as I have known 'one (to wit, *O.*) who hath for that time been un-'fit either for the ſervice of God or man. He could 'not follow his private calling for it. Indeed 'tis 'exceding dangerous. For if you give way to *one* '*carnal reaſoning*, you ſhall preſently have it backt 'with an *hundred* more; as for inſtance, in calling 'into *queſtion* the reality of thy grace, thou maiſt 'have moſt hard and ſtrange thoughts of God.

Secondly, 'Pray to Chriſt that he would anſwer

'thine *objections* for thee; and truly this is the rea-
'dieſt way to get rid of *them*, in getting Chriſt to
'rebuke them. And let every awakened Saint that
'is not troubled with *ſuch reaſonings*, know, that it
'was becauſe *Chriſt did anſwer them* to the *Devil*,
'and eſtabliſh the ſoul in his anſwers, or elſe he
'might aſſure himſelf that he ſhould not have been
'freed from them. *O Saints*! admire the love of
'Chriſt to you in *this caſe*; and mark his dealings
'with you herein, that you may admire him. When
'a man begins *firſt* to ſet his face *Zion-ward*, yea
'and afterwards when he hath made ſome progreſs
'in thoſe ways, the *Devil* doth exceedingly labour
'with ſuch a ſoul, to affright him from the ways of
'holineſs, in ſuggeſting that his *former company* will
'deſpiſe him, and in theſe new ways there muſt be
'more *ſtrictneſs* of life, more *tentations* and trou-
'ble of ſpirit; which kind of arguments will be
'apt to ſtagger ſuch a ſoul very much, becauſe as
'yet they are but weak, and have not ſuch power-
'ful principles infus'd into them, as may make them
'ſtrong enough to find the yoke of Chriſt eaſie.
'Therefore it will be the beſt way for *ſuch a ſoul*
'to reſolve ſtill to *go on*, and aſſure himſelf that
'there are *more joys* to be found *in God*, than in
'all his *former courſes*: and withall pray earneſtly
'for the ſtrengthening of inward principles in his
'ſoul, and more *ſpiritually in his heart* to carry
'him through the ſtrait gate with eaſe.

XXXIII. 'This may be the *temper of ſome ſouls*,
'that have had *ſome aſſurance* of their good
'eſtate; that if afterwards ſome ſin is ſet home up-

on

'on their ſouls, they are exceeding loth to *dive*
'*into their own hearts*, which is accompanied with
'this *ſlaviſh fear*, leſt they ſhould find all their
'former hopes to be meer flaſhes, and that they
'have been in a carnally *ſecure ſtate* even until now:
'ſome have div'd into their hearts at ſuch a time,
'and God hath ſhown them ſome *hypocriſie*, or
'*ſelfiſhneſs* in their former walkings; whence they
'have concluded, that if God had let them die in
'ſuch a condition, they had been damn'd: and ſo
'after this diſcovery, if they have had a clearer
'diſcovery of the baſeneſs of their heart, they have
'concluded the like of that eſtate. By this kind
'of *reaſonings* there are theſe *diſadvantages* hap-
'pen to ſuch a ſoul. *Firſt*, He can by no means
'make Gods former dealings with him ſubordinate
'to the innervating of his preſent condition; and
'without a ſpecial work of the divine Spirit, a man
'ſhall not gather any ground for his preſent condi-
'tion. *Secondly*, By this he loſeth a praiſing Spi-
'rit, and he alſo deals diſingenuouſly with God in
'not owning all his gracious diſpenſations to the
'ſoul. The *direction* that I would give *ſuch an*
'*one*, ſhould be this: *Let him know that the leaſt*
'*grace is true grace:* Grace in the *ſeed* is as *true*
'grace, as grace in the *bud*; and grace in the *bud*
'as *true*, as grace in the *bloſſom:* Shall the *bloſſom*
'contemn the *bud*, becauſe it is not ſo fragrant,
'and ſo flouriſhing, or the *bud* the *ſeed?* Oh!
'take heed of a *non entertainment of divine Love.*
'I have had ſuch *quick checks of conſcience*, that
'they have forc'd me to *Duty*, to *Prayer*, to *Church*,
'to *Chappel*, *private Conferences*; and now I am

'afraid leſt all theſe actions come meerly from 'checks, and not from *inward principles.* Of this 'thing, if thou wouldſt ſatisfie thy ſoul, ask it 'whether thou haſt not a *Will* contrary to this '*fleſhly temper*, and *it* carries thee out to pray ear-'neſtly againſt *that*; I mean not to the ſtilling of 'conſcience, but that God would diſcover to you, 'that your *duties* came from more *filial principles* of 'love. *Bleſs* then God for the *quickneſs of conſci-'ence, and preſs for ſtrength*, to obey whatever 'conſcience dictates to be according to *right rea-'ſon*, and the *mind of God:* but on the other hand, 'take heed of daubing it with any light gloſs from 'Scripture, as ſome *ſpecies* of good; if thou do'ſt, 'thou ſinneſt.

XXXIV. '*Seeing that all the mercies of Saints 'have divine Love mingled among them: Now I en-'joy worldly bleſſings, I know not whether they are 'given to me out of love to me*, ſays ſome poor 'Saint.

I Anſwer. 'There be theſe *three marks* where-'by a ſoul may ſee whether his earthly bleſſings 'are mingled with ſpiritual love. *Firſt*, Mark 'whether they were given to you upon the *ac-'count of prayer?* Did you beg them of the Lord 'upon your knees? So that you may ſay all *your 'mercies*, are the children of your *prayers*, the 'births of your entreaties, your health, your 'meat and drink were wreſtled for at a Throne of 'Grace. After this manner did *Hannah* procure 'her ſon *Samuel*, as we may read [1 *Sam. Chap.* 1.] 'reflect now upon your ſelf, and ſee whether your

'out-

'outward mercies come this way: if they do, O 'how ſweet and comfortable will they be to you: 'you ſhall never look conſiderately upon them, 'but your heart ſhall be warmed with the love of 'God. Here (you may ſay) is a *mercy*, and there 'is a *bleſſing* which I pull'd out of the boſome of 'divine Love (as it were) with mine own hand; '*this child*, and *that child*, *this crumb of bread*, and '*that drop of drink* are all pledges of *Gods love* to 'me: theſe are divine influences, and ſparks of the 'flames of Gods loving-kindneſſes. What *Adaman-'tine* heart would not ſuch diſcoveries melt into 'love towards God? what ſoul would not ſuch '*chains of gold* enraviſh, which were both made, 'and put about its neck with the lovely fingers 'of Chriſts hands? What ſoul would not ſuch a 'Cordial comfort, which is compounded of *love* and 'goodneſs? Mine heart is *enraviſh'd* within me 'whiles I think of this *love*; and every thought 'that I have of it beſpeaks admiration: this is 'that which *Angels* admire, and in which *glori-'fied Saints* are immers'd: theſe are the *Chryſtal 'ſtreams* which run before the *throne of the Lamb*; 'every drop of which preſents a jewel of ineſtima-'ble price: It is a thing rather to be admir'd than 'talk'd of: here I could be content to dwell to 'eternity, but I am call'd off to *the ſecond mark*, 'to diſcover *this love in outward mercies*; and 'that is this: Ask your ſoul this Queſtion, *Whe-'ther it hath been drawn out in praiſes for that which 'you have received of God?* Can you ſay that you '*love* God the more for them? and do they en-'gage you to *ſerve* God more? if they do, you

'may

'may assure your self that *Gods love is in every* '*mercy you receive.* Thirdly, Can you see them, '*given to you upon the account of Christ?* Can you 'say, that God *loves you* in Christ, therefore 'God gives you *this* and *that* mercy? this is one 'of the highest attainments of a Saint on this side 'glory. This speaks fulness of comfort. O! how 'sweet is it to see a reconciled Father hold forth his 'hand full of mercies! to hear him come and say, '*Child*, take this mercy, and that mercy! and 'when ever thou lookest upon them, remember 'that I love thee! O how pleasant is such a voice! 'This cannot but work up the soul to *love God*, 'and to breathe after God more than ever. It is 'hard to *distinguish* betwixt an *holy waiting* upon 'God for the *answer* of our prayers; and a *kind* '*of security*, which is apt to seize upon mens souls 'after prayer. Now for *answer*, consider *this*: 'That *waiting* doth not impair breathings of soul 'after God; *security* doth. Again, *Patience* 'makes the soul more *cautious* of its walkings, to 'take heed of offending God: *Security* doth not. 'Let a man therefore in his *waiting* seek for an holy 'restlesness of soul after God. I found it in my 'practise hard to distinguish betwixt these two 'cases, 1650.

XXXV. 'Men go to *Ordinances*, as *Reading*, '*Hearing*, *Praying*, &c. *and meet not God in them.* 'The *Reasons* of which distemper are, (1.) be-'cause of the *distraction* of their thoughts in them, 'and that ariseth from the temper, or rather di-'stemper of the soul exercis'd in thoughts of those

'things

'things before they went, which in *Ordinances* do 'diſtract them. As for inſtance: Perhaps a mans 'ſtudies, or *affairs* of the world, and his thought 'of them diſtracts him: it's a ſign he had been 'thinking of theſe things, either immediately be-'fore he came, or elſe his heart was too much car-'ried out in the week-days after them. (2) Thine 'heart was hard when thou wenteſt to *hear* or read; 'and it's no wonder if the ſeed falling on rocky 'ground, that it do not grow up and bring forth 'fruit. (3) Becauſe thou wenteſt not with an 'open mouth, and an hungry ſoul to the *Ordinan-'ces*; that's another reaſon, why thou art neither 'filled, nor art ſatisfied with divine Conſolations: 'few have gone to *hearing* with a full intent to hear 'what God would ſpeak to them there, and ſo have 'come away empty. It is ordinary for Saints in 'a *weak* and *low* eſtate to put up *Petitions* to God 'as low as they themſelves. They think it preſum-'ption to ask the great things promis'd, as *Adop-'tion*, *Aſſurance*, &c. and they are apt to think 'they do well in it; then doubtleſs this came from 'an unbelieving heart, which would ſeal the foun-'tain which God hath open'd, and cloſe thoſe arms 'which God hath ſpread open to receive ſinners, 'and to cover the breaſts of conſolation with a vail 'of modeſty, which God taketh not well at our 'hands. Many Saints will complain of their hard-'neſs of heart, liſtleſneſs to *praying*, *reading*, *hear-'ing*; and this is the *burthen* which they lie under. 'Now if I were to adviſe ſuch a ſoul, it would be 'thus: Let him caſt all theſe diſtempers of ſoul 'upon his own ſelf as the cauſe of them. Let him

'reflect

'reflect upon his converſation: hath he *walked* 'cloſe with God? or hath he not *given way to looſ-* 'neſs? either in his *carriage* he hath been too 'light, or in his *tongue* too vain. If he ſay he 'hath *ſet a watch* over himſelf, and reſolv'd to 'walk *more ſtrictly*, and yet hath fal'n. *Anſ.* But 'didſt thou not firſt *let fall thy watch*, and then 'fall into ſin? or art thou not conſcious to thy 'ſelf, that thou could'ſt walk more ſtrictly if thou 'wouldſt? Thine own thoughts ſhall condemn 'thee; thy conſcience tells thee thou mayeſt *pray* 'more, if thou wilt; thou mayeſt *read* more, and 'meditate more on what thou readeſt, and pray 'more over what thou meditateſt, if thou wouldſt. 'O man, thy judgment herein is juſt!

XXXVI. 'It is a general *complaint of Saints*, 'that they cannot get up their hearts as to *mourn-* 'ing for the ſins of others. And for *Anſwer*, 'This may caſt down many a poor Saint: but I 'would have *ſuch an one* to take notice of what 'temper his ſoul is as to his *own* ſins; and if he finds 'his heart hard, and not able to mourn for his *own* 'ſins, it is no wonder if it mourns not for the ſins 'of others. So then I would have thy ſoul in 'this caſe, as thou wouldeſt in the *other*. Now 'as for thine *own* ſins, thou canſt ſatisfie thy ſelf as 'to this caſe, that thou canſt remember, God hath 'drawn thee out in a melting frame for them: So 'then think thou whether at any time, when thou 'haſt been in an *humble melting temper*, thou could'ſt 'then *mourn for others ſins*: But withall take no- 'tice of this, that a *mourning temper for others* 'ſins,

'*ſins*, is an *high attainment*. Therefore pray thou
'for it, that thou mayeſt continually be in ſuch a
'temper; and that upon this account, becauſe *thy*
'*God, thy Father is diſhonoured* by their ſins; la-
'bour for a tender regard to Gods glory. And as
'to mourn for the ſins of others, ſo it is hard in
'*praying for another Saint*, if one hears that ſoul
'hath received that which he prayed for, to believe
'that his prayers had an intereſt in his deliverance:
'and this is the reaſon why he cannot find his heart
'carried out in *praiſes* to God for the deliverance
'of that ſoul. Let ſuch a ſoul take up only this
'conſideration, and know that his *prayers* have as
'much influence upon *another*, as upon *himſelf*, and
'ſo let him reſolve himſelf. But in our *praying for*
'*mortification or comfort* in our ſouls, we are apt to
'miſcarry, in *determining* Gods *time* in our ſouls
'for the giving of it: As for *inſtance*; Suppoſe I
'pray for ſtrength againſt my paſſions, I am apt to
'determine Gods time to the *next time* I have an
'offer to my paſſion; and this occaſions great de-
'jection to ſome who are apt to think that *God did*
'*not hear*, neither did *Chriſt intercede*, nor the *ſpi-*
'*rit help* in that prayer. Therefore this is the ad-
'vice I would give to all Saints in *this caſe*, let
'them *pray for that which they want*; but be ſure
'let them withall adjoyn *patient waiting upon God*
'*to the giving in of an anſwer*. Or thus: I would
'have a man be reſolv'd that God will give in an
'anſwer, but let him be *undetermin'd as to the time*.
'It is very difficult for a ſoul that hath been *pray-*
'*ing againſt any particular corruption*, and that for
'a long while; and yet finds his *corruptions* to over-
'come

'come him, or *to get head*, to perſuade himſelf that 'God hath *heard* his prayers, and that *Chriſt in-* 'terceded for thoſe prayers; yet thou maiſt know 'whether Chriſt interceded for thee in thoſe pray- 'ers, *Firſt*, if thou art carried out in thy *depen-* 'dance upon God, notwithſtanding theſe prayers 'are not anſwered directly, as to the conqueſt of 'thy *particular corruption.* Thus he dealt with 'Peter; ſaith *Chriſt*, I have *pray'd that thy faith* 'fail thee not. And that the prick in *Pauls* fleſh was 'not quickly took away, yet he had an anſwer, '*Gods grace was ſufficient for him. Secondly*, If 'he keeps up thine heart in a *continual praying a-* 'gainſt this corruption. For we muſt know, that '*every breathing of the ſoul after mortification*, is 'purchaſed of the Father by the death and inter- 'ceſſion of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. *Thirdly*, If 'God anſwers thee as to the *mortification of any* 'corruption, though not in that which thou prayedſt 'againſt in particular. Suppoſe thou prayed'ſt a- 'gainſt *anger*, or *pride*; perhaps God will *anſwer* 'thee in *deadning thine heart to the world:* and by '*theſe ſigns* thou mayeſt diſcover the beams of love, 'though there be a cloud that interpoſeth.

XXXVII. Now we have given you a *taſte* out of his *own journal*, in his *own words*, how this Pi- ous *Virtuoſo* (beſides his *Philoſophical* and *Theologi- cal* ſtudies) was exerciſed in gathering *experiments* for the improvement of *ſpiritual knowledg*, even whiles at the *Univerſity*, which might make him a Workman that needed not be aſhamed: We ſhall look upon him, though then but a *Batchelor of Art*,

(who

(who yet had gain'd reſpect by his *Collegiate* and *Academical* exerciſes, and was well furniſh'd with abilities) as call'd to be employ'd in that *exerciſe* to which the *former* were only *preparatory* and ſubſervient. For it ſeems about the latter end of 1652, when his Father being admoniſht by age, was ſummon'd by ſickneſs to leave this *Temporary life*, he was concern'd to be at home, the place of his Nativity; where his cuſtom was to call his Fathers ſervants to an account about their *Souls*, and to *Catechiſe* them in the main Principles of Religion. Here when he had as a moſt *dutiful Son*, perform'd the laſt offices to his dying and deceaſed *Father*, and was comforting his ſorrowful *Mother*, and inſtructing the Family: He was importun'd by ſome good Chriſtians of his acquaintance (who ſoon found what excellent gifts and endowments this young *Timothy* had) to employ his Talents in Preaching the Goſpel, as occaſion ſhould offer. This upon their invitation *he* readily embrac'd, and by his Preaching gave ſuch evident proofs of his experimental *knowledg*, *utterance* and *zeal* for God; that upon the death of Mr. *Morton*, a very Reverend and Worthy Miniſter, the *Pariſhioners* of *Mary Newington-Butts* having heard him Preach, and being ſatisfied of his *Learning*, *Piety*, and *Miniſterial abilities* (as the *Inſtruments* ſhew), and Petition'd for him, He was *Feb.* 16. 1652, ordered to that *Rectory* by thoſe then in power, as a *Godly* and *Orthodox Divine*. And this was very remarkable in his *Election* to that Charge, that though the *Pariſhioners* were divided into *two* ſeveral *Parties*, and both went with their *Petitions*

to

to *Weſtminſter* upon the foreſaid vacancy, to have a *Miniſter* ſetled amongſt them, neither *party* knowing the others mind, yet they *both* pitch'd upon *him*, for whom the *unanimous Petitioners* did eaſily obtain a grant.

XXXVIII. Hereupon this *obſervant young Divine*, who was ever ready to acknowledg God in all his ways, doth in his book with his own hand record this ſeaſonable Call, *viz.* 'God called me 'very clearly (as I thought) to the charge of *New-*'*ington*, in which I uſed no means but *Prayer*, 'wherein I was carried out in abundance of calmneſs 'of mind, grounded on Faith. This is remarkable 'in it, that for ſome two weeks before I heard of 'it, I was exceedingly troubled in my thoughts 'about means for ſubſiſting at the *Univerſity* till 'my *profits* came in. And behold how God gra-'ciouſly ſilenc'd all them, by a gracious Providence; 'but *I look higher than ſo.* For much about this time (as we conceive) he was alſo *Choſen Fellow of Chriſts Colledge*; yet to the ſatisfaction of the Reverend Dr. *Bolton* the Maſter, and his particular friend, *He* reſolv'd to accept of the *Charge* at *Newington*, where *He* was ſo unanimouſly deſired, and where he might have a greater opportunity of *doing good to ſouls*; which was moſt upon his *heart*; and the working of God upon *others hearts* by his Preaching, was much heeded by him. For we have him noting *Feb.* 17. $165\frac{2}{3}$. 'I Preach'd at *Mary-*'*Overees*, wherein God wrought ſo graciouſly by 'me upon *T. W.* that through the urgencies of 'his ſpirit, He wrote a large Letter to me (indeed

'very

'very ſpiritually) wherein He bleſſed God parti-
'cularly, that He had heard me, and that God
'had counted me ſo worthy, as to become an *Am-*
'*baſſador of ſo glorious a Goſpel.* This was the *firſt*
'occaſion of the *renewing* our acquaintance. Bleſs
'the Lord, O my ſoul, that He hath made uſe of
'thy *fooliſhneſs* to manifeſt his *Wiſdom*, and his
'Grace to others.

XXXIX. Afterwards on *March* 6. and 11., we find him again recording theſe *Obſervables.* 'I
'heard from one of *Newington*, that a *wicked man*
'of that *Pariſh* ſhould ſay to *him*, That he was
'very glad that they had made ſuch a choice of
'*me*, which forc'd him to theſe expreſſions (through
'my weak preaching) that he was perſwaded if the
'*Devil himſelf ſhould come and preach to men, he*
'*would perſwade them to ſeek heaven.* O my ſoul!
'admire the new *Hieruſalem.* Further, Mr. *Dia-*
'*per* brought one of *Newington* to me, they called
'Mr. *Langleys Convert*, who told me in our Con-
'verſe, that he had lain under a deadneſs of heart
'for almoſt a *quarter of a year*; but ſince *my Preach-*
'*ing there*, his ſpirit was exceedingly refreſh'd and
'quickned. This is the Lords doings, and it is
'wonderful in mine eyes. The ſame night in our
'Conference, both concurred (I mean the foremen-
'tioned parties) in this *experiment*, that they have
'kneeled down on their knees; yet through
'*ſtraitneſs* of heart, have riſen up again, and Peti-
'tion'd nothing of God. *March* 12. (ſaith he)
'my ſoul was in an exceeding *ſpiritual* frame,
'wherein God exceedingly deadned me as to

'*worldly-mindedneſs*, with which (through a little 'dallying with, a day or two before) I was ſome-'what bewitch'd; Oh! my ſoul take heed of 'jeſting with covetous expreſſions, leſt it prove 'thy ſnare. On *Saturday* night, *April* the 1*ſt*, 'my ſpirit was very much refreſh'd in the light of 'Gods countenance, the actings of my faith be-'ing very viſible in relation to *Newingtons* ſalva-'tion. A friend of mine told *me* of a very *carnal* '*wretch*, that at hearing of me concerning the 'unkindneſs of ſinners to God, was very importu-'nate with the *ſaid party* to write out my *Sermon* 'for him; which importunity laſted for a week or 'more; but at length the ſaid importunate party 'waxed cold, and he heard no more of him (when 'he had written it out for him). Note, *All convi-'ctions, and all meltings are not converting.*

For the ſearching of ſuch like, we have this *experimental Preacher* recording, 'You ſhall find it 'in your dealings with ſome ſouls, that it is very 'hard to bring them off their *good meanings and* '*wiſhes*, eſpecially *ſuch as are any thing moral*, and 'haply *do ſubdue ſome of their groſſer ſins.* Exa-'mine ſuch thus: *Firſt*, How doth your ſoul take 'it, if you find not God in prayer? if you can riſe 'up, as you kneel down, find God, or not find him, '*ſuſpect* thine heart, for all is not right within. '*Secondly*, Whether doth the abſence of God, or 'the loſs of a creature, a child, or a wife, or a huſ-'band, moſt trouble thee: thou maieſt by this '*ſearch* thine heart to the quick; for the *loſs* of 'whatſoever it is that *troubles thee* moſt, that is '*thine heart* moſt upon. Indeed the *heart* of this choice

choice ſervant of the Lord was much upon his Maſters work, for the good of Souls. For on a time *June* 1651. we find he had noted, that he was ſurpriz'd in ſpirit with joy unutterable, breaking out, 'Oh! how did my *bowels earn* when I thought 'of *Souls* at a diſtance from God, and ſitting up-'on the ſhadow of death! Whereupon he communicated his experience to his *Chamber-fellow*.

XL. And now having after thorow examination and profeſſion of his faith been ſolemnly ſet apart to his *Miniſterial office*, and Paſtoral Charge, by the *laying on of the hands of the Presbytery and Prayer* in a great Congregation at St. *Mary-Axe* Church, *London*; like a good Husband-man, as he was careful when he had ſown his ſeed with diligence in *Preaching* of the Word, to ſee how it ſprang up; ſo he was to prepare the ground for the receiving of it by *Catechizing* his people, which he was very zealous to carry on ſucceſsfully, as you may ſee by the *Epiſtle* (before the ſhort Catechiſm he recommended) in the words he then printed.

To all the Inhabitants of the Pariſh of Newington-Butts, *Grace and Peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

My dear Pariſhioners!

GOD is my witneſs how the Salvation of your never-dying Souls is deſired by me: If I could not have compaſſionated you, as men and women drawing near to that Tribunal, where you ſhall (within theſe few days) receive your final ſentence, either to everlaſting Happineſs or Torment, I had never been ſo earneſt and importunate with you in my Pulpit, for your hearty entertainment of the Lord Jeſus, in a ſincere obedience to his Laws, and unfeigned love of his perſon and benefits, as the only way to eternal life. And if the ſame love and tenderneſs had not continued in me, I would never have ventured upon this toylſome, laborious work of ſending for you family by family, to inſtruct you in the knowledg of that Jeſus Chriſt, through whom only you expect to find ſalvation. If God ſhall be pleaſed to make you as willing a people to learn, as he hath made me willing to ſpend, and be ſpent in this ſervice of teaching you, I ſhall have cauſe to praiſe him to my dying day.

The God and Father of our Lord Jeſus perſwade your heart to receive his teachings of you in your Miniſters, that you may not ſhut the knowledg of himſelf

in

in the Goſpel out of your doors, which will prove of more ſad and dreadful conſequence to your Souls than you imagine. Amen.

So prays one that unfeignedly loves you, and that is willing to ſacrifice *health, ſtrength, eaſe,* and all I have in the ſervice of your Souls.

Thomas Wadſworth.

AT the end of the *Catechiſm* he adjoyn'd *an Admonition.* I have here preſented you but with a few things to commend to your memories; but if through age, or other weakneſſes, ſome of you cannot get this little without book, let me deſire you to perfect your ſelves in the *Creed,* the *Lords Prayer,* and the *Ten Commandments.* But however, if you are Parents, or Maſters and Miſtreſſes of families, let me entreat you to command your Children and Servants to get the reſt, and to hear them ſay it once or twice a week: you may make it part of your Lords-days work, and adjoyn it to your *Praying, Reading,* or *Repetition* of what you heard when you come *home.*

Having laboured much in *this* and *other* ways with great ſucceſs, to reduce the Inhabitants of that great Pariſh from their diſorderly living, to the obedience of the Goſpel. After a *profeſſion of their faith* (Printed ſingly after the example of the Miniſters in the *Worceſter-ſhire Aſſociation*) he engag'd thoſe inſtructed who were willing to joyn in all Ordinances, to ſignifie in theſe words, *I do*

conſent to be a member of the particular Church of Chriſt at Newington-Butts. *whereof* Thomas Wadſworth *is Teacher and Overſeer, and to ſubmit to his Teaching and Miniſterial guidance and overſight according to Gods word, and to hold communion with that Church in the publick worſhipping of God, and to ſubmit to the brotherly admonition of fellow-members, that ſo we may be built up in knowledg, and holineſs, and may the better maintain our obedience to Chriſt, and the welfare of this ſociety, and hereby may the more pleaſe and glorifie God.*

XLI. You ſee what pains and coſt he was at, for the good of the Souls under his Charge at *Newington*, where you had before from his *Hearers*, in Mr. *Baxters* Preface to his *Two laſt Sermons*, a more particular account of his moſt exemplary and unwearied induſtry in his Miniſterial-office. And then on the *Lords day* in his *own family*, when his great work was over in the *publick Congregation*, he us'd to have *Sermons repeated*, and he himſelf *prayed* and Sung *Pſalms* with them; yea, and being well inſtructed of his Lord and *Maſter* (who knew how to *ſpeak a word in ſeaſon to him that is weary*) and remembring the *Apoſtles* charge for Preaching the Word [2 *Tim.* 4. 2.] *to be inſtant in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-ſuffering and doctrine:* He did in a time of an *extraordinary long Froſt*, when poor *Watermen* were ſorely put to it for a ſubſiſtence, ſet up an *Expoſitory-Lecture for four or five mornings in a week, at leaſt two months together.* When it pleaſed God to manifeſt his ſpecial preſence with him

him in this ſeaſonable work; for it prov'd the means of turning ſeveral from their evil ways unto God; and ſome who had liv'd looſely before, can to this day with humility and thankfulneſs teſtifie that a *work of grace* was then wrought upon them; So that they were *ſeals* to his Miniſtry, and to that truth of the Wiſemans [*Prov.* 25. 11.] *A word fitly ſpoken* (or ſeaſonably, on the wheels) *is like Apples of gold in Pictures of ſilver.* This was *extraordinary*; but the other was his courſe, whiles he continued at *Newington*, which was till Mr. *James Meggs*, who vouch'd himſelf to be Legal *Rector* of it, forc'd him to reſign that *Benefice* to him in *Auguſt*, 12. *Carol.* 2*di.* and put an end to all Suits; only he yielded that Mr. *Wadſworth* ſhould Preach there till *Septemb.* 29. next enſuing. Though Mr. *Meggs*, ſometime before his death, could not but acknowledge, that however he had given Mr. *Wadſworth* trouble, he had not before, that real and legal title to *Newington*, he had made the world believe he had. But our *Practical Divine* had learn'd to *ſuffer*, rather than to *do* any wrong.

XLII. However the great God, who had made much uſe of this *choice inſtrument* in his work, would not let him as yet lye by uſeleſs. For after he was remov'd from *Newington* by no fair dealing (as before) of *him* that *ſucceeded*, beſides his *Lecture* on *Saturday* mornings at S. *Antholins*, yea and for ſome time likewiſe there at five of the Clock in the evening of the Lords days, and for a *Winter* or two, on *Monday* nights at *Margrets Fiſh-ſtreet-Hill*, *London*, where by the concourſe

of Auditors, 'twas evident his labours were much valued (though he had low thoughts of the apprehenſion of men); He was by the *Pariſhioners* (in whoſe power the preſentation or nomination then was) choſen to be *Miniſter* of *Laurence Poultney*, where he continued (and being then a Widower, and removing from the Houſe of his intimate friend Mr. *Sedgwick*, then marrying, liv'd in the family of his worthy friend Mr. *Robert de Lunà* Merchant) till the frowning *Bartholomew* 1662. when he was *ejected thence*, and out of his *Lectures*, as 2000 of his *Brethren* were elſewhere, becauſe they could not *aſſent* and *conſent* to *all and every thing* in the new *Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment* made then at the importunate inſtance of the *Hierarchy*. But at the motion of his friends to give them a *Sermon* that *Saturday* night, (before the ſevere Law was to be executed the next day,) he yielded, though they had not ſpoken to him till when *he* was that day at dinner; and a Text was named to him, who ſoon after turn'd aſide to his Meditation, they rang the Bell, and he preached a *farewell Sermon* (not that in the *Printed* ones on *Revel.* 2. 5.) from that very *Text* given, *viz.* Mal. 3. 16. *Then they that feared the Lord, ſpake often one to another, and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought on his name.* They knew it was not very difficult for him who was *inſtructed to the Kingdom of Heaven*, like the houſholder, *to bring forth out of his treaſure things new and old.* He would often ſay to ſome of his friends (he bleſs'd God), if he had but a little

time

time to premeditate and digeſt matter, he was never at a loſs for words on his Maſters Embaſſy, but hath for words often took more care how to ſpeak prudently in conference with ſome in private, that he might not be miſtaken, than how to ſpeak in publick, when he expected more of Gods ſpecial aid, being aſſuredly on his errand.

XLIII. 'Twas obſerv'd, as by Mr. *Obadiah Sedgwick* aboveſaid, that he was in all things a praiſe-worthy and *extraordinary perſon*; by Mr. *De Lunè* and his *Vertuous Wife*, whiles his Commoration was with them in their houſe at *London*, and at *Theobalds*, about a year and an half, that *he* was of *ſingular Piety*, conſtantly promoting Holineſs in the *Family*; eſpecially much rais'd in his ſpirit, when he came from *Preaching* and the *Lords Table*, being then as in an *Heaven upon Earth*. A man that would (but with much prudence) *reprove ſin* in any perſon, of what high rank or quality ſoever in the world. It might be truly ſaid of *him* as 'twas of Mr. *Hugh Latimer* the Martyr: *He did behave himſelf as a faithful meſſenger of God, being afraid of no man, telling all degrees their duties faithfully and truly, without reſpect of perſons, or any kind of flattery.* Yet *he* did not much care to converſe with the *Rich*, unleſs *he* could bring them to acts of *Charity*. When in the things of this world, which *he* had earneſtly deſired, *He* met with *diſappointments*, He would paſs them over without much concernedneſs. *He* was in *Diſcourſe* very mild, and would give way to *others* to ſpeak; and when he had heard them, he would *without paſſion*, and

and with much judgment and clearneſs return anſwers to them. If he had heard any one *good Chriſtian* ſpeak *bitterly* againſt *another Chriſtian*; It was uſual with him to ſay, That the *other likely meant better than he had expreſſed himſelf; and if what was ſaid, could be took in two ſenſes, it ought to be interpreted in the beſt, becauſe every Chriſtian cannot in ſuch a ready way utter his mind as another can. Inſomuch, that when a diſpaſſionate and more particular enquiry hath been made into the matter, and he hath been deſired to explain himſelf, or another ſtanding by, hath put words into his mouth, it hath often been found he did not mean as at the firſt, the other apprehended he did.* And therefore our Author would give this *Rule* upon another's ſaying or doing, *If a good ſenſe can be put upon it, never take it in a bad one.*

XLIV. Be-like *he practis'd* according to his own *Directions* he had recorded, *for Chriſtian prudence in our converſation with men*, viz. 'Let's lay the 'Apoſtles *Rule*, Philip. 4. 8. for our *foundation*. '(1.) Whatſoever things are true, or *good*, which 'may be conceiv'd as the *Genus* to thoſe that follow. (2.) Whatſoever things are *honeſt* or ve'nerable; therefore be innocent as may be, with 'reference to evil. (3.) Whatſoever things are '*juſt*. There is Juſtice *Univerſal*, whereby we muſt 'yield obedience to the univerſal *Law of God*, and 'of *man*, as agreeing to the Law of God. Here 'we muſt ſhew all due reſpect to others, eſpecially 'Superiors, as to *Magiſtrates*, to be as little, and 'as cautiouſly as can be in ſpeaking againſt them,

'as

'as to any action of theirs, unleſs there be ſome 'neceſſity, and then as favourably as may be. To '*Parents*, to be as plauſible as may be to them, and 'if in any thing they diſſent from us, if in mat-'ters of indifferency, rather give way to them, 'than oppoſe them: and ſo likewiſe amongſt any 'we converſe with, having an eſpecial eye to the '*time* and *place*, and therefore as little as may be 'publickly. *Juſtice particular* is either *Remunera-'tive*, or *Commutative*; *Remunerative* is a diſtri-'bution of honour and *rewards* without any re-'ſpect of perſons, according to *deſerts*. Therefore if 'you ſee any thing in any man *praiſe-worthy*, give 'him *due honour*, and let no prejudice cloud it. *Com-'mutative juſtice* is a giving to every man *his right*, 'in all your converſe and commerce with them, 'in bargaining, *&c.* (4.) Whatſoever things are '*pure*, *lovely*, and of *good report*, or well ſpoken of. 'Therefore ſhun *Cards* and *Dice*, which are not 'well accounted of by good men, which (as too 'commonly uſed) will bring a *ſcandal* on your 'profeſſion, make you unfit to reprove others in 'that, or any other *vice*. Be ſure it is the beſt way 'to continue a mans enjoyments with God, to be 'acting for God amongſt them we do converſe. 'If any ſay, *I have often been admoniſhing, yet find 'I no good wrought on them; and I ſeem worſe my 'ſelf? Anſw.* [1.] This ariſeth from thine *own 'miſcarriage* in the *duty*. Didſt thou pray before, 'or after thy duty? or didſt thou keep up thine 'heart in an holy, humble frame, whilſt thou waſt 'in it? If not, no wonder thou haſt ſucceeded no 'better in it. [2.] Reflect upon thine heart,

'whe-

'whether thou didſt never arrogate *too much* to 'thy *ſelf*, if God at any time made thy words to 'take effect? And thou ſhalt know upon a *ſecret* '*rejoycing*, when thou heareſt any directly or in-'directly ſpeak of ſuch an ones converſion, and ſo '*not giving glory* to God; he therefore never with-'holds the influence of his Grace.

XLV. Others who had reaſon to know him intimately, as they did obſerve his *prudence*; and alſo that as *he* was always very ſerious, ſo moſt frequently *cheerful*, inſomuch that a good friend of his remembers, when in *froſt* and *ſnow*, and *bitter ſtorms*, he went to preach the Goſpel, one coming to him, and pitying him in regard of his bad journey: He ſaid cheerfully, *'Twas his Maſters work, and therefore no burden to him to ſerve ſo good a Maſter, though he paſſed through many difficulties.* He by grace had attempered his natural diſpoſition to *merrineſs*, and brought it to a *Chriſtian cheerfulneſs*, by watchfulneſs and experiments. And therefore we find him 1649, in his Notes, largely ſtating the *caſe* concerning *laughter* and *ſmiling* in Chriſtians in ſeveral particulars.

1. '*Sorrow is the proper conſequent of ſin.* Chri-'ſtians therefore ſo far as freed from ſin, are ne-'ceſſarily in a ſtate of freedom from *ſinful ſorrow*, 'ſlaviſh fear, *&c.* That *liberty*, 2 Cor. 3. *latter end*, 'is fixed to *joy*: nothing ſo genuine and *characte-'riſtically* appendant to the ſtate of an Adopted 'Child of God, as *joy*; becauſe having the ſpirit, '*he* ought to *rejoyce evermore*, and that with joy 'unſpeakable and full of glory.

2. I grant

2. 'I grant alſo that Saints ought to *joy in* 'one anothers *ſociety* with a ſpiritual delight; con- 'ſidering the Wiſemans ſaying, *Prov.* 15. 16. '*Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than* 'great treaſures and trouble therewith. The com- 'pany of ſuch ſhould *be all their delight*, Pſal. 16. 3. 'Chriſt himſelf ſpeaks of his *rejoycing in the habi-* 'table parts of his earth, and his delights with the 'ſons of men, Prov. 8. 31. This might be more at 'large evidenc'd from *Scriptures*.

3. 'I muſt (as I have had too ſad a cauſe) put in 'this much, That as *Chriſtian liberty* in *other* things, 'through *Satans policy* is abuſed too too much for 'an *occaſion* to the gratifying *of the fleſh*, and 'vanity of heart (which ſhould not be, *Gal.* 5. 13.) 'ſo in *this*, which I account (if it be brought to 'the face) *vain laughter*. Which I ſhall *deſcribe* 'in brief, and then leave to ſpiritual judgments. 'There is ſuch a frame of heart in many precious 'Saints as this, *viz. A certain, ſudden, indeliberate,* 'and raſh leaping of heart, careleſly, blindly, and 'unadviſedly tranſported with fleſhly apprehenſions 'of ſome ſenſual ridiculouſneſs in ſomewhat (though 'never ſo ſpiritual) *without the ſoul*; an unreaſon- 'able jocundneſs, a ſhameful diſcovery of the hearts 'nakedneſs, and inconſiderable jovialty: a carnal 'unaccountable tripudiation in caſes never ſo ſeri- 'ous, yea ſometimes when moſt ſerious; a delight- 'ful frenzy, an irregular itching of the laughing 'faculty; Alas, I cannot but ſay I have found mine 'own heart ſometime like a feather following the 'puff of any ridiculous object up and down, ac- 'cording to the leſs or greater impreſſion which

'any

'any vain fooliſh matter made upon my ſenſe. I 'had occaſion to cry out *June* 18. O the filthy 'emptineſs of my weak heart, ariſing from thoſe 'troubled ſteams within me! This I could then 'count nothing but a fuzze of vanity, a bubble of 'corruption, a carnal dancing of the careleſs ſons, 'the bane of reaſon, and poyſon of Religion. Car-'nality therefore and vanity are the formal Con-'ſtitutives of *this diſtemper*. *Vanity*, I ſay, and 'lightneſs in an *untameable predominancy*. The *in-'ternal cauſe* of it, is the looſneſs and rottenneſs 'of ſuch a ſoul as is void of the *actual* exerciſe or 'power of *reaſon*, *diſcretion* and *judgment*; but it 'is promoted, cheriſhed, and enlarg'd from ſome 'particular circumſtance in the *object*, *ab extra*, 'let into the unſetled mind and indiſpoſed heart, 'by the quick convoy of the bruitiſh ſenſes, which 'cauſes this *lightneſs* I ſpeak of; or an *unaccounta-'ble*, or over-powerful frame of *laughing*, upon the 'preſentation of the *imagination* or underſtanding, 'either of a very ſerious thing, grace, or carriage 'of a perſon apprehended under the notion of his 'being uſually familiar, or light; or more nearly, 'I mean ſpiritually related to the ſoul thus diſtem-'pered; having for its *external riſe*, or occaſion, '*ex parte objecti*, that very thing ordinarily which 'to a *rectified* and conſiderative *mind* ſhould ra-'ther be a *cauſe* of *ſorrow*, or *ſerious humble re-'joycing*; namely ſometimes, (1.) *Anothers ex-'preſſion* of the like vanity. (2.) The more pre-'cious, *ſerious*, or ſo apprehended *Saint*, his caſting 'his eyes fixedly upon thee. (3.) Such a *fami-'liar Saint his relation*, either of ſome great *ſin*,

'or

'or ſome ſpecial act of divine *grace*, in any ſpiri-
'tual working of ſoul, or his *putting* a light ſoul
'*on* any more ſingularly advantageous *duty* (ſup-
'poſe *Prayer*) out of a ſerious heart.

4. 'The *external efficient cauſe* of this diſtemper,
'is *Satan*, who perceiving the heart looſe at the
'bottom, eaſily diſpoſed to *lightneſs* of ſpirit,
'makes it more vain, and cauſeth other objects to
'take.

5. 'As the *cauſe* of this diſtemper is very *bad*,
'becauſe *corruptio optimi eſt peſſima*, ſo the *effects*
'are, and proportionably *worſe*. Take it thus in
'the lump: It's *ſcandalous, and a temptation to*
'*others*, it makes one *uncredible as to any ſpiritual*
'*thing* done or urg'd by one in ſuch a frame; yea
'it renders a more *ſerious mood ſuſpicious* upon the
'ſame account, it *grieves true Saints*, and *delights*
'*the Devil*. In reſpect of ones *ſelf*, it cauſes (ac-
'cordingly as it is more prevalent) a general *in-*
'*diſpoſition* to all acts of Religion, and ſenſe of God;
'it *deprives* a man of all *ſpiritual communion*, ei-
'ther with *God* or his *Saints*: for it takes away
'*ſerioufneſs*, which is the conſiderate fixedneſs of
'the ſoul, as to acts of reliance on Chriſt for
'ſtrength againſt it; and *laſtly*, it *hinders ſympa-*
'*thizing* with other Saints, eſpecially as to
'mourning.

6. 'There be *connexed* with this *diſtemper* while
'it is *in act* upon the ſoul, (1.) *Pride*, ſelf-applaud-
'ing; no ſelf-abaſing apprehenſions. (2.) *Secu-*
'*rity* of heart, no ſenſe of the Lords being diſho-
'noured. Having ſeen theſe particulars opening
'the nature of *lightneſs*, or carnal laughter; the
'concerning *Queſtion* is, XLVI. *How*

XLVI. *How may I distinguish betwixt Christian joys, and this kind of laughter?*

Answ. 'First, *Spiritual joy and the expressions* 'thereof (be it in *smiles*, or other gestures) is 'still competent and consistent with the *hearts well-* 'disposedness towards God, and all spiritual things, 'because it is the *fruit of the spirit*, Gal. 5. 22. 'This doth as it were oyl the Chariot-wheels of 'the soul, disposing it better to communion with 'God, and all spiritual activity. Yea, seeing it ari- 'seth from some love of God and Christ, in him 'darted into the soul, it fits the soul more for 'Christ, and inflames it towards him: by this 'the apprehensions of God are not extinguished, 'but *sweetned*; not diminisht, but rather *enlarg'd.* 'Whereas *è contra*, the *frame before mentioned*, 'dims the *light of grace*, which by the spirit hath 'been sown in the soul; it quenches the *spirit* of 'divine Union, and so estranges the soul from 'God; it sets the door open to backsliding, and 'profaneness of heart; and we see it is the nurse 'of profaneness in our spiritual backsliding. Get 'a soul into never so high an attainment, this will 'cast him down, and betray him, so that the soul 'hereby is brought to a strange loss, seeing the 'spirit through such vanity of mind is sent away 'with grief and sadness. I could produce a most 'remarkable *instance of one*, a most precious one 'amongst us, who by this means, and the subtilty 'of *Satan*, was cheated of very much spiritual 'comfort.

Secondly, '*Spiritual joy, and the expression there-* 'of *in cheerfulness, consists with prudence and dis-* 'cretion;

'cretion; ſo that a man may be ſpiritually joyous, 'and yet behave himſelf ſuitably to occaſions, per-'ſons and circumſtances: but this *laughing frame* 'puts a ſoul upon abſurd, unbeſeeming and *un-'ſuitable carriages*, as laughing when one goes to 'ſympathize with a ſoul broken for ſin. [See 'Partic. 3*d*. above].

Thirdly, 'A man hath *power over himſelf* in 'the expreſſion of *ſpiritual joy* to order it well: 'but he hath *no power to refrain* from, or regulate '*this laughing*, even then when he well knew he 'ought not to laugh.

Fourthly, '*Spiritual pleaſantneſs* is acceptable to 'all that are wiſe to ſalvation: but a civil *diſcreet* 'man would be exceedingly offended to ſee Chri-'ſtians ſo unreaſonably tranſported, to *laugh*, and 'know not wherefore.

Fifthly, '*Spiritual joy and cheerfulneſs* is not on-'ly every way *regular*, but *well-grounded* too: 'Now of this ſame *laughter* above deſcrib'd, a 'man can give no rational account at all.

Sixthly, 'The laſt inconvenience, which ſhould 'cauſe an utter extirpation of *this wild kind of* '*laughing*, as that which ſtands in oppoſition to '*ſpiritual cheerfulneſs*, is *non-edification*. The ſpi-'rits of Saints are more cold and flat, and indiſ-'poſed by it: Reflexion ſtrikes conſcience for it 'as *vain*; but true *Chriſtian mirth*, joy and cheer-'fulneſs, hath *contrary effects* with Saints.

'From the premiſes for the *determination of the* '*caſe* I thus judg: (1.) *Chriſtians ſmiling* at 'their *firſt congreſs*, if conſcience ſuggeſt not ſome 'ſufficient ground, or ſpiritual account thereof,

'must needs be *some degree of vanity aforesaid*, as 'proceeding from the lightness of their spirits, espe-'cially if their *meeting be spiritual*, and deeply se-'rious, in which cases the vanity of heart in Chri-'stians doth oftentimes bubble up, and should be 'check'd. (2.) One of the best ways for a *Chri-'stian* to discern both in the point of *Congress*, 'and the whole continuance of *converse*, whether 'his smiling or laughter be *vain* or *spiritual* (con-'sequently lawful and commendable), is his ha-'ving *power over his heart* therein: so that he can 'restrain it if he thinks fit, still keeping *spiritual* 'liberty to the exercise of other spiritual duties; 'which *vain laughter and smiling* alloweth not.

XLVII. 'Saints often times in the midst of 'their *spiritual enjoyments*, are apt to meet with 'this *temptation*, the *Devil* suggesting such thoughts 'as these: Surely *this joy will not last always*; one 'time or other thy sins will provoke God to leave 'thee utterly. For dost thou think that he can 'ever look upon sin, and not punish it, seeing he 'is of *purer eyes than to behold iniquity*, but with 'detestation? Know that in *such a case* God would 'have thee to *live by faith*, I mean as to thy *during* 'joys. And of this we have an excellent *Type* in 'Exod. 16, 25. God would have the *Israelites* to 'gather *Manna* only for the present day, and to 'cast off all solicitousness as for the morrow. And 'God doth this, and suffers such injections of *Sa-'tan* to try thy faith, as he did theirs; which you 'may observe in all Gods methods of grace to-'wards them. He brought them into the *Wilder-*

'ness,

'neſs, where they were to truſt him for proviſion, 'into the *Red-ſea*, that they might truſt him with 'their lives. And truly upon a ſerious conſidera-'tion we ſhall find his *methods* the ſame in theſe 'Goſpel-times. Get therefore to *live by faith*. 'Here may be confuted *a ſcruple of many a poor 'ſoul*, being not yet come up to diſcover its *Saints-'ſhip*, *Whether it may laugh, or be merry, ſaying it 'knows not but it may be in a ſtate of Damnation?* 'The *Devil* by ſuch a *temptation* or injection works 'much upon a ſcrupulous ſoul. Let ſuch an one 'argue thus with himſelf, There is no more rea-'ſon for this, that I ſhould *not laugh* (being as 'yet *ignorant of mine eternal happineſs*), than that 'I ſhould not *ſtudy*, or *work*, or follow my calling 'in *ſuch a caſe*; for *one* helps me as to my *ſpiritual* 'ſtate, as the *other*. But again, Let ſuch an one 'know this, that he muſt exceedingly *watch* over 'his heart in ſuch a condition; for perhaps it's *joy* 'is too *carnal*, and by embaſing of that joy, he may 'want of *ſpiritual comfort*: For he that *regards 'the leaſt iniquity in his heart, the Lord will not hear 'him*. And perhaps this is thy *boſom-pleaſure*: pray 'therefore that thine heart may be moderated to 'ſuch *pleaſures*, and mortified more to the world. 'There is a *temper of ſpirit* in ſome Saints at ſome-'times, although very *rarely*, that being in a *raiſed* 'frame they are ſo full of divine love, that every 'verſe of Scripture they have read hath begotten 'a new *extaſie of joy*: and they have been thus for 'a while together, yea ſo long, that they have 'been weary of rejoycing, this excelling ſenſation 'is too ſtrong many times for the body: and by

'reaſon of the weakneſs of the fleſh, there is not 'a ſufficiency of ſpirits to fluctuate about the 'heart for a long time, but by degrees they decay 'and weaken: or (as Mr. *Lockier* ſays) *Gods 'conſolations are as your* Aqua Vitæ *is, and the 'Saints of a weak brain quickly turn'd with the re-'ception of them*: So that God in wiſdom gives 'us in comfort by meaſure, leſt our weak veſſels 'ſhould break.

XLVIII. Conſonant to that *Chriſtian cheer-fulneſs*, for the *deſcribing*, *diſtinguiſhing*, and *re-gulation* of which, as we have had his thoughts once and again; and his friends were refreſh'd with this well-regulated temper in their con-verſation with him: So in his preparatory *experi-mental Theology* we find him reſolving and record-ing ſome things concerning the raiſing of a Chri-ſtians *affection* and *carriage*, with reference to the *praiſing of God*. Where he notes, '*Many 'ſouls are troubled in the examinations of themſelves 'about their affections, whether they are ſet more 'upon God, or things here below, and are exceeding 'apt to conclude againſt themſelves?* Upon which 'obſervation he reſolves.

Firſt, Thou art not to think, that thine heart 'is to be ever actually ſet upon God in the midſt 'of thy worldly affairs: and therefore if thou 'art in thy ſtudies, or employments of any other 'honeſt particular calling: If *heavenly thoughts* 'come in, thou art not ſo to entertain them as 'immediately to leave off the buſineſs of thy par-'ticular calling, and fall to ſpiritual exerciſes: 'there-

'therefore *one* comparing the *thoughts* of man, 'ſaith *ſome* are like to a *friend*, others like to 'ſtrangers coming to viſit another man. Now 'the *friend* coming at the door, *he* will turn his 'friend into the door, and make him tarry a while, 'till he hath done with his *ſtranger*; but the 'ſtranger being gone, *he* will return then to his 'friend, and he ſhall lodg with him perhaps all 'night. The *Application* of this is very ſweet; you 'your ſelves may apply it. But,

Secondly, If thou canſt but *willingly* and freely 'part with the *world*, with thy *corruptions*, and de- 'ſire heartily of God that he would deaden thine 'heart to *creatures*, and give in more of *himſelf*; 'it is a ſure *evidence*, that thou takeſt more *delight* 'in the things of *God*, than of the *world*. And 'of this we have an *example* which the Apoſtle 'gives us in the *Patriarchs*, Heb. 11.13,14. *Theſe* 'all died in [or, according to] faith, not having re- 'ceived the promiſes, but having ſeen them afar off, 'and were perſwaded of them, and embraced them, 'and confeſſed that they were ſtrangers and pilgrims 'on the earth: for they that ſay ſuch things, declare 'plainly that they ſeek a countrey.

XLIX. 'Further there, from the ſtory of the 'Woman of *Canaan*, who acted *faith on Chriſt* 'for the *cure* of her *daughter*; whereupon *Chriſt* 'ſaid unto her, *O woman, great is thy faith: be it* 'unto thee, as thou willeſt, and immediately her 'daughter was made whole. He infers that *Saints* 'ſhould not have ſlight and ſuperficial thoughts of 'theſe *outward mercies*: but ſhould know theſe

'mercies come or ſtream from the ſame fountain as 'ſpiritual mercies do? and can we think that *ſweet* 'and *ſowr* water come from the ſame fountain? 'Oh get your hearts into an admiring, ſpiritual, 'praiſing frame for outward mercies. Upon which 'he put this Queſtion, *What is the reaſon, that 'Saints find it ſuch an hard thing for them to get 'their hearts into a praiſing frame for the receit of 'mercies meerly external?*

Anſ. Firſt, 'Examine thy ſoul, whether thou 'doſt not *ſet thine heart too much upon ſome 'external mercy*, as *learning*, *parts*, *eſtate*; and 'this perhaps may be the *cauſe*, why God doth 'not ſpiritualize thine heart in the reception 'of that *food* and *health* thou haſt. And here 'we may allude to a place of *Scripture: If then 'thou regardeſt iniquity in thine heart, the Lord 'will not hear thy prayer:* So if thou doſt idolize 'one creature too much, God in puniſhing of thee 'will not raiſe thine heart to *praiſe* him for another 'mercy.

Secondly, Another *reaſon* may be, becauſe *thou 'haſt not ſtudied Chriſt* in ſuch mercies, ſo as to 'acknowledg thou art made partaker of them by 'his procurement.

Thirdly, 'Becauſe thou haſt *not conſtantly liv'd 'upon God* for the giving of them in; and if God 'ſhould keep ſome of them from thee, thou couldſt 'praiſe God as well as for the giving of them to 'thee, being not regardful of thy dependance up-'on him for *all* thou haſt.

Fourthly, 'Examine your ſelves *whether or no 'you pray'd for theſe mercies* which you now re-

'ceive,

'ceive, and for which you find your ſoul indiſ-
'pos'd to *thankefulneſs*. Aſſure your ſelves, there
'is no greater motive to a mans *thankefulneſs* to
'God, than when he looks upon mercies given in
'as a *fruit of prayer*. Of this you may have an
'inſtance, (*Rom.* 1. 8, 9, 10.) ſaith *Paul* there,
'*I thank my God through Jeſus Chriſt for you all,*
'*that your faith is ſpoken of throughout the world.*
'And what is the reaſon? *Verſ.* 9, 10. *For God*
'*is my witneſs whom I ſerve in my ſpirit in the Go-*
'*ſpel of his Son, that without ceaſing I make men-*
'*tion of you always in my prayers, making re-*
'*queſt*, &c.

L. As *he* had early impreſſions upon his heart to *Sabbath-ſanctification*, ſo they continued to the laſt. For ſeveral years (as ſome of his neareſt *Relatives* have obſerv'd) it was his uſual practiſe, when he roſe out of his bed on the *Lords-days* in the mornings, with a cheerful heart and voice, to *ſing a Pſalm*, or ſome part of it, or *ſpiritual Hymn*, for the putting of himſelf into a ſpiritual frame for the work of the day, or to repeat thoſe *euchariſtical* expreſſions, or ſalutations of the heavenly hoſt recorded, *Luke* 2. 14. [*Glory to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, good-will towardmen.*] By this means his ſpirit was much rais'd, and he ſhew'd himſelf not leſs *zealous* for the well-performance of the *Lords work*, than he then was for the due ſanctifying of the *Lords-day*; not only in the *Congregation*, but in his *Family*, and amongſt his *Friends*: For hearing ſome of them on that *bleſſed day*, talking about *worldly matters*, he

fairly rebuk'd them with kindneſs, ſaying, *John when in the Iſle of Patmos, was in the ſpirit on the Lords-day.* He had acquainted us in his *experiments* on *Saturday* night, the middle of *June* 1651. when before he went to bed, he did by the ſpirit exceedingly heighten the *free-grace* of God to him of a *dream* of his; ſaith he there, 'I dreamed 'that ſome *Scholars* were playing at *Ninepins* in 'our *Chappel* on the *Sabbath-day*. My thought 'when I ſaw them, Oh! how was *my ſpirit* moved. 'I ran amongſt them, kick'd them down, and ſaid, '*Hath England loſt ſo much blood for ſuch ſins, and* '*will you take no warning?* And this I utter'd very 'affectionately. Such dreams as theſe lik'd me well, 'and from thence I often gathered the frame of my 'ſpirit. On a *Sabbath* ſometime after this he re-'cords, I was not in the day in ſo ſpiritual a frame 'as I deſired, my thought mine heart knew little 'of God, which I was deſirous to have been my 'trouble, but towards the evening reading, *Gal.* '4. 9. *But now that ye have known God, or rather* '*are known of God*, &c. How kindly did *that place* 'work on me? as *eye-ſalve* to my *faith*, as *fire* to 'my *love*. The word was this [or *rather being* '*known of God*]. It ſeems that was the precious 'word which did reſt ſo ſweetly upon the heart, and ſo deeply affect this choice Servant of the Lord, on the *Lords-day*, when he us'd to have his heart greatly rais'd in *ſinging of Pſalms* in his family; and would ſay to his Wife and Relatives, *Do not you find a ſweetneſs in this day?* Oh! certainly it is the *ſweeteſt day in all the week!*

LI. In all his *Relations* he was a man greatly beloved, and ſingularly uſeful by prayer, counſel, and various other ways of doing them good. We have him on *Feb.* 25 1652. recording an *experiment* which his *Relatives* had to his dying-day an abundant proof of. His own words are, 'At *morning* mine heart was melted, and ſo at *evening* in 'a ſpecial manner; Oh! how evidently God made 'out my faith to me, both for my ſelf and others, 'eſpecially for *our family*, and my other *Chriſtian friends*, and the *Church* in general for bringing 'peace to her: Verily of a truth the ſpirit help'd 'me in that prayer. I was much broken in heart, 'and had a deep ſenſe of the love of God. A little after he adds, I was much in *melting humility*; let 'it be one of the evidences of thy *Saintſhip*, for I 'never ſaw humility more apparent before. Oh! 'praiſe thou God, and never ceaſe. One of his neareſt *Relatives* remembers he would often ſay in *ſelf-abaſement*, *If it were poſſible I could do as much work for God, as any man did upon earth; I would not care whether it were known there were ſuch a man as I am in the world.* So little regard had he to the applauſe of men in what he did; and ſo little regard had he to the rewards of men, that when ſome had told him of ſome *ſmall preſents* that ſuch and ſuch neighbours had preſented to ſome of his brethren in the Miniſtry; and thereupon asked him, *Whether they had been with him?* He anſwered, no; And ſubjoyn'd, he was not ſorry he was paſs'd by in that way, ſaying, *I am heartily glad I had not their preſents*, ſo that I might receive my reward from my Maſter; For *I am never*

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better pleaſed than to think, after I have done his work, that Jeſus Chriſt hath all my reward in reverſion for me; yea, and he would expreſs ſome trouble, if any of the *lower rank* in the world did bring him ſome ſmall thing; for though he did thankfully own their kindneſs, yet he would let them know he would not be burdenſome to them. He us'd to be very grateful for favours, though never ſo ſmall. But more notably thankful to God. One bringing him a *little cordial-water* after his Preaching, not being well; *with his eyes lifted up to heaven*, he ſaid, *What am I, or my Fathers houſe*, that God is ſo mindful of me a poor creature? *Oh! bleſſed be God.* His *impartiality* in judging cauſes amongſt thoſe of his acquaintance, who referred themſelves to him, was own'd to be very remarkable. And he us'd to adviſe *his friends* often to *take care*, and *watch for opportunities* to ſeek God by *private prayer*. He himſelf was a great man in *Prayer*. And we find this *Anagram* of his *Name* [*Thomas Wadſworth*] under his own hand, *viz.* [*Ah! Os tu oras Deum*] which is as much as to ſay in Engliſh, *Thou openeſt thy mouth in prayer to God.* You know it is given us as a remarkable *character* of *Paul* after his Converſion, *Behold, he prayeth*, Acts 9. 11.

LII. Having a door open'd to him at *Theobalds* for the preaching of the Goſpel, though he met with many difficulties, yet being encouraged there (where he was concern'd to abide moſt for the health of himſelf and family, not for any other gain, but rather the impairing of his eſtate) by the conflux

conflux of Hearers, to whom his labours were very acceptable; He accounted it needful to ſtir them up to the participation of all Ordinances according to Goſpel-order; which notion they readily cloſed with under his Adminiſtration. Upon which, to prevent any jealouſie amongſt his people in *London* and *Southwark*, he told a member of his ſociety to this purpoſe: *Peradventure becauſe I have not any maintenance from you, you may think I look not upon my ſelf to be therefore ſo much engag'd to you: but fear it not, for I think my ſelf to be every jot as much engag'd to you, as if I had my whole maintenance from you: for my great Lord and Maſter (knowing you are not ſo able) hath provided for me another way, yet nevertheleſs to do you ſervice: ſo that ſith God by his Providence hath ſetled me amongſt you, and hath enclined your hearts to embrace my Miniſtry, fear not my leaving of you.* He was one ever ready to deny himſelf his own due right, that thereby he might provide for the welfare of ſouls committed to his charge; yea and to do what he could to encourage others in that great work. His *Charity*, as well as *ſelf-denial* was manifeſted to his diſtreſſed brethren in the Miniſtry, in making Collections for them both at *Deadmans-place* and *Theobalds* (and he had a ſingular faculty to diſpoſe his Hearers to give liberally), diſtributing all that was collected, and more, to ſeveral, in ſuch proportions, as in their circumſtances he judg'd moſt convenient, as was evident from his particular accounts of that matter, and the grateful acknowledgments of thoſe who received the benefit; he practiſed according

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ing to *Paul's* Directory for a Biſhop, 1 *Tim.* 3. 3. he was Μὴ αἰσχροκερδῆ ἀλλ' ἀφιλάργυρον, one *not given to filthy lucre*, and one *not covetous*. He ſhew'd great love to the poor in relieving of them, and converſing with them, He would often ſay, *He rejoic'd to ſend them away cheerful, becauſe they were Gods creatures, and 'twas like God to make the hearts of the poor merry*. And he would not have thoſe of his Family to be too hard in buying things of poor people, ſaying their hearts would be glad if they had a good price given to them for their Commodities they brought to ſell.

A further inſtance we have of his freedom from prevailing *covetouſneſs*, and his real *ſelf-denial* beyond exception. When *T. S.* the *Son* of his *ſecond* Wife was very dangerouſly *ſick of the Small pox*, though 600 *l.* would have come to *him* and *his*, if this *Son-in Law* had then died, not being then at age; yet he did call his Religious friends again and again *to join with him in ſolemn prayer for his recovery*. And when his prayers were prevalent upon his *reſtoration* to health, he ſolemnly *return'd thanks* to God; which upon the expence of circumſtances, did ſignally evidence the integrity of his generous ſoul, and may well be tranſmitted to poſterity for imitation.

LIII. Whiles he was at *Newington*, many overtures were made to this eminent Miniſter for the change of his condition; but he cloſed with none of them, having early fixed his eye upon one, to whom after full knowledg and mature deliberation, he made known his affection. Her Parents conſented

consented that this their Daughter (*a vertuous young Gentlewoman*) should match with this *man of God*. She was of a good family, being the younger daughter of *Henry Hastings*, Esq; of the Parish of *Newington-Butts*. Her *name* was *Elizabeth Hastings*, which this Religious and Poetick lover did from his certain knowledg of her piety and zeal for God, thus *Annagrammatize*, [*Big zeal hateth sins.*]

By her he had born to him, *Octob.* 3. 1661, a Son named *Henry-Hastings*, but the pious Mother of him did not live above *ten days* after his birth, for she departed this world on *Octob.* 13. following, betwixt eight and nine of the Clock of that *Lords-day morning*. And this fair blossom their Son was soon cropt off, for about a month after, *viz. Novemb.* 15*th*, on Friday morning he died at Nurse. This disconsolate *Widower* bereft of a meet yoke-fellow, and likewise amov'd from his Ecclesiastical Wife at *Newington*, having sojourn'd for a time with his friend Mr. *Sedgwick* (whiles a Batchelor), and then remov'd to Mr. *de Luna*'s (as above) about *two years* after the decease of his *first wife* and child, being recommended to a vertuous Widow Mrs. *Margaret Sharp*, Daughter to *Henry Gibs* of *Bristol*, Esq; and Relict to Mr. *Thomas Sharp*, Merchant, about *Novemb.* 1663 he married her, she having then a Son by Mr. *Sharp* her former Husband, who had also left *Lucy Sharp* a Daughter by his former Wife; this Daughter being consumptive did not long survive the Marriage of her Mother-in-law, but in her sickness did greatly bless God for her being thereby related to Mr.

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Wadſworth, whoſe inſtructions and prayers ſhe found to be ſucceſsful for the good of her precious ſoul. She died about the *16th year* of her age.

Mr. *Wadſworth* living then for his better health moſtly at *Theobalds* (but came to preach to his Congregation in *Southwark*) he prevailed with his Wife to dwell there with him. By *her* he had born to him, *Octob.* 10. 1666, *Joſiah*. Whoſe Mother became ſickly, and *Jan.* 3. 1667, left him motherleſs, and his Father a ſorrowful Widower again. In his ſorrows he had drawn up a notable *character* of this his *ſecond* Wife, giving an account of her piety; but he ſo diſpos'd of that, it is not to be found amongſt any of his Papers. This *only Son Joſiah* liv'd about five years and an half to the comforting of his *Father*; but *March* 25. 1672, he follow'd his *Mother*. Upon the loſs of him, then his only child, whom he greatly affected, his mournful but religious *Father* ſet a fair copy to others of much Chriſtian *patience* and *ſubmiſſion* to the will of God. He had ſtaid *three years* a Widower from the death of his *ſecond*, and then *Decemb.* 14. 1670, took to his *third Wife* (with the good liking of her Parents) *Anna* ſole Daughter to Colonel *Henry Markham*, one of an ancient Family, and a Gentleman of his Majeſties Privy Chamber: By whom he had firſt *Anna*, then *Heſter*, afterwards *Thomas*, and laſtly *Nathaniel*, all theſe *four* he left alive; but this *laſt Son* when he was about a year and an half old, departed this life to go and reſt with his *Father* gone about a *twelve-month* before.

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LIV. It ſeems this famous ſervant of Chriſt was in *Decemb.* 1672, (well nigh *four years* before his death) by ſome illneſs at *Theobalds* admoniſht of his frailty; and being come to *London*, as to preach his uſual courſe, ſo alſo to adviſe with a *Phyſician* for his health upon thoſe *ſymptoms* were then upon him, during which time in his houſe at *Pickle-Herring* he was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with a kind of *fainting fit*, that occaſion'd ſome failure of ſpirits, and ſweatings; which did a little ſtartle him. Hereupon by and by he call'd for a Candle, went up ſtairs and retir'd himſelf into a private room, not permitting either his Wife or Siſter then to accompany him; but addreſt himſelf to God alone, as one ſummon'd by him, it might be, ſhortly to appear before him. Then after a while return'd to his dear Wife, *&c.* upon his coming down they obſerv'd an admirable raiſedneſs of ſpirit in him, who then greatly bleſſed God for a *cold ſweat*, and a *trembling pulſe*, which had occaſion'd him to look more narrowly *within*, where finding *all well* to his great comfort, he behav'd himſelf as one that was not afraid then of an arreſt to Judgment. We find him indeed in his *Memorials* upon a former *ſickneſs*, from *March. 6th.* till the *16th.* recording: *I was caſt into a fit of ſickneſs, God brought me into a wilderneſs, but ſpake kindly to me: He afflicted me but for a moment.* About a week after he adds: *I was exceeding well, much melted, having an eye open'd to ſee God in prayer by faith, as if I ſpake to any of my familiars.* This humble confidence of going to God as his *Father* was rais'd, as he elſe-

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where notes, from diſcoveries of mortification and purity in heart. And beſides this, he lays it down afterwards: That, *Nothing ſpeaks* Adoption *fuller, than the diſcoveries of* Gods love *either to the anſwering thy prayers with reference to* mortification *and* ſtrength *in grace, or* comfort, *Joh.* 15. 15. And adds, *The readieſt way to come to ſpiritual diſveries of the Myſtery of the Goſpel-promiſe, is to do the commands of God*, Joh. 7. 17. He was a ſincere *doer* of Gods will, and ſuch God *heareth.*

LV. When in perfect health, he would be thoughtful of changes, and therefore would often pray, that God would *prepare him* and his for *ſickneſs, death*, and *parting*. About half a year before his *laſt ſickneſs*, when he had exceeding *ſharp pain*, he ſaid, *He would not have been without it, to have been without thoſe joys he felt by it.* Being reſolv'd to leave his more expenſive habitation at *Theobalds*, to live in *Southwark* nearer to his *old charge*; It ſeems the Family and Friends talking ſomewhat cheerfully of their removal, his Eldeſt Daughter *Anna* then a Child betwixt four and five years old, ſaid unexpectedly, *What if my Father ſhould go to London and die?* He was ſo apprehenſive of a dying hour, that he ſaid after, His *Girl* (whom he had a great love for) was a *true Propheteſs.* 'Twas about *three weeks* and odd days before he died, that he came to his houſe at *Pickle-Herring* Stairs, having preacht the *firſt* of thoſe *two laſt Sermons* publiſhed, on the eighth of *October*, and the *laſt* on the 15*th.* 1676. The next *day* following he was chearful in the *morning*, but then afterwards that

that *day* his pains came upon him, *he poſſeſſed his own ſoul* in more than ordinary patience. And was not willing to conſult a *Doctor* till the 24*th*, after a week of extream pain *night* and *day*; then with great importunity he was prevail'd with to ſend for *one* in great reputation for skill and practiſe. Who conceiv'd at the *firſt viſit* that it was the *Stone*; not queſtioning at all, but that he would do well notwithſtanding. This was on the *Tueſday*, *Octob.* 24*th*. That night after, he ſlept well; whereupon with a thankful heart to God, *he* told ſome of his friends how he had been carried through; Saying, *I am like a man who had gone over a precipice, and looking back, trembled to ſee the danger he had paſt through. For* (ſaith he) *when I was in pain, God ſupported me: and now I ſtand amaz'd how I got through it.* He indeed did uſe often to ſay when he had ſeen others in great pain, *he was afraid of dying*, i. e. of the antecedent pains he might paſs through; *but he was not afraid of being dead:* He knew full well, that *Death*, which was the diſſolution of his ſoul and body, would only open the paſſage to his ſoul to be for ever with the Lord.

LVI. On *Wedneſday* 25*th*, he roſe pretty cheerful, and ſpent ſome time in reading; but after dinner his *pains* return'd again; when he began to complain of ſin, ſaying, *Ah! vile ſinner! God is carrying me back again into the Wilderneſs to afflict me:* expreſſing ſome ſorrow of heart, but without any murmurring. Then he bid his Wife to read the 88 *Pſalm*; by that time ſhe had done, *Juſtice Reading*, and ſome other friends came to viſit and condole with him. Afterwards about *ſeven* of the Clock

that night came in his *ſecond Wifes Brother*, Mr. *W. Gibb's* (going for *Briſtol* the next morning) and his dear Wife Mrs. *Sarah Gibbs*, who greatly reſpected, and dearly loved this choice *Servant of the Lord*; ſhe indeed was a *gracious Woman*, of a moſt ſweet temper, a choice one of his dear flock (who ſince went to *reſt* with him her faithful *Paſtor* in glory *Jan.* 27. 1679.) Theſe were diſcourſing about his taking a Countrey-houſe nearer to *London* than *Theobalds*. To which he replyed with much compoſure of ſpirit, *Yea, God will provide me a Countrey*, meaning an *Heavenly one*. Then his former Wifes Son, *Thomas Sharp*, being about to go to Sea, and come into the room: He told him, *It was not likely they two ſhould meet again here*. Whereupon he gave him with tears a moſt *Pathetical Exhortation* to mind his *ſouls ſpiritual and eternal welfare*, and to ſerve God *holily, righteouſly, and ſoberly in this preſent world*; which ſhew'd his great and conſcientious ſolicitude for the real happineſs of this young man committed to his charge. The night after, his *great pains* did again return with much acuteneſs. And

LVII. On *Thurſday* morning 26*th*, he had ſharp pains. Then in the afternoon ſome of his choice Chriſtian friends, Miniſters, and others, met to ſeek the Lord with fervency on his behalf. When again pinch'd with recurring *pains*; he ſaid, *He was in an agony, but not a bloody one. And what are all my pains to thoſe Chriſt did undergo for me!* When they were earneſt with God in prayer for *faith* and *patience*: He would often be ſaying, *Though thou killeſt me, yet will I truſt in thee.* And expreſſing much humility when they were importunate for his reſtoration.

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Ah! poor, uſeleſs, ſinful wretched creature that I am, that they ſhould be ſo earneſt for my life! But when it pleaſed the Lord that his *pains* ſhould continue, and the joint and ardent prayers of his deareſt Relatives and people were not prevalent for his recovery, He would be ever and anon thus ſtilling and quieting himſelf, *What ſhall I ſay unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? One minute in heaven would make amends for all this pain.*

LVIII. On *Friday* 27*th* his repeated *pains* did continue, yet the *Doctor of Phyſick* ſaid, *There was no danger.* Towards evening he had ſome intermiſſion, and then was reading ſome part of his own *Book*, concerning the *Immortality of the Soul, and Faiths Triumph over the fears of Death.* That *Friday* night, his friend that much lov'd him, Mr. *Jeofferies* ſate up with him. When being again rack'd with grievous *pain*, he ſpake to this purpoſe; *Oh! the wonderful myſteries of the Providence of God!, who can ſee a* Job *caſt out upon a dunghil, filled with botches and biles, forſaken by his friends, and worried by Satan; and yet at that very time, God had not a more choice ſervant on the face of the earth, nor one more dear to him than he was.* To another of his *Congregation* come with his Wife that evening to viſit him, and ſaying, If it ſhould pleaſe God he ſhould *then dye*, they ſhould be a ſcattered flock, as ſheep without a ſhepherd; He ſaid, *The great ſhepherd of his flock liveth ſtill*, or eternally: He doubted not but he would take care of them.

LIX. On *Saturday* morning 28*th*, he by the help of his intimate friend Mr. *Obadiah Sedgwick*, Mer-

chant, made his *Laſt Will* and Teſtament, conſtituting his Wife ſole *Executrix*. He then as one who had ſet his houſe in order, taking leave of this world, told his Wife, *He had now done with Wife and Children*; and not leſs than twice to the *Queſtion*, How it was with him as to ſoul-concerns? He anſwered, *I bleſs the Lord I have no cloud upon my ſpirit; yet if my God ſhould give Satan leave, he may put me into an Agony before I dye.* Reverend Mr. *Bragg* in his *Sermon*, p. 24, 25. hath more He then ſpake of this nature: yet further he repeated that of *Solomons*, *The ſoul knows his own bitterneſs, and a ſtranger intermedles not with his joy.* He told Mr. *Parſons*, his fellow-labourer in the Miniſtry, *All my ſelf-righteouſneſs I diſown, and I truſt only to Chriſt, and hope I have a Goſpel-righteouſneſs.* This evening ſeeing his Wife to *weep*, He ſaid, *I prethee weep not, but turn thy face with Hezekiah to the wall and pray.* The night after, when he was *weaker*, his *pains* grew *ſtronger*; but when an *acute pain* was a little over, He would ever and anon ſay, *Now, this pain is over, and I ſhall know it no more.* And to *one* that ſtood by (who he thought had not walk'd acurately), *Now ſee the benefit of a good conſcience.* Then when they had given him ſomething from the *Apothecary* to diſpoſe him to ſleep, though his ſpeech was ſomewhat interrupted with *pain* and *drowſineſs:* He was much concern'd for the *People of God in England.* After a little ſlumber, he ſaid, *I long to ſee a people rich in ſpiritual graces, as well as ſpiritual priviledges; but ſurely God hath here a peculiar people, a royal prieſthood, that ſerve him day and night in ſincerity.*

LX. On the *Lords-day* morning 29*th*, his Wife asking him whether he knew her? *What* (ſaith he) *not know thee? not know my Wife? Thou would'ſt make me to think I am going to triumph before I am!* However his *triumph* was not many hours after; For though his people in the ſolemn aſſembly that holy day, had been earneſt again with the Lord, if he had ſeen good to have ſpared him longer to them, *about one of the Clock that Lords-day* (on which bleſſed *days* he had uſed to be much in an heavenly frame, as before) *this choice ſervant of the Lord expired his laſt breath*, and his *holy ſoul entred thoſe joys* he had often been labouring to get a *Piſgagh-ſight* of, and to ſhew them to others whiles he was here in the *body*. Upon his death, *that* being diſſected, there was a *ſtone* took out of his *bladder*, figured like an Egg, which *then* did weigh 'twixt three and four *ounces*: It may yet be ſeen in the hands of his Siſter: He had a *brother*, who though a very ſtrong young man, when he was not above 20 years of age dyed, being cut of the ſtone, which much affected our compaſſionate *Author*, and made him all his life after pre-apprehenſive of thoſe *pains* which nextly cauſed his own *diſſolution*.

LXI. If upon their departure (as *Eraſmus* ſaith in the life of *Hierome*), *We are ready to kiſs the very ſhooes and ſhirts, though ſoyl'd, of thoſe Saints we lov'd; we ſhould certainly account their Books their beſt Reliques, moſt uſeful and efficacious.* The *Works* of *our Author* much beloved by thoſe who knew him well already, *publiſhed* with good effect, are

1. *His ſerious Exhortation to an Holy Life*, wherein he doth with great ſtrength, and much af-

fection from *Mat.* 5. 20. put in a plea for the abſolute neceſſity of inherent righteouſneſs in thoſe that hope to be ſaved. This was written when he had been ſix years at *Newington*, as (he ſaith) in his *Epiſtle* to it.

2. *The Immortality of the ſoul*, prov'd by Scripture and Reaſon, to the *Saints joy*, and the *Sinners* terror. *Printed* much about the time of his laſt marriage, 1670. To which is annext,

3. *The Triumph of Faith*, being in a tendency to the Practical improvement of the former from *Phil.* 1. 21. anſwering fears upon the conceiv'd approach of death.

4. A *Sermon* in the Printed Book of *Farewell-Sermons* (though it ſeems that was not the very laſt he preached before *ſtinging Bartholomew*) on *Rev.* 2. 5. *Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and do the firſt works, or elſe I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candleſtick out of his place, except thou repent.* (Publiſhed 1663.) where he preſſeth *England* to repent; 'Leſt (ſaid 'he) if *God* be provoked by ſin to go, the *Devil* 'come. And (he adds prophetically enough) the '*Plague*, *Peſtilence* and *Sword*, and all other manner 'of Evils follow. God doth not go *alone*, neither 'doth God remove his candleſticks *alone*. I do not 'tell you that God threatens you to pull down *all* 'your lights; I would not terrifie you, by telling 'you that God is a departing from you, when he 'puts out *ſome* of your lights. But yet I muſt needs 'tell you, that when God doth deprive you of ſo '*many hundreds* of as Pious, and Laborious, and as 'learned *Miniſters* (ſome of them) as any are in 'the *Vineyard*: I ſay when God deals thus with

'you,

'you, I cannot think that it is in *mercy* to you, but 'in *judgment*. The *Church of England* is a great peo-'ple, and there are many poor ſouls in it, that are 'as *firebrands* in the fire, that have great need to 'be *pluckt out*. And as there are, bleſſed be God, 'many Eminent *Miniſters* at this day in *England*, 'to ſnatch poor ſouls as *firebrands out of the fire*; 'yet I ſay, that where there is *one*, we have need 'of *ten*. He liv'd to ſee the *prediction* verified in the great *Plague*, the *Dutch War*; and what ſuc-ceeded till 1676. What *evils* have been ſince, they who love the Lord Jeſus in ſincerity, can well obſerve.

5. *A Sermon in the Supplement to the Morning-Exerciſe at Cripplegate*, about Practical Caſes of Conſcience, *viz. Sermon* XII. publiſhed 1674. wherein *he* hath clearly ſhew'd how it doth appear to be every Chriſtians indiſpenſable duty to partake of the *Lords-Supper*. From 1 *Cor.* 11.24. *This do in remembrance of me.*

6. *A Sermon in the Morning Exerciſe againſt Popery*, viz. Sermon XXIII. publiſhed 1675. on *Heb.* 10. 12. *But this man after he had offered one ſacrifice for ſins for ever, ſate down at the right hand of God.* Whence he made it evident againſt the *Papiſts*, That Chriſt crucified is the only divine and proper ſacrifice of the Goſpel; and being once offered, was ſo compleatly efficacious, as that it took away ſins fully and for ever.

7. *Separation no Schiſm*; being a full and ſober vindication of the *Nonconformiſts* from the charge and imputation of *Schiſm*, in Anſwer to a Sermon preached before the Lord Mayor by *J. S.* This Printed 1675.

8. His *Laſt warning to ſecure ſinners*, being his two laſt Sermons concerning the certainty and dreadfulneſs of the future miſery of all ungodly ſinners; wherein his *fervency of ſpirit in ſerving of the Lord*, is very conſpicuous. This laſt was publiſhed ſhortly after his death.

LXII. Concerning theſe *Poſthumous Remains*, which now appear abroad, though they have not thoſe *Poliſhings* which might have been given to them by the laſt hand of their *excellent Author*, yet they ſhould not be under-valued. 'Tis very well known *he* was *no ſlave to his ſyllables*. As to that which he himſelf publiſhed of the *Souls Immortality*, in his *Epiſtle* to the *Reader* he there tells him, *He muſt not expect from him a fine ſet of words or flouriſh of phraſes*; and that he *was not for the pleaſing of the fancy with ſuch toys*; yea in a *Epiſtle* of his to his *Hearers*, prefix'd to his *ſerious Exhortation to an Holy Life*; He tells them in *Print* (ſometime before he left *Newington*), *I tell you, I dare do any thing for your ſakes, yea hazard the reputation of my diſcretion, rather than be thought defective in my care for your never-dying ſpirits*. Great ſouls regard the ſubſtance more than circumſtances, and the attaining their great end, more than acquiring ſome trivial plumes of reward; you may be aſſured there hath been all care and ſincerity uſed in what in this *Preface* or elſewhere hath been tranſcribed out of his own Copies, to give you his genuine ſenſe in his own words. But where there may be ſlips and defects diſcovered, which the learned *Author* himſelf could have eaſily rectified, had *he* been alive, and deſign'd to have made theſe things uſeful in this way.

way, *Candid Readers*, who have a love to the deceased, will be ready to overlook them without any impeachments of the *Authors* worth, or the *Publishers* integrity, the doing of good to souls being the design of these last, as well as of *him whose Memory is blessed.* And if any hastily conceit some particulars might have been left out, they would do well to consider, that *particulars* are more pungent and *affective* than *generals*; and how that the choicest *Saints* of God in the *Scriptures* did note their *own infirmities*, and by what *means* they had *helps* against *them*, and were *victorious* over their corruptions. Further, This may engage serious Christian *Readers* (more especially *Relatives*) to *watchfulness* and resolutions of practising according to such *examples*, as have *through Christ* behav'd themselves acceptably to God. For as *one* said well, *The lives of holy men do teach us, what ought to be done, and at once convince us that it may be done.* And therefore another hath pertinently observ'd, *That the Historical parts of the Scriptures are little other than Annals and Descriptions of the Lives of the Patriarchs, Judges, Kings, Prophets*, &c. The *Meditations* here published, most of them were gotten into the hands of *Booksellers*, two several *Copies* of which we have seen, besides the *Original*: These might with the *Letters*, and some of the *Poems* (which were also in several hands) have crept abroad more to the disadvantage of the *Author*, (whose *happy memory* hath herein been sincerely consulted), so were the *two Sermons* taken in *Short-hand*, and offered for gain to be *Printed*, being they were greatly desired by some of his dear friends, and beloved people; which things laid together,

gether, with good hopes they may be *uſeful*, occaſion'd a yielding they ſhould be *Printed* as they now are *(Errors of the Preſs excepted)* knowing the holy *Author* did evermore ſeek the *profiting* of *others*, rather than any *praiſe* from them to *himſelf*. In the cloſe of his little *Manual for an holy life*, his own words are, *I write not to pleaſe all, but to profit ſome: If the Lord ſhall pleaſe to bleſs it to that end, it will content me, though it doth not thee.* In his *Meditations* as you have them, you find *he* is very *Pathetical*, and in his *Poetique* vein we may eaſily diſcern he did all along breathe after that *heavenly ſtate* he is gone to *poſſeſs*. And who knows how much his *ſanctified fancies* and *holy ejaculations* may raiſe the *affections* of *others* that read them, to the life of God. He being ſomewhat *muſical*, did compoſe, and in *private* make uſe of theſe *Hymns*, &c. for that purpoſe. In his own *Memorials* (out of which much of this *Preface* is compos'd) *he* hath left this *general direction*, I ſhall here ſubjoyn in his own words, *viz.* 'That ſoul who would be true 'to himſelf, as to the enjoyments of God, *Let 'him labour to get up his heart into a praiſing temper.* 'For doubtleſs there is nothing ſpeaks more pure '*Saintſhip* and *Holineſs* in the ſoul, than when it is 'carried out in *Praiſes*. My reaſon is this, becauſe '*Praiſes* do purely terminate upon God, without 'any reflexion upon ſuch actions as are moſt purely 'holy. And here examine this *caſe*, whether a man 'can love God *abſolutely* for *himſelf*, or only *rela-'tively*, as he doth diſcover himſelf to a ſoul? He wrote ſome other things, as particularly an *Anſwer* to a piece of Mr. *Penn* and *Whitehead*, at the inſtance of a *Theobalds* neighbour, to whom he gave

gave a Copy of it for his ſatisfaction. He was alſo in hand with an *Anſwer* to Mr. *Lamb's Stop to Separation*, ſhewing the weakneſs of his arguings. We find alſo ſome ſolid *reaſons* of his *own practiſe*, in diſſenting from the preſent National *Eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment* in the point of *Conformity*. And that *he* was drawing a *parallel* of Mr. *Medes* and Dr. *Hammonds* Expoſitions of the *Revelation*, with an Examination of Dr. *Hammonds*. And ſomewhat more particular he was writing concerning the *Millemium*, and the right ſtating of it as he apprehended, carrying it always with great mildneſs and kindneſs towards thoſe *Brethren* from whom he did in any thing diſſent about theſe *controverted* points; leſt any unſeemly heats amongſt *Evangelical Miniſters*, ſhould occaſion people to have leſs regards to thoſe *undoubted truths* and *eſſentials* of the *Chriſtian Inſtitution*, wherein they were *cordially* agreed. But though *he* had made ſome progreſs in theſe and other things, yet he did not live to finiſh them. However the *laſt* doth appear to be pretty well compleated. We ſhall conclude, having prayed that *theſe now publiſhed* may do good to ſouls, eſpecially thoſe who deſired them, with that of the *beloved Divine* Rev. 14. 13. *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their labours, and their works do follow them.*

An

An ELEGY *on the Lamented Death of the Reverend Mr.* THOMAS WADSWORTH, *ſometime Miniſter of St.* Mary Newington-Butts, *and after for a ſhort time of St.* Laurence Poultney, London. *October* 29. 1676.

WELL may the Church now *waſh* her *wounds* (with *tears*,
When her *beſt blood* from every *vein* appears;
If the *ſound members* be cut off ſo faſt,
Sure the *whole Body* 'll pine away at laſt;
For when our dear *Right Hands* and *Eyes* are gone,
The ſorry *ſtump* will ſeek *Conſumption*;
And every one, like *that Diſciple*, cry, Joh. 11. 16.
Let *us* go Partners in *his* fate, and dye.
The Ark is *Iſrael's* Chariot; but when Death
Purſues its chiefeſt *Horſmen out of breath*,
Well may our *Wheels* be *taken off*, and we
Be *driven* to deſpair of Remedy:
If God proceed to fill his *Garner* ſo
With *Lab'rers*, whom we need ſo much below,
Such *chaff* as we almoſt juſtly fear,
God hath no *Iſra'l* to be *gather'd* here;
And if provoked Juſtice ſhould begin
To whet its Sword, and *thruſt* its *Sickle* in;
Oh dreadful *Harveſt!* when the *Reaper* claims
The whole for *fewel* to Eternal *flames*.
God's naked *Vineyard* cannot but decay,
If skilful *Dreſſers* be thus call'd away;

And

And how can we expect, but that they will,
When we 're thus *barren* in a *fruitful Hill*;
Laden with ſuch *Wild Grapes*, as vengeance hath
Adjudged to the *Wine-preſs of his wrath.*
The *firmeſt ſtakes* in all our *Hedg*, we ſee
Pluckt up by the ſame hand ſucceſſively;
And God's juſt counſel ſure of us in ſtore,
Is to *lay waſte*, and to *replant* no more;
Hedges of *thorns* there are, not for *defence*,
But only *ſet* to *gore* our Innocence;
Wild-Bores of 'he *Roman forreſt* may invade,
By us there can be no reſiſtance made;
For at theſe *Breaches* they'll come in, and then
Whoſe skill or ſtrength ſhall drive them out agen?
The *little Foxes* ſpoil our tender fruit,
And who can *take* them, 'nleſs the *Keepers* do't?
Doctrine and Worſhip, like two Cluſters ſtand,
Expoſed to be *ſnatcht* by ev'ry hand;
And they who boldly dare *call evil good*,
May give us *poyſon* next inſtead of *food.*
Well may the *Philiſtins* now proudly boaſt,
When all our *Champions* leave the *wounded Hoſt*
Now, that the danger's greateſt, and they think
In *heat* of War to give us *blood to drink*;
So we, who hop'd to ſee *Goliah*'s fall,
Follow our *Leaders* to *their* Funerall.
When ſuch as theſe defie God's mighty Name,
Who ſhall ſtand forth to vindicate the ſame?
For they that knew it beſt, have left us here
To ſtrive at once with *Ignorance* and *Fear*;
Suſpecting *Error*, 'tis an eaſie crime
In *weaker eyes* to ſhun the *Truth* ſometime;
And when our *light* is gone, men in the *dark*
Will bring their *Tinder* to a *Wild-fire ſpark.*

When

When *Reaſon* climbs the Throne, we ſtand in doubt,
Whether our *Faith* may *caſt* this *Hagar* out;
But now thoſe *Eagles* face the *Sun*, whoſe flight
Hath made their *Faith* to vaniſh into *ſight*;
No *Veil* within that *Temple*; therefore they
Have *open viſion*, and *perfect day*.
Theſe *Palm-trees* once adorn'd our *Sion-Hill*,
And though by Death *cut down*, they *flouriſh* ſtill;
But in another *ſoil*, and Countrey, where
They only now a *weight of glory* bear;
And other *preſſures* taken off, they ſoare
Above thoſe ſkies they could not reach before;
No other *Canaan* now, but *that* is known,
With *Milk* and *Honey* always overflown;
Rivers of *pleaſure* run on ev'ry hand,
Like *channels* cut throughout this *promis'd Land*.
From future Evils they're eſcap'd, while we
Survive to feel the threaten'd miſery;
For 'tis moſt certain, when the *Bridegroom's friends*
Are called home, God's *Marriage-Treaty* ends:
Which, after ſuch remiſneſs, and neglect,
Is but what *fooliſh Virgins* might expect.
Thus what they feared, and predicted too,
May be accompliſht in our final woe;
And though the *Meſſengers* are gone, we find
Their *meſſage* in full force ſhall ſtay behind;
Like to *that Church* above, Truth will appear
To ſhame Deſpiſers, yet *Triumphant* here.
Among that throng, whoſe *ſouls* have lately fled
Out of their *Bodies* to embrace their *Head*,
This Man of God hath taken wing, to taſte
Whether the *beſt Wine* be reſerv'd till *laſt*;
There he is *proving*, what he *prov'd* before;
Now in the Ocean, *then* upon the Shore.

That

That *Immortality*, of which each line
Partakes, and thereby *proves it ſelf* divine:
Thus in his *Book*, beſide his own intent,
He rais'd himſelf a laſting *Monument*,
Wherein his Name ſhall live, and Readers come
Like devout *Pilgrims*, viſiting his *Tomb*.
And as his *Faith* the *fears of Death* 'orecame,
So ſhall *thoſe* Papers evidence the ſame;
For what he had by *Reaſon taught* long ſince,
He after *learned* by *experience*;
His Agoniſtick Tortures, and his Pains
Screw'd up his joyful ſoul to *higher ſtrains*
Of Triumph; and when *nature* ſtruggled, he
Obtain'd by *Grace* the greater victory;
Wonder and *Pity* both were mov'd in thoſe
Who were ſpectators to his pangs and throws:
Well might all ſuch conclude, that ſaw him then,
That *dying Saints* are ſomewhat more than *men*:
For when he *ſmarted* moſt by's *Father's Rod*,
Still our dear *Thomas* cry'd, *My Lord, my God*;
As ſeeing now his *wounded hands* and *ſide*,
Whom he had preacht, *through weakneſs crucify'd*.
Thus *Patience had its perfect work*; at length
Like one, whoſe *Conflict* had increas'd his *ſtrength*,
He *triumph'd* over all, and did commit
His ſoul to him, that had redeemed it.
His *Courſe* ſo *finiſht*, he at laſt *ſat down*;
And he that firſt *won ſouls*, then *won the Crown*.
Theſe Works now *follow him*, while he's poſſeſt
Of's *full reward* in *Everlaſting reſt*;
Faithful in all God's Houſe, like *Moſes*, ſtill
H' obey'd the Sov'raign Legiſlative Will;
Obſerv'd the *Pattern in the Mount*, although
Men's *wanton fancies* would not have it ſo;

But by *God's Poſt* attempt to *ſet their own*,
As if *that* were too *weak* to *ſtand alone*.
'Twas not *Event*, but *Duty*, which his Eye
Fixt as the *meaſure* to be *guided* by;
His *Courage* in this *warfare* was ſo great,
Nothing could ever force him to *retreat*;
But ſtill he *kept* his *ground*, as who ſhould ſay,
If I loſe *that*, I alſo loſe the *day*;
Therefore let Enemies do what they can,
My *fear of God* hath drown'd the *fear of Man*.
Thus did he *ſow in tears*, till now at laſt
To him this *low'ring ſtormy ſeaſon's* paſt,
And his *full ſheaves* of Glory make amends
For *light afflictions*, with what far tranſcends.
He liv'd *belov'd*, and dy'd *bewail'd*; and ſuch
Wh' enjoy'd him *moſt*, enjoy'd him not *too much*;
His Body s *Earthen-veſſel* henceforth muſt
Be laid up ſilent in its *native duſt*;
Until that *matter*, when the Trump ſhall ſound,
Start with another *form* out of the ground;
He *walks in his uprightneſs*; but the ſenſe
Of this his *ſleep* ſhould make our Diligence,
That when with Chriſt the *Judg* among the *train*
Of *Saints* and *Angels* he ſhall come again,
Then in that *General Aſſembly*, we
May ſing theſe *Sion-ſongs* eternally.

S. O. { Not worthy to unlooſe
The *Latchet of his Shooes*.

To the Reader on the Picture and Book.

HERE you may ſee *ſome Lines* of *Wadſworth's* face,
More of his *thinking pow'r*, ſublim'd by Grace:
His *Sacramental thoughts* in *Proſe*, are ſweet:
His *Sermons* lively, *Fancies* walk on feet:
His *Letters* great affections ſhew'd, when young;
Yet *all* fall ſhort of *Wadſworth's Pulpit-Tongue*.

A Pathetical Meditation on the Paſſion of Chriſt; to be read by Communicants before their reception of the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper.

Queſt.

WHat *is the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper?*

Anſ. It conſiſts of two viſible ſigns, *Bread* and *Wine*, which by the Lords appointment was to repreſent to the receiver his bloody death, that ſo his Diſciples may keep it freſh in their memories.

Q. *But is it only to remember that there was a Chriſt, and that he was crucified, and no more?*

Anſ. Experience tells us that ſuch a bare remembrance as that, doth little move upon the heart and upon the affections, and ſo will do little or no good. It is not the remembrance of any mans death that doth of it ſelf affect me, but as I conſider him as a *father*, or as a *husband*, or as a *friend*, with many other expreſſions of his love to me when living, this will exceedingly work upon the heart, ſo as to cauſe ſorrow and grief, and the like.

Queſt. *What is it then that I muſt call to mind when I think upon a bleeding and dying Chriſt, ſo as to affect my heart?*

Anſw. The cruel and bloody *nature* of his Death; here you may conſider the whole ſtory of his Arraignment, his being betrayed by his own Apoſtle, his being ſpit upon and crowned with thorns, his being mocked and jeered by putting a *reed* into his hand inſtead of a *ſcepter*, afterwards his bearing of a Croſs, and his being nailed to it in his hands and feet; after that, his being pierced through with a *ſpear*; this *Mat.* 27. will fully acquaint you with. *Secondly*, the *cauſes* of his Death; it was no natural diſeaſe, neither was it for any evil done of his own, but for us, *He bore our iniquities upon the croſs.* Thirdly, *the effects of his death*, which was to obtain power of his Father to conquer the Devil, and pull us out of his hands; to break our hearts, and to conquer us to himſelf, to pardon our ſins, and to give unto us eternal life with himſelf in glory, and this upon our faith and ſincere repentance. Now from all theſe things are your Meditations to be raiſed, before you come to the Sacrament, and when you are receiving of it.

An *Example of Meditation* I have here ſet you down as followeth.

Away theſe wanton wandering worldly *thoughts*, you are clogs to my ſoul. Away all trifling worldly *buſineſs*, I cannot now attend your call, my heart hath now ſomething elſe to do. Adieu my *Friends*, farewell my *Husband*, *Wife* and *Child*, I muſt go ſee *my bleeding Lord*, that's dearer to me than you all. Come now my ſoul, thou art alone, thou knoweſt the way, make haſt and ſpeed;

look

look yonder, ſee how the people flock; croſs but this *vale*, and climb but up this *Mount*, thou wilt ſoon arrive at bloody *Golgotha*, where thou ſhalt ſee thy bleeding and dying Saviour to ſigh and linger out a dying life on the Croſs in love for thee. This, this might, *Oh my ſoul*, have been thy day, and thou might'ſt have been the priſoner; this I ſay *might have been* the day in which thou might'ſt have drunk the bitter cup of the fierce anger of God. But look yonder! there *he* goes that muſt drink up the dregs, and all for *thee*. Look again! there he goes that muſt lay down his life that thou maiſt be reprieved. But come, *my ſoul*, draw up a little nearer, thou canſt not ſee him well at ſo great a diſtance; ſtand here and thou wilt ſee him paſſing; look there he goes with a train of Virgins following. But ſee how cruelly theſe barbarous *Jews* do uſe him, they make him bear his Croſs himſelf, and preſs his wearied fainting limbs above his ſtrength; ſee how they laugh and ſcoff, and wag their heads as if he were their *May-game*. Methinks my heart boils up with rage to ſee theſe cruelties revenged. Oh! how could the bleſſed God forbear to ſee his bleſſed Son thus wronged? Why did he not ſend twelve Legions of Angels for his reſcue? Why doth he not ſend down fire from Heaven upon the heads of theſe his Sons enemies, and ſo conſume them? But ſtay *my fooliſh heart, thou knoweſt not what ſpirit thou art of*; this debt was owing, and it muſt be paid; God requires *ſo much*, and it muſt be given, or thou canſt not be ſaved. Thy Lord did know this well enough, for this he came from Heaven, and committed him-

ſelf to the rage of men; he knew he muſt endure all theſe revilings, and doth it grieve thy ſoul to ſee him thus abaſed? Stay but a while, and thou ſhalt ſee him more; look up, *my ſoul*, come, tell me what thou ſeeſt? Oh I cannot, ſorrow tyes my tougue, I cannot ſpeak; I ſee and hear thoſe things that I want a power to utter. I ſee a *troop of Virgins* following him, their *weeping eyes*, their *blubbering lips*, their *ſighs* and *throbbings* ſpeak them mourners. I ſee my Lord looks towards them, and kindly chides their loving ſorrow, *Why weep ye, Oh ye Daughters of Jeruſalem? weep not for me.* My Lord! what need was there for that queſtion? Should not they *weep* when thou muſt *bleed?* Would not their eyes have been flints if that *then* they ſhould not drop *tears* for thee, when as thou wert about to pour out thy *life* and *blood* for them? Ah! could they chuſe, or do leſs then weep to ſee thine innocent ſelf among a herd of *Tygers!* what ſhould a *Lamb* do there? they ſaw thee in their ravenous jaws about to tear thy heart, to ſuck out all thy blood, and leave thee dead. Have I not ſat and read, and read and wept in viewing over the ſtory; and could they forbear that with their watry eyes ſaw this ſcene then *acted?* But whither, O whither, O ye blinded *Jews*, are ye dragging this my Lord? My ſpirit begins to faint, I now can look no longer, my heart now begins to ſwell with grief, it muſt now break, or I muſt vent it at mine eyes in ſtreams! Look! ſee the Hammer and Nails, the Hammer lift up to ſtrike. Bloody man! thou durſt not ſure; ſurely thou doſt not know *whoſe* hands and feet thou art now piercing; it is

the

the *Prince* and *Saviour of the world* Fooliſh heart! ſee how thou art miſtaken; look, ſee it's done, the nails are driven to the head! ſee how the *crimſon tears* run trickling down his hands and feet, and ſee how hardened hearts be laughing at it! Oh ſilly fooliſh blinded men! what laugh you at? This very *Chriſt* whom now you mock, ſhall be your *Judg*; this very man *Jeſus* whom you have *thus abuſed*, ſhall come attended with thouſands of Angels, with the ſound of Trumpets, and ſhall ſit upon your *life* and *death*. Him whom you now have nailed to a Croſs, *hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour*. What then will you do when that great and terrible day of the Lord ſhall come? How will you look him in the face whom you have *ſpit on?* How will you dare to ſpeak a word for your ſelves to him whom you have *nailed to a tree* and *crucified?* His wounds in *hands*, *ſide* and *feet* ſhall all bear witneſs againſt you, and his *innocent blood* that you have ſpilt ſhall cry aloud about the throne for vengeance againſt you; your *flouts* ſhall then be turned into *tears*, and your *taunts* into *lamentations*. And how will you then look and cry when God paſſeth ſentence on you, and thruſt you down to Hell to bear the puniſhment of your ſins? this is the Lord that came to ſpare your lives, yet your wickedneſs ſpared not his; and how at length can you think to eſcape with yours?

But once again, look up, *my ſoul*, and ſee what is become of thy *nailed* and *crucified Lord:* Ah me! he is not *quite* dead, look how he gaſps and pants for life! Oh how his looks are changed!

How pale and wan do I ſee his cheeks! the blood and all the ſpirits are quite drawn from them. Methinks he ſhould be dead, for ſee how weak his *neck* is grown, that it is not able to ſupport his *head* that lyes a dying on his *bleeding breaſt*. What yet not *dead!* ſee how he ſhakes and ſtirs his dying limbs! what *gaſps* and *groans* do I hear him fetch, as if his ſoul were ſtrugling to get out. Hark, hark, he *ſpeaks!* Oh let me catch the laſt breath of my dying Saviour. What ſaith my Lord? Hark, what doſt thou not hear! what? *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* I am amazed to hear theſe words. How couldſt thou ſuſpect thy Fathers love? How could he be *far from thee*, who was *one with thy ſelf?* But Oh! this is but the voice of his *Manhood*, and not of his *Godhead*. It was the voice of the dying and bleeding *Man Jeſus*, not the voice of the *God Jeſus*.

But, *Oh my Lord*, what are thoſe pains and gripes thou feeleſt, that brings forth theſe complainings? But why do I ask this queſtion? hath he not been all this while a drinking up the cup his Father gave him, the bitter, and ſowr, and poyſonous cup of his Fathers wrath, which I and all the world had elſe drunk of? he juſt now ſwallowed down the laſt mouth full of the dregs, whoſe *bitter noiſome taſte* hath ſent forth theſe *doleful lamentations*; for mark, he had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but he gaſped his laſt.

The cauſes of his Death.

And muſt the *Son of God* be humbled thus?

muſt

muſt he that was from everlaſting, raiſed and advanced *above every name in heaven and earth*; he that lay in the arms and breaſt of God, loved by the Father, and his *only Son*; honoured, adored, admired and beloved of ten thouſand times ten thouſands of Angels; But muſt *this God* leave all this glory, and change that ſweet Heavenly and delightſome *Palace* for ſo mean, ſo low, ſo dirty a *cottage*, as to be born a *man*. And muſt his entertainment at firſt be no better than a *ſtable* or a *manger* could give him? No ſooner muſt he begin to live, but muſt an enemy aſſault his life? Muſt he travel up and down this earth, and ſpend his time and ſtrength in preaching *glad tidings* to miſerable undone men, and fill the world with *ſigns and wonders*, and not deſerve ſo much of men as a houſe to dwell in, or a hole to put his head in? and after all this humble, holy, long-ſuffering life, muſt he be thought of by this unthankful and unbelieving world as one not worthy to live, and not have a breathing in that air which he both made and gave them to breathe in? but muſt he at length be laid hold of by a traiterous *Judas* that he had once taken for one of his own Apoſtles; and muſt he ſuffer all this? But ah! alas! what is this? muſt he be alſo *crowned with thorns*, and muſt he *ſweat* and *bleed?* Oh far more than tongue can utter! Oh aſtoniſhing condeſcenſion! thus did the *Son* become a *ſervant*, and learn'd obedience by his ſufferings, and ſerved a *three and thirty years apprenticeſhip* in the pain and travel of his ſoul here on earth, a longer time than *Jacob* ſerved for his beloved *Rachel*, and that becauſe he

loved us better, and therefore gave a better dowry for us. But had I lived to have ſeen this *Prince of Glory* thus diſguis'd, this *Eaſtern Sun* thus benighted in a cloud, this glorious God thus wrapped up in rags of fleſh, ſhould I have known him, or not? my ſenſual heart, I doubt thee much; wouldſt thou have cleaved to him & loved him better than thy life, and have ſaid, *Though all leave thee, I will not*; and with *Paul, I am willing and ready not only to be bound, but to die for thee.* What thinkſt thou, Oh *my ſoul!* couldſt thou have left Husband, Wife, Father and Mother, and all the reſt of thy friends, and have ſold all that thou haſt, and followed him? what him whom the *Prophet* foretold, *Iſa.* 53. 23. *He hath no form or comelineſs in him, that you ſhould deſire him: he is deſpiſed and rejected of men, a man of ſorrows and acquainted with griefs.* Tell me, tell me, couldſt thou have divorced thy ſelf from all, and have taken this ſeemingly uncomely perſon for thy *Lord*, and only *Husband?* Ah me! I do not know my heart; but ſurely had I known him as I do now know him, I ſhould not have ſtuck at any thing for him. For what if his *Face* did want *comelineſs*, ſeeing it came ſo with tears and grief for thee? and wilt thou love thy friend the worſe, becauſe he ſhares in ſorrow with thee? for thou canſt not but know that he came from Heaven to take to himſelf a Spouſe on Earth; and if I was one that he loved, and grieved for to ſee my ſtubborn heart ſo hard to yield, was this the cauſe he wanted beauty? Oh ſuch a want as this is lovely, and methinks my heart could have cleaved the cloſer to

him,

him: *There was no beauty or comelineſs in him*; and what of that? my ugly and deformed ſoul deſerves more loathing; my *righteouſneſs*, the comelieſt part about me is but *rags*, or a *menſtruous cloth*; if there were no more deſirableneſs in him than in me, Oh had I loved him then, and left all for him, it were no wonder: but that he ſhould love me, I rather ſtand amazed! There was no *beauty* in him, it may be ſo; but could it be otherwiſe expected from him who came to work in *fire and ſmoke*, who came to quench the flames of Hell, and to ſatisfie Gods wrath and juſtice? to pull out filthy ſouls from the jaws of luſtful ſenſual fleſh and blood? it was not *beauty* but *ſtrength* that was here needful. A glance of an *amorous eye* would not have wounded *Satan*, and made him fall from Heaven like a flaſh of Lightning. A *comely countenance* could not have inchanted and unbar'd *Hell-gates*, and made them fall, and break before him into ſhatters. What need a *fair hand* to touch our filthy *rotten ſouls*, and take them up in menſtruous blood, and waſh them clean; or what need ſuch clean hands to claſp about the *ruſty iron gates* wherein I and all the world lay bound in chains, and to pull them down, to take our cankered bolts and knock them off; to take us by the hand to help us up, and lead us out? Alas! there needs no ſuch *eye*, *face*, or *hand* for ſuch a work. It is powerful, all-conquering ſtrength that is here required. It was a powerful victorious arm that here was needed, and ſuch a one he had. But what ſhould he do with a *beauteous body* that muſt be ſo abaſed and *abuſed* as his was? an uncomely face will ſerve

where

where it muſt be *ſpit on.* What muſt he do with a *fair ſoft delicate tender hand,* which muſt be *pierced?* another kind of hand is good enough to *knock a nail into.* And what needs his body be of a clear, white, thin tranſparent skin? will not any ſerve that body that muſt be bruiſed and wounded as his was; nay, as it was neceſſary his ſhould be? But why thus neceſſary? either he muſt be thus dealt with, or elſe my ſin cannot be pardoned. Either he muſt be deſpiſed of men, or I *muſt be of God.* Oh he muſt drink up this bitter cup with all its dregs, or elſe I muſt have drunk it up my ſelf. It was I that ſinned, and I muſt have ſuffered: this curſed, proud and earthly heart of mine rebelled and broke the Laws, and ſhould have ſuffered and born the puniſhment; had not he ſtept in and born the ſtroke off from me, I had been now burning in everlaſting flames, and have been lingering out this time in torment, which I am now ſpending in the ſweet thoughts of my eſcape. And is not this all true? ſpeak out, *my ſoul*; hath not the *Prophet* ſaid as much? *Surely* (ſaith he) *he hath born our griefs, and carried our ſorrows: he was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, he was bruiſed for our iniquities, the chaſtiſement of our peace lay upon him, and by his ſtripes we are healed. All we like ſheep are gone aſtray, we are every one turned to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all. He was oppreſſed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep before the ſhearers was dumb, ſo he opened not his mouth. He was taken from priſon and judgment, and who ſhall declare*

clare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living. And for the tranſgreſſion of my people was he ſmitten. Thou ſeeſt thy *debt*, and thy Saviours *payment* of it; theſe are no fictions; thou haſt juſt now read a *ſure word of Prophecy* that hath confirmed it. Thoſe *wounds*, thoſe *ſtripes*, thoſe *bruiſes* which thou readeſt of, he bore for thee, and which were due to thee. It was thou that ſhouldſt have been led *from priſon to judgment*, from priſon to the Judgment-ſeat of the great God, who ſhould have ſat as Judg; he ſhould have arraigned thee, ſentenced thee, and have ſent thee to the *ſlaughter-houſe of Hell*, where thou ſhouldſt have been weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of thy teeth. But Oh amazing love and grace! the Son of God that loved me better than his life, ſtept off his Throne and took my nature on him, and became a man like to me (only ſin excepted) he came and bid me comfort my trembling heart, he would put himſelf in my condition, and become the priſoner; and if my ſin would coſt his *life*, he would freely part with it. Methinks I feel my bowels turn, my ſpirits melt within me; was ever love like to his love? he was a ſtranger to me: why did he not let me die? It was his Father I did wrong, why did he not let me ſuffer? What if my puniſhment was as great as Hell? ſurely I did deſerve it. What if my pains and ſcreeches were eternal? Ah! I was a creature, a worm, a fly, a nothing to him, and what need he have cared? but he loved me; and could he love a priſoner at the Bar? I was a *ſinner*, a *vile polluted* one, methinks he ſhould have *loathed* me; but he did *waſh* thee, and make thee clean

clean again. I, but I was his Fathers *enemy*, and ſo no friend to him; or would he love an enemy? or did he not know ſo much? but how could that be, when he ſaw my heart, and the enmity that was in it? yes, he did, and yet he loved thee; *even while we were enemies he died for us.* But why did he love an enemy? or how could he do it? I know not why, it is paſt my reaſon to imagine it: *Oh inexpreſſible love!* Oh love paſt *thought*! I cannot fathom thee with my reaſon, thy ways are unaccountable; *he loves becauſe he will love.* And though his love diſpleaſeth us, yet it pleaſeth him to love us. What ails my heart? I cannot find it ſtir? What, dead under the reviving thoughts of thy deareſt Redeemer! I juſt now ſaid, he loved thee though an enemy, and when thou lovedſt not him; I ſee the enmity is not quite remov'd, thou canſt not love him yet: Ariſe, ſhake up thy ſelf, and look about thee, thou doſt not ſure ſee thy mercy; ſurely thou underſtandeſt not what thou oughteſt to underſtand. Come away, Oh come away, lift up thy drowſie head, I will make thee look and love, while I ſet thee all on burning, and make thee ere I leave thee confeſs thou loveſt him. Think, think, *Oh my ſoul*, that thou hadſt juſt now ſinned and broke that law which threatned death, and upon the breach doth find thee guilty. Think that thou ſaweſt a flaming Cherubim, a meſſenger of the Court of Heaven flirt in at that door and arreſt thee for High treaſon, and give thee a ſummons to riſe from the ſeat thou ſitteſt on, to make a ſudden anſwer for thy life. Look then, my ſoul, Ah! I lookt juſt now, I ſee that door wide open: What's this!

this! a *ſpirit*? Ah me, I am undone, for I have ſinned! I think the room ſhakes under me, or elſe 'tis my heart that's trembling. What's this I hear! I muſt now anſwer for my life: Oh what ſhall I ſay! I know not what; I have ſinned, my Conſcience tells me that I have ſinned, the witneſs within will caſt me, I ſee the Inditement writ with blood on my heart; the pride, ſenſuality, and the earthlineſs of which I am charged with, I am not able to deny one tittle. Oh for a mountain to cover me: Oh whither ſhall I go, whither ſhall I fly? That Bed, theſe Curtains, this Cloſet cannot hide me. My Mother, Father, Wife or Child, cannot help me: O who then ſhall? I run whither I know not; vengeance will find me out where ever I go. Oh curſed and ſubtil *Satan!* are all thy fair promiſes and inticements come to this! O my wicked curſed fooliſh *heart!* that ever I ſhould believe him before my Creator, that told me, *the day I ſinned I ſhould ſurely die.* Oh that for a little ſimple tranſient pleaſure I ſhould ſo madly hazard my eternal life! and now I muſt be caſt to Hell to bear the puniſhment of my folly. Think once again, think that this were the day, and this the very place in which God ſhould come and ſit in Judgment on thee. Methinks I ſee the Heavens bow themſelves: Oh what a crackling do I hear in the Clouds; look yonder! ſee who comes! it is *my Judg*; his countenance is as a flame of fire, he utters his voice like Thunder, the mountains skip, or rather ſhake, or rather tremble. Now, now, is the time of my utter deſtruction near at hand. Oh how ſhall I look him in the face! his looks do already affright me!

I ſhall

I ſhall not ſay one word, and I have not one friend that will ſay one word for me. It's true, I ſee a terrible glorious Troop of Angels that do attend him, but they are all his friends, and therefore all my enemies: I dare not ſpeak a word to them; and alas! if I ſhould, they are all but his ſervants, and fellow-creatures with my ſelf; alas! they cannot, yea they will not help me. It's true, there is *one*, that *one* that ſeems *as one with God*, the beams of whoſe countenance are far brighter than all the Hoſt of Heaven: Beſides, if God have a Son, it may be it is he; methinks he is a *mirrour* of his Fathers Glory; but this I know not; be what he will, he cannot pity me a ſinner, the doors of hope are all ſhut up, and now as a miſerable wretch I muſt prepare to hear my ſentence; the *Judg* is ſet, and with trembling heart and joints I ſtand a *priſoner* at the bar for my life, and now I muſt attend his call.

God ſpeaks,] *Sinner, where art thou?*
The Sinner anſwers] Lord, here am I.
God ſpeaks] *How dareſt thou thus abuſe my Grace, and kindle up my zeal againſt thee, that now as ſtubble it will conſume thee?* Is this the thanks that thou haſt returned for all the love that I have ſhewed to thee? Muſt I make a whole world and give it to thee, and as if that was too little, I bid thee freely take my ſelf and all, and would not this content thee? Was I not as a father to thee, the time thou lovedſt me, and didſt obey me? Did I not make thy ſeat a Paradiſe, and ſtrewed thy paths with pleaſure? Did I not rejoice over thee as a young man over his bride? What evil haſt

haſt thou found in me, that thou ſhouldſt thus rebelliouſly revolt and break my Laws, and for a trifle ſell my favour, and hazard my eternal pleaſures? Speak ſinner, was it not ſo?

The Sinner anſwers] My God, theſe weeping eyes and bended knees confeſs ſo much.

God ſpeaks] Had I not told thee that ſin would have coſt thee thy life, then thou hadſt had ſome excuſe: have I ſaid it, and will the great God change? Sinner, thou muſt die; I told thee ſo before, and now I tell thee again, the God of Heaven cannot lye. Get thee gone thou curſed wretch into eternal flames, and keep that Devil company in chains and torments, with whom thou haſt rebelled againſt me, and go ſee what pleaſure thou haſt in ſinning.

The Sinner anſwereth] Thou great God and terrible Judg! I do confeſs thy ſentence juſt; but if there be any bowels of mercy in thee, pity me, or I die for ever. Mercy, mercy, Lord! for I am thy creature, the workmanſhip of thy hands. If there be any thing in the trembling heart and hands, and knees of this thy ſentenced priſoner, that will move compaſſion, Oh pity, pity a condemned ſinner.

God ſpeaks] What! ſtays he longer to trouble my patience! I ſay, be gone thou curſed; though thou art my creature, know that my wrath hath kindled on better creatures than thou art; get thee to Hell, and the howling Devils will tell thee as much.

The Sinner ſpeaks] Ah, wo, wo, wo to me, for ever curſed I am, and curſed muſt I go for ever.

My

My Righteous Judg, and ye Glorious Angels adieu for ever: Live, live for ever bleſſed and happy in his love; I might have lived, and joyed, and gloried in that God that made both ye and me; but like a wretch that I am, wo that ever I was born, I ſold his favour, and ſo my eternal life, for a thing of nought, a vain luſt, a ſinful pleaſure that laſted but for a ſeaſon, and I go, I go into eternal flames. What ſays my heart to this? Methinks the very thoughts of it do make my heart to quiver, and my fleſh to ſhake all round about me; I feel no ſtrength in all my joints.

God ſpeaks] So, ſo, I am glad ſomething moves thee.

But think again, that the Devil did take hold of thee, and drag thee from the place thou ſitteſt on, to Hell; ſuppoſe the Father frowning on thee, and all the Angels ſhouting thee down to Hell, and glorying in thy damnation; but think again thou ſaweſt when all were joying to ſee thee ſentenced to Hell, that he that ſat juſt by the Judg, whom thou thoughteſt even now to be his Son, but knoweſt it not. Look! look! methinks I ſee him riſe off his Throne; ſee, ſee, how the Angels fall to adore him, methinks he is a coming near thee. Oh how my heart doth tremble: Oh what will he torment me before my time! Ah me! my doom is great enough already.

Sinner ſpeaks] Thou wilt not ſend me to a worſer place than Hell; my Judg hath paſſed my ſentence, thou canſt not ſend me into worſe than flames

flames, or puniſh me longer than everlaſtingly.

Chriſt anſwers.] Oh how my bowels turn! this ſinner knows not what is in my heart; he thinks I am his enemy. Sinner, ſhake off thy fears, and wipe thine eyes, thou ſhalt not die.

The Sinner ſpeaks again.] Oh thou glorious God or Angel, or I know not what to call thee, do not delude or deride a poor Caitiff wretch in the midſt of miſery: Why wilt thou raiſe me to ſuch a pinacle of hope, to caſt me down, and make my fall the greater? My Judg hath paſſed the ſentence, I muſt die; and who can reverſe the doom? Ah! I muſt go; ſee my priſon-door wide open; the ſmoke and flaſhes come to meet my deſpairing ſoul half way.

Chriſt ſpeaks] And now my heart begins to break, my love can keep no longer in; how cauſeleſly doth this wretch torment his heart! he knows not who I am: I muſt reveal my ſelf. Sinner, *I love thee*; I ſay thou ſhalt not die: Come, feel my heart and pulſes how they beat, and tell how ſtrong my love within doth act them? Doſt thou not ſee I have left my Throne, and am come down to the Bar where thou ſtandeſt condemned? But why doſt thou weep? Come, let me wipe thine eyes, and bind up thy bleeding and deſpairing heart: I tell thee, thou ſhalt not die: If Heaven will have blood, it ſhall have mine, ſo it will but ſpare thine. Sinner, if thou kneweſt who I am, thou wouldſt not doubt one tittle: I tell thee I am his *Son*, his *only Son*, that but now condemned thee: I know he is juſt, and juſtice muſt be ſatisfied. But do not thou fear, if one of us muſt

die, it ſhall be I: I will pour out my blood a ſacrifice for ſin, and appeaſe his wrath, and make you friends again. Ye innumerable company of Angels, (yet ſervants at my Fathers will) why do ye rejoice to ſee my priſoner ſent to Hell? this curſed ſoul over whom in glory you do now triumph, I do reſolve to die for, and to buy her to my ſelf a Spouſe, and to make her bleſſed with your ſelves, and give her a *Princeſs's place* on a Throne that is by my ſelf.

Sinner ſpeaks] Is this a dream! or am I waking? the goodneſs, greatneſs, glory of this ſudden unexpected bleſſed change, tempts me to doubt whether it be true, or whether it be ſome unruly fancy that doth delude this wretched heart of mine? What! for the Son of God to debaſe himſelf ſo low as to take my nature, and ſo my cauſe, and become the priſoner! What! and though he knows he ſhall be caſt! Will he hear the ſentence, and quietly bear bolts, and ſhackles, and chains, which ſhould have fettered me? Yet more than this, Doth he know it is impoſſible to get a reprieve from his Father and Judg? and that he muſt moſt aſſuredly drink the bittereſt dregs of Death, more bitter than Devils or damned ſouls in Hell as yet ever taſted of? For it is impoſſible the Cup ſhould paſs: And can he, will he, dare he venture? But ſtay, I muſt be a Spouſe! to be exalted from this Dunghil to be a *Princeſs* to the Son and Heir of Glory! Hold, hold, here's enough, it is a Dream, an idle fancy of a diſtempered brain; I ſhall never find a heart to believe one ſyllable. But yet, methinks, if it be a dream, 'tis a Golden one.

Is

Is it poſſible that ſuch a damned wretch as I, could harbour ſuch ſilken gilded thoughts of ſuch love, grace, mercy and tenderneſs of the Son of God? Oh my heart! if they were not true, how came they into my mind, or how came they to ſtay? or could they, if but meer fictions, make ſuch a change in my heart? Could they ſo victoriouſly conquer all my fear, ſilence all my doubts, allay the heats of a ſcorched and be-helled Conſcience? But why a dream, poor wretched heart? Didſt thou not ſee him ſtep off his Throne? Was it a time to dream or ſleep in, when thou wert before the Judgment-ſeat, while God was frowning, and the Devils dragging thee to and fro to get thee away to Hell? Oh then, juſt then, he ſtept down, drew near and took thee by the hand, and ſpoke theſe reviving words to thee: Doubt this, and doubt thy judgment. But why a dream? I am not now in Hells torments, whither I was juſt now ſentenced: My heart is now at eaſe and quiet; ſurely ſomething muſt be the reaſon why the Devil that but now had hold of me, hath left me. Where is the Conſcience that but now was burning in me? But Oh, cannot the preſence of the Lord put me out of doubt? Do not his words that were ſo kind, his tender dealing with me, doth not his ſtooping to me, taking me by the arm, and the gentle lifts that he gives to my drooping ſoul, ſpeak him preſent? Oh! do not my head, eyes, arms, heart, breaſt, and the eaſe of every joint and limb about me, witneſs the ſame? Away my unbelieving heart, what a ſtir is here to make thee believe a thing ſo evident? Doubt my mind, and freely doubt, I'll

give thee leave, when thou haſt any occaſion or reaſon for it. But why ſhould I doubt that which is paſt all doubt? May I not believe my ſenſes? I both ſaw and heard him ſpeak the words; or ſhall I miſdoubt his faithfulneſs? I know he is the Son of God, he cannot lye. But is it true? yet, my God, I pray thee be not angry with my ſcrupulous heart; thou ſeeſt in tears I make the doubt, let it be an argument to me of ſincerity: I do not ask that queſtion as one that would be fain perſwaded it's true: Canſt thou think, my Lord, that I would not be reconciled, and cheerfully accept of Grace when thou ſo freely offereſt it? Oh but Lord, ſpeak theſe words to my heart which thou haſt already ſpoke to my ear, and thou wilt melt it into love and thankfulneſs, and I ſhall never doubt it more.

Object. *But yet, but what can Heaven love ſo much?*

Anſw. Thou ſilly worm! how idly doſt thou queſtion? muſt Heaven, and ſo its love, be bound up to ſo narrow and contracted thoughts as thine are? What, can God love no more than thou canſt? Love is a perfection, and God is infinitely perfect, ſo muſt be infinitely and incomprehenſively loving. Thou fool, go ſound the Sea, and tell me its greateſt depths; give me the height of yonder Stars, this poſſibly thou maiſt do; for the Seas are not ſo deep but they have a bottom, nor the Stars ſo high, but they may by art be known. But Oh the heights, and depths, and breadths, and lengths of the love of our Redeemer! He is God, and his breaſts are ſo full of love, that they flow and overflow

flow with love; they have *no bottom.* Do but try, my ſoul, caſt thy ſelf into this bottomleſs lovely *Ocean,* into this endleſs *Boſom*; and when thou haſt been ſinking millions of millions of years, tell me whither you come to ground. Ye glorious Angels, and ye bleſſed ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, that live above, you that have been *wading downward* theſe five thouſands of years, do ye feel a bottom? or are ye near one? Away, away, my fooliſh heart; if this be all thou haſt to plead, he may redeem thee, and take thee for his Spouſe, and betroth thee to himſelf, notwithſtanding all this.

Object. *But Oh this filthy loathſome fleſhly ſelf, this baſe unthankful earthly heart, that can prefer a dunghill, droſs, and dirt, before him that can freely lay out his love to a creature like my ſelf: But Oh how hard, and ſtiff, and unrelenting am I to my God. But Oh he will ſlight me, becauſe I have often put him off, and ſlighted him; he cannot love and die for ſuch a one as I am.*

Anſw. Ceaſe, fool, thy reaſonings; he cannot love an enemy, becauſe thou canſt not; he cannot die, becauſe thy cowardly heart will not ſuffer thee! Why ſhould he fear the grave, that had power over it? And what though thou art unworthy of his love, if he will have thee and make thee worthy? Thy heart is baſe, and what of that, if he will mend it? thy filthy rotten and polluted ſoul he intends to waſh and cleanſe it, till it is without ſpot and wrinkle, or any ſuch thing. Thy ſtubborn proud earthly and luſtful heart, he can make humble,

tender, ſoft and yielding. And when he hath made thee as he would, why may not he take thee to himſelf, and lay thee next his heart, and delight over thee everlaſtingly?

Object. *But will his Father yield to this? I am too poor a match for the Son and heir of all things: But will he, can he ſuffer his Son to die to buy ſuch a beggarly thing to himſelf as I am?*

Anſw. Away theſe ſilly ſimple childiſh thoughts; how like an inhabitant of this earthly ſenſual world doſt thou reaſon? thou wilt not under-match, and therefore will not God his Son? Thou fool, thou wilt not becauſe thou canſt find another equal. But doſt thou not know that God can find none equal to his Son; he muſt ſtoop, or elſe go without. It's true, he might have gone without, but what if he would not, why ſhould not Heaven have its will as well as thou? Thou haſt no dowry, and he doth need none, and yet thou argueſt as if Heaven would make traffick with his Son and his love, as we ſilly worms do here; but we are beggars, and ſo are Angels, and all the glorious Hoſts above, they are his Creatures, hang and depend upon him, and cannot ſubſiſt one moment happy without ſupplies and helps of his Grace; and why may he not bring a beggarly man as near to himſelf, as a beggarly Angel, if ſo it pleaſeth him?

Object. *But doth it ſo pleaſe him?*

Anſw. How often have I told thee it doth pleaſe

pleaſe him? and haſt thou not believed? Come, if thy *hearing* will not ſatisfie, let thy *ſeeing* do it. Look, if thou haſt eyes. Come, tell me, doth not Heaven look as though it was pleaſed with the offer of his Son? What cloud or darkneſs doſt thou ſee about the Throne? what ſign or token of diſpleaſure canſt thou at all diſcover? Open thine eyes, view the God of Glory. Do his looks beſpeak him to be thy Father or thy Judg? And canſt thou not read both Husband, Father and Lord, and all in his countenance? What not ſee it! ſurely thou art blind: If he had not told as much from his own mouth, his eyes and looks beſpeak his love and favour loud and clear enough to thee. But doth he not tell thee, to put thee out of all doubt, this is my well-beloved Son, hear him, hear him: what's that? believe him whatſoever he ſays: why, what ſaith he? O dull and ſtupid heart! haſt thou forgot already! He ſaid he will pay his life for thine; and doth not his Father bid thee hear him? He ſaid he would reconcile thee, love thee, and make thee friends again; And is it not comfort when the Father bids thee believe him: he ſaid, he will pardon, waſh and cleanſe thee, and take thee to himſelf, and betroth thee to him for ever, and after all will give thee to ſee his Glory, even the ſame Glory which he had before the world. And the Father is willing to all this, for he tells thee his Son is his well-beloved Son, and bids thee believe him, and miſdoubt not one ſyllable. And canſt thou after all this doubt that the Father is not willing. But do not his Angels likewiſe, who are miniſtring ſpirits, with voice and looks proclaim as much,

that Heaven is well pleaſed with the Son, and with his Death and Paſſion, and ſo with thee in him. Do not the Angels admire the myſtery of Redeeming Grace, that makes them ſo deſirous to peep into it? Why did they proclaim his coming into the world, and ſing for joy that there was good-will in Heaven to men on earth? or why do they ſo diligently attend thee by night and by day? Thou ſeeſt them not keep guard about thy Chamber-door, and round about the curtains of thy bed. Why do they attend thee from room to room, and follow thee down ſtairs, and out of doors, if it were not but that thou art ſome great Princeſs nearly allied to their Lord and Maſter? Thou doſt not ſee this, blame then thine eyes, and the infidelity of thy heart; ſhall it be leſs true, becauſe thy baſe infidelity cannot digeſt it? Thou might doubt God, Heaven, and every thing elſe on that ſcore; but haſt thou not it from his own mouth, that the Angels are miniſtring ſpirits for the heirs of glory? Come, tell me, I ſay, tell me quickly, I muſt have an anſwer, Can this, and all this be true, and Heaven yet not be pleaſed? If God with his Son and Angels be all content that thou ſhouldſt be reſtored, and ſo exalted to ſuch dignities as to be heir unto the Crown of Heaven; if theſe be pleaſed, who is there in Heaven that can elſe be diſpleaſed? What ſaith my heart? what, not yet one word? Oh how long ſhall I be troubled and peſtered with thy unbelief! Oh my God, ſtrike, chide, and break this flint, reprove this ſtubborn and unbelieving heart, I cannot perſwade it that thou loveſt me, or art willing to love me: I urge thy word, and my

beſt

beſt reaſon to prove it, but I cannot make it yield. Oh break, I pray thee, this *Flint* or *Adamant* upon thy *downy breaſt* of love; ſtrike, and one blow of thine will make it fall in pieces, and confeſs at length that thou art well pleaſed with thy Son, and fully ſatisfied that he ſhould bleed and die for me. But let me try thee once again, if thou haſt loſt thine ears and eyes, I'le ſee if thou haſt loſt thy feeling too. Thou ſayeſt thou canſt not believe that God is willing to accept the Son for thee, or that thou ſo vile a wretch canſt be accepted of by the Father through the merits of his Death and ſufferings. Come, tell me, is not this thy language? I know thou dareſt not to ſpeak ſo much in words. But ah! my *Heart*, I find thou haſt got a *Tongue* as well as my *Mouth*, that often mutters and ſpeaks a different language. But tell me if thy unbelief hath any ground for it? What makes it then that thy ſelf is ſo free from fears and terrours, when thou ſhouldſt believe the Almighty, of thy Bodies Death, Reſurrection, and coming to Judgment, if thou thoughteſt him not thy friend, and reconciled to thee in his Son? if not, methinks thy fears ſhould fright thee, and trembling ſeize on every joint; and yet thou wilt fooliſhly mutter againſt thine own feeling.

Soul ſpeaks] O bleſſed God! I feel thou haſt overcome; I yield, I yield, I have not left a word to ſpeak againſt thy love; thy Son hath offered ſatisfaction, and thou haſt accepted it; thou haſt laid down, O my Saviour, thy life for mine; and thy Father and my Father is well pleaſed with it: Blood is paid, Juſtice is ſatisfied, Heavens doors

are

are widened, thine arms opened to receive me; nothing is wanting but my *heart*; make it ſuch as thou wilt have it, and then take it to thy ſelf. Come up, my ſoul, thou haſt an heart, and there is a Chriſt; the Father thou ſeeſt is willing, and the Son is willing, give but thy conſent, and he is thine for ever. Fear not thy hardneſs, blindneſs, deadneſs, loathſomeneſs, all theſe cannot hinder, if thou be but willing. He hath been in the world to ask the worlds conſent already, and alſo thine; thou canſt not doubt of his good-will; ſpeak but the word, and he hath thine too. What ſtickeſt thou at? ſurely thou art a ſluggiſh ſpirit; what doſt thou ail? Half of this ado would find a heart for a little mire or dirt, or ſomething elſe that is worſe, and is not Chriſt better? But ah! yet I feel a ſpice of unbelief ſtill working in thy very bowels, as if *that* Jeſus that died at *Jeruſalem* were not the Son of God, and the Redeemer of the world. And is this all? O were I certain thou wouldſt ne're doubt more, how freely ſhould I make ſatisfaction? But Oh! I faint and tire with the trips and ſtumblings of my unbelief. But mount, my ſoul, thou muſt reſolve to tire and put to ſilence all thy unbelieving bablings, or they will thee; which, if they do, never expect an hours peace or quiet more; thou muſt reſolve to conquer thy unbelief, or to be conquered; thou knoweſt her tyranny too well to let her go away the victoreſs. He was not the Chriſt thou ſayeſt, but tell me why?

Object. *His Parentage was too low and mean; what the Saviour of the world a Carpenters Son! how can it be!*

Anſw.

Anſw. My unbelief, in the firſt place thou lyeſt, his Mother was a Virgin, and her Conception knew no Father but the Almighty power of the overſhadowing Holy Ghoſt; he was more truly the Son of God than *Joſeph*'s Son. And was his birth, thinkſt thou, ſo mean, whoſe Parentage was ſo glorious?

Object. *His birth but mean and beggarly; no ſooner born, but cradled in a manger; and could Heaven ſuffer this?*

Anſw. It is confeſt. But yet it was as glorious: for did not a Star proclaim him born? and did not a whole Hoſt of Angels ſing and ſhout it up for joy? and did not wiſe men, yea and Kings, bring Incenſe, Myrrh, and Frankincenſe, being but as ſo much tribute, unto the new-born King and heir of all things, as if by inſtinct they knew they held their Crowns of him? a greater honour than ever any new-born Prince hath yet received before him, or ever ſhall or will do after him.

Methinks, my unbelieving heart, I could dare to tell thee, *that* room was no ſtable, it was a Palace; and did not the coſt, preſents, and glorious preſence of Kings ſpeak as much?

Object. *But his days were ſpent in poverty, meanneſs and diſgrace; and can I, dare I, truſt my ſoul with ſuch a one, and take him to be the Son of God?*

Anſw. And now I wonder at thee! it's true what thou ſayeſt, if thou lookſt upon him one way; his

his life was ſuch as thou telleſt me of; but 'tis a ſtrong argument againſt thy ſelf; for juſt ſuch a one was the Chriſt to be, according to the Prophets; the 53 Chapter of *Iſaiah* ſhews as much. But yet if thou truly underſtandeſt what true pomp and glory means, even to an eye of ſenſe as well as to that of faith, *Solomon*'s life imbroidered with all his glorious acts, was not comparable to this life of his. Was it not filled with miracles and wonders? was he not proclaimed the Son of God with voices from Heaven? did he not conquer Devils, and therefore the Kingdom of Hell? Was ever Prince on Earth honoured with ſo great a Conqueſt? Were not his miraculous Feaſts more ſplendid than thoſe of Princes? the fare was but poor and mean, but the miracles made it rich and glorious. Had I been preſent, ſhould I not have wondered and gazed more at the Maſter of this Feaſt, and have taken more pleaſure to have ſeen him ſit down with theſe five thouſands, than with a Table full of Princes and great men? Alas, it were a trifling ſight to this. Methinks my unbelief that pleads ſo much for ſenſe, ſenſe it ſelf pleads too ſtrongly againſt thee, for thou canſt not argue one ſyllable.

Object. *But would the Son of God be hanged and crucified? could Heaven have ſuffered this? could not the Saviour of the world ſave himſelf? how could he then ſave me?*

Anſw. Hadſt thou not the blindneſs of the *Jews*, thou couldeſt not reaſon thus like them; but

but was it not neceſſary it ſhould be ſo? Did not the Prophets foretell his death, and ſuch a death? Had he not died, and died as he did, I might then have had ſome ground to doubt him whether he were the Meſſias or not, for it was needful that the Propheſies ſhould be fulfilled, *Dan.* 9. But yet as wretched and as contemptible a going out of the world as he had, and his manner of dying on the Croſs, how vile ſoever it ſeemed to be, yet was there not enough to ſilence all the doubts that could poſſibly from thence ariſe, and much for the confirmation of my faith in the wonderful Eclipſe of the Sun, the rending of the veil of the Temple, the opening of the Graves, the raiſing of the dead, and afterwards his own *riſing* the third day, and aſcending up to Heaven in a Cloud? If my faith might have ſtaggered in ſeeing him on the Croſs dying, it could not when it ſaw him riſen, and in the Clouds aſcending.

Object. *But were thoſe wonders true and certain?*

Anſw. But haſt thou any ground to doubt them? are they not written in thy Bible? and art thou not certain that it is the word of God? or haſt thou not ſufficient reaſon to believe it to be ſo? But haſt thou not a whole Nation, yea Nations that do believe the ſame? and before this age, did not our Fathers, and Grandfathers, and great Grandfathers, and ſo continued a teſtimony of ages from the time that they were done, to this day, witneſs to the truth of them, and that ſo unanimouſly

and

and reſolutely, that ten thouſands have rather choſen to loſe their lives, than the truth of them. Now put all theſe together, and tell me, canſt thou doubt? Away, I ſee thou doſt but trifle; confeſs the truth, or I am reſolved to heed thee no longer. Come, take and embrace that crucified Jeſus, account all things elſe but as loſs, and droſs, and dung in compariſon with him; ſtick not at his outward meanneſs, ſcruple not at his ignominious dying, it is the very Chriſt the Saviour of the world. Oh why ſhouldeſt-thou thus torment me? Doſt thou not ſee all thy fellow-Chriſtians to glory in that Croſs, and in that Chriſt that died on it? Do they not bear it as a badg of honour, and ſhall it be to thee as ſhame. Do not all the Chriſtian World eat and drink as often as they can the Symbols of this their dying Lord? And do they not all ſing, and joy, and triumph in it? and wilt thou the while lye vexing thy ſelf over a company of needleſs fears and ſcruples? Farewell all needleſs doubts and tormenting queſtions, I ſee my *faith* is built on a Rock, blow winds, beat waves, you cannot now remove me. Bleſſed God! I thank thee for thy Son, thou haſt given his life for the ſpoiler, thou haſt bowed his back to the enemies, long furrows have they plowed upon it, and the day of his calamity they laughed at. Lord! thou haſt wounded him for my ſins, and bruiſed him for my iniquities. Theſe ſpeak the depth of thy counſels, and the ways of thy mercy paſt finding out, and the tenderneſs of thy Bowels. Thou haſt made him my Rock, and my ſhield, and my ſtrong tower, and in the day of my ſorrow through him thou wilt

hear me. To thee, O God, will I make my vows, and to thee will I pay them; I will humble my ſelf before thee. I will always lye at the feet of my Redeemer. Lord! his Croſs and his ſhame ſhall be no more a ſtumbling-block to me, I will take it up and follow him, it ſhall be my Crown, my Song, and the glory of my rejoicing. I will enter into thy Courts with joy, and in the Congregations of thy Saints ſhall be my delight; I will remember thy loving-kindneſſes of old, and the days in which thou didſt afflict thy only Son for the ſins of my Soul. I will call to mind the *Covenant* of thy *Grace*; and my heart ſhall praiſe thee, when I ſee it founded on blood. Then will I betroth my ſelf to thy Son; join thou, Lord, both our hands and hearts, and we will ſtrike up a match for ever. Praiſe thou the Lord, Oh my ſoul, and all you that love and fear hm, praiſe his holy name.

The SACRAMENT.

The Dreſs.

Lord, where am I! What! all the Children of the Bride-chamber up and dreſt, and I ſlumbering in my bed! Tell me ye faireſt, what make you up ſo early? Alas our Lord was up before us all. He called us up by break of the day, and wondered that we were not triming our lamps, knowing with whom we were to feaſt this day. Oh! well then I will riſe up too. Oh what a ſhew do theſe bright and glittering Saints make in mine eyes? What a brightneſs do theſe pearls and diamonds caſt in mine eyes! they do ſtrike me into amazement. Oh what

what a lovely humble look doth crown their brow? and what a comely countenance hath joy and *Heavenly delight* caſt on their *cheeks?* ſurely they did not thus dreſs themſelves, it was my Father that made them thus prepar'd to entertain his Son. But where are my Clothes? Now for the faireſt, ſweeteſt robe of thoughts and wiſhes that can be found, or that the wardrobe of my Father can afford me. Oh how naked am I! But where are my *ſilken golden twiſts of Faith to hang the jewels of joy, and love, and humility upon?* I am never dreſt till they be on. Oh where, where are they? I ſaw them by me but juſt now. I laid them by my heart before I went to bed. Oh what was I ſo long a reaſoning about? Oh what long and many threds did my reaſon ſpin even now, but to make theſe twines to tye up my joy, and to raiſe up my love, and to hang my Heavenly delight upon? But ah! I fear this envious world hath with her vanities ſtollen them away, or hid them from me; or the envious Devil, or unbelief have been ravelling or ſnarling of them, that now I am as far to ſeek as ever. Whither, O whither ſhall I go to find them out? Now will the Bridegroom come, and I am not ready; I cannot, dare not go to day. Now will my Lord be angry, and ask me why I came not, and I have no anſwer to make him. And if I go undreſt, he will ask me, where is my Wedding-garment, and then I ſhall be ſpeechleſs. Ah fooliſh ſimple heart! that thou wouldſt take no more care but to let theſe thoughts of earth ſo intangle themſelves with thy ſo pure and Heavenly contemplations! Now how to get them looſe again, thou knoweſt

not;

not, this thou mightst by heed and care have prevented; but now what help? Lord, I have sinned; O holy Father pardon this time, and I will take more heed. Oh come and unty my thoughts from this earth, and come and dress me up as best pleaseth thee. Come, be not discouraged, Oh my soul. Let but thy attire of Grace be whole, that is, sincere, thy God, and so thy Saviour will accept thee. Though thy *garments* are not so much *perfumed with heaven*, as thy brethrens are, but yet if they are but white and free from the spots of flesh and spirit, thou wilt be looked on and liked of well enough. Thy Lord doth know that all have not talents alike; and where he gives but a little, he expects but little. A Faith that is *richly embroidered* over with *love* and *delight*, is not given to all; and is not expected from any but from those to whom it is given. Thou hast an honest, willing, serious heart, that thinks it doth despise and trample under feet the neerest, dearest pleasures, profits and glories in the world, in compare with him that gave himself to death for thee; and hadst rather anger flesh and blood, the dearest friends, and all the world than him, by sinning against him in the least. If this be true, fear not, thou hast thy Wedding-garment on, thou art well clad; as mean soever as it is, it is such a one as Heaven gave thee, and such a one as thy dear Redeemer can, and will embrace thee in.

The Presence-Chamber.

Fear not, O my soul, I charge thee do not faint.

Let not thy weakneſs, and the poverty of thy grace, diſcourage thee: ſee how thy Lord draws nigh. Fear not, I ſay, he will not ask thee, *Friend, how cameſt thou hither not having on thy Wedding-garment?* He ſees thy heart, and ſees thou haſt it on. Oh he comes! and it is but to whiſper thee a welcome in thine ear; it is but to fall about thy neck and kiſs thy be-tear'd cheeks, and bid thee a kind welcome to thy bleeding Lord.

Soul. Oh did I think to be thus much made of! I thought he would not have minded me; but I did no ſooner appear and ſet my feet within the doors, but he ran to meet me; he took me in his arms, he brought me hither, and ſet me here. Is this a houſe, or is it a Palace? Is this a Court for Princes, or for Angels? Never did place more raviſh me into amazement than this place! *Beautiful are thy gates, O Zion! O how pleaſant is the habitation of the moſt high!* Is it the place, or the company that ſtrikes me into aſtoniſhment! Now I can ſay, moſt feelingly ſay with *David, My delights are with the Saints of the moſt high, and the moſt excellent of the earth.* Their poverty, their diſgrace, their contempt amongſt whom they live, do not puzzle my quick-ey'd Faith; theſe are the *Kings Daughters that are all glorious within, their garments are of needle-work, imbroidered over with pure gold, fine-ſpun gold.* Theſe! O theſe! hovv poor and mean ſoever they are, or may ſeem to be, theſe ſhall ſit vvith Chriſt to judg the World. Oh! hovv my ſoul is raviſhed vvith delight, to ſee and look on thoſe with whom I ſhall live for ever. If they are ſo lovely now, what will they be hereafter,

after, when our God ſhall take them, and ſcowr off their ruſt, and waſh their *Garments bright* in the *Sun-ſhine of his countenance*, and change thoſe mortal and corruptible bodies into immortal and glorious ones; and ſet them upon Thrones about himſelf, and lade their heads with Crowns of maſſy gold; and when I ſhall hear them warbling out the everlaſting Praiſes of the Lamb, whoſe Body and Blood we all ſit down to feed on!

Communion-Plate.

Never was Gold or Silver graced thus
before,
To bring this Body and this Blood to us,
is more
than to Crown Kings,
or be made Rings
For Star-like Diamonds to glitter in.

The Bread.

Welcome Faireſt, *take and eat*; 'tis the ſweeteſt dainties, dearſt morſel Heaven can afford thee. Welcome, my Dear, to the Table of thy Lord. Welcome a thouſand times, I bid thee; yea, welcomer than thine own heart can wiſh. Take, eat this morſel, it coſt my life; it's a portion thy Father ſent unto thee by me, and bid me remember thee of his love to thee. He bids thee remember a Fathers love, I, a Saviours. He hath a heart to give thee, and ſo have I. Take this in earneſt of them both in one. Take freely; if thou wert not

welcome, I would have told thee; I would have asked thee for thy Wedding-garment, knew I not thy heart; or if I were uncertain of thy love, I would have ſcorn'd thee as unworthy of my preſence; did I know thou loveſt any thing above me, I would have hid my face, and never have ſpoke thee a welcome ſo feelingly and kindly to thy ſoul. Tell me, O tell me! doſt thou not love me? I know thou doſt; and above Father or Mother, Wife or Child, Lands or Living, or Credit; I know thou doſt. And wilt thou not take the Croſs and follow me? I know thou wilt, I ſee and know the labour of thy love; I remember the pains and travel of thy ſoul; I ſaw thee follow me on thy knees in tears, and begged my life rather than thy life. I know thy heart, I ſaw it bleeding before my Throne; I took it in my arms and bound it up, and in that *breaſt* I remember I put it up again; I ſaw thee when no eye ſaw thee; I heard thee, and had compaſſion on thy groanings, whilſt thou wert complaining that I had ſhut out thy prayers; I well remember ſince thy heart did firſt fall ſick with love, ſince the time thy fleſh began to die, and ſince thou laidſt thy ſelf in the grave down by me, and wert willing to die to all this vain empty glory of the world, becauſe I died and left it. I know thee well enough, *Thou art mine, and I am thine.* Take it, I charge thee; eat it as thou loveſt me; and whilſt thou feedeſt, remember the love of thy deareſt Redeemer.

Soul. Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt meat that ever tongue did taſt! it ſends a relliſh to my very heart; I find it digeſts as it deſcends; I feel my nerves and

ſinews

ſinews ſtrengthen; I never knew that bread was the *ſtaff of life* till now; Oh how fit is my ſoul now for Chriſt? How eaſie do I now find his yoke, how light his burden! Methinks I could watch or pray, or read more earneſtly, reſolvedly, believingly, than ever. Oh! methinks I can take his Croſs and bear it ſtrongly, and take the ſhame and deſpiſe it fully. Oh 'tis a feaſt of fat things! The richeſt banquet of love that ever I was at; it was but a little that I took, and it fills me full, my hungry ſtomack now crys, 'tis enough; I find it now verified to my ſoul and ſpirit, that he that eats of this bread ſhall never hunger more. Well, I need not ſtarve when there is ſuch bread in my Fathers houſe. I need not, I will not, I cannot feed any longer on husks with the ſwine of the world. I fed on air and ſmoak before; I never taſted ſubſtantial bread till I taſted of this. This is the ſtaff of my life, and upon this will I ſupport my ſelf to my very grave.

The Wine.

Chriſt. Come my Deareſt, I have drunk, and thou ſhalt pledg me: I have broached my ſide, and drew it on purpoſe for thee. This is a Wine of mine own making, when I trod the Winepreſs of my Fathers wrath. It is my blood; but take and drink it; it was the cauſe of my wounding, but to thy ſoul it ſhall prove healing. I died and bled, it was but to make this Banquet for thee. I have brought thee into my Wine-cellar, and my Banner over thee ſhall be love. Fear not, take and drink,

thou haſt an *ulcer* in thy heart, and this ſhall cure it; ſpots and ſtains of guilt on thy ſoul, and this ſhall purge them away; thy ſpirits are faint, this ſhall revive thee, thou art afraid to ſee thy Fathers face, this ſhall make thee to draw near the Throne of Grace with boldneſs. Drink, I charge thee; drink on thy love and loyalty to me. I command thee as thou wilt have thy heart to mend, thy wounds to cure, thy ſpirits to revive, thy fears to ſcatter, thy ſoul to love and obey me, take, O take this cup into thy hand, taſte it, and praiſe my love.

Soul. Lord! I have taken, I have drunk as thou haſt bid me, I neither could, or dare deny thee. Can I refuſe thy blood when I have accepted thy ſelf? Or can I accept my pardon at thy hands, and refuſe the ſeal thereof? I know I am vile, I am vile, but thou haſt pardoned me. Lord, I have abuſed thy love, a thouſand times refuſed thy offered ſelf, and withſtood the tenders of thy Grace; but thou haſt covered all my ſins, thou haſt freely juſtified me by thy Grace, and made a full attonement for me by thy blood; this is that thou freely biddeſt me take, and I have freely drunk it. Never was Wine ſo full as this is. Never was Bowl ſo full of pleaſure as this. I have ſwallowed down my life and pardon at one draught: I took it from my Saviours hand, it was a cup of his own preparing. If ever drink was ſugared, this was! I never taſted better relliſht Wine in all my life!

The richeſt Cordials cannot match this draught Di-
(vine,
Spirits of pearls diſſolved would but dead this Wine.
Oh when my hopes but kiſt the purple dews, they hung
(and cleaved ſo,
As if they were loth to let thee go.
They ſtrove and ſtrugled to get near my heart,
As if intending there to take a part.
I dare not ſay them nay; blood from that bowl
May the beſt room command within my ſoul.

What a ſudden, ſtrange, yet happy alteration do I find within! my languid ſpirits are revived; my winter is over. Methinks I feel my life and joy to ſpring amain. My *Aarons* Rod (a dry ſtick but now) doth bloom and flouriſh. My newly ingrafted ſoul is full of Infant-cluſters.

Blood at the root of Vines
They ſay, produceth richeſt Wines.

Oh! if my Lord will undertake to dreſs this Vine, and trickle down his blood into my root, then draw it up into each branch of Grace, by the warming beams of his reviving love; then let my Deareſt come, let him come as he hath promiſed, and bring my Father and his Father with him, and ſup both with me and in me. Let them come, and I will bid them a welcome; I ſhall have a fruit to preſent them with, which they themſelves ſhall ſay is pleaſant; I ſhall not ſend my Father away now

ſo oft complaining, *I came to ſeek for grapes and fruit, but behold wild ones.*

The Concluſion.

Oh! how unwillingly do I riſe! methinks I could ſit here and feaſt my heart and eyes for ever. What running-Banquets doth my Lord afford me here! ſurely he ſhould not need to fear that I ſhould ſurfeit on himſelf. But alas! I muſt be gone, what ſhall I do in yonder hungry ſoul-ſtarving world again? I have been feeding on my Paſchal Lamb, and now I muſt go and eat my ſowr herbs; but if it be his will, I muſt obey; if it be ſo, I muſt ariſe: I know thou haſt prepared the endleſs feaſt above, where I ſhall ever ſit and enjoy thy love, and glut my hungry eye and heart on the Banquet of thy everlaſting ſelf. As yet I am now on earth, my toil and work lyes heavy on my hands, I have yet an afternoon to labour out, God knows my work is hard, too hard for me my ſelf to perform. I ſcarcely ſhould have laſted out ſo long, but that ſometimes at ſuch ſeaſons as this is, he repaired my ſinking ſpirits by pouring in the Cordials of his Blood. Now I muſt go, and perhaps find as ſharp conflicts with my ſelf as ever. I know the World and Hell have been laying their ſnares and gins to catch my *new-fledg'd ſoul*; and all conſpire againſt my welfare. Now it is well if I eſcape a fall, a bruiſe, a breaking of my bones, in which ſad plight I have ſo often lain, that my Lord might have took me for dead, but that my groanings told him loudly I lived. Lord! muſt I leave this

feaſt?

ſeaſt? muſt I go? Take me then by the hand, and lead me; if I muſt walk, let me ſee thee by me, that I may know I walk with my God. Lead me away, and I will go with thee; and let me not go till thou bringſt me hither again; I cannot, will not live without thee. And do thou Lord, ſay, I muſt not, ſhall not.

If both our hearts in love ſo well agree,
What then ſhall ſeparate my Chriſt from me?

A Meditation on the Death of Chriſt, Preparative to the Sacrament: Pen'd for his private uſe.

BUT is he dead? Oh ſad! yet joyful news! how ſtrangely is my ſoul amazed, and diverſly mov'd and troubl'd by theſe contrary paſſions! methinks I could pull up the floodgates of my ſorrow, and vent it out in tears; but ſomething bids me hold. Shall I mourn for him that's juſt now paſt his ſtate of mourning? He's dead! and what of that? And ſo are all his griefs, his bloody ſweats, his ſighs and groans concluded, *He hath drunk on the brook in the way*; bitter while they were in his mouth, and he was living; but ſweet now they have ſunk into his belly, and and he in Heaven. Sweet to him, becauſe it was his work, and he hath finiſht it; and ſweet to me, becauſe it was the potion of ſorrow, death, hell, that I muſt have taken. And canſt thou mourn! methinks if thou didſt love, thine heart ſhould rather ſympathize with his: He is ſinging, and ſhalt thou be ſighing? He is joying that his work is done, and now is welcoming into Heaven by God his Father, and ſhouting up by Angels voices, as the great Conquerour of the hearts of men on earth, and that now in triumph he is returned. And will a mournful weed, a wet eye, and a cloudy brow, become thee at theſe times

times of Feſtivals? Shall the Heavenly Angels be joyful, and thou ſad? How ſtrangely will this be conſtrued! Will it not be ſaid, thou doſt not love him? or thou doſt envy his recovered glory that he had left, and now again hath taken? Or that thou canſt not endure to ſee him wear his Princes Crown in Heaven, that for a time he had laid aſide to come down to the earth to fetch thee thence to Heaven? But ah! my Lord, thou wilt not ſure interpret ſorrow thus; thou haſt not ſure forgot to give a meaning unto tears, to teach a ſigh to ſpeak, and then to know its language! Hath my Lord forgot ſo ſuddenly that he was on earth, and that he ſweat, and groan'd, and wept, and bled, as well as I do now? What though now all tears, and ſorrow, and ſighing is done away, and he ceaſeth to be any longer ſubject to our infirmities? yet ſure he knows it is not thus with us. I am not yet in Heaven, nor am I yet quite paſt the vale of ſorrow; and it cannot then be ſtrange to him, if he ſees ſometimes our faces look of a ſadder hue than thoſe that are in Heaven. But why ſhould thus my tears be check'd, and my throbbing heart be chidden? were it for a thing of nought I might be counted fool or child; but ſhall my Saviour die, and vent his ſoul in a ſtream of blood, and all in love to me? and ſhall he thus forſake the world, and die, and then be laid in the grave, and I be denied the liberty of following him thither as a mourner? Shall it be ſaid of the Prince of glory, that he died and had the burial of an aſs? becauſe there was none to ſorrow forth thoſe words of, *Ah my Lord!* What! ſhall it be granted to a Wife

to

to mourn for the death of a beloved Husband? and to a Child at the burial of a beloved Father? Shall not ſuch be blamed, but rather pitied? And ſhall their friends come in and confeſs the loſs and the ground of their ſorrow juſt, and rather ſit them down and bear them company in their grief? And muſt I of all be thus cenſur'd? Away with an Husband, Wife, or Child to me: Is he not more to me than ten Husbands? Might I not have had an hundred that would have never done half ſo much for me as he hath done? That firſt left his glory for my ſake, and then laid down his life, and took the ſtroke upon himſelf that I my ſelf deſerved, and all becauſe he lov'd me? Was ever friend like this friend! and ever love, like this love! Many waters cannot quench love; but neither waters, blood, death, nor many deaths could quench his love to me. But ſhall he love, and die in love, and thus be forc'd to leave me, becauſe he lov'd me, and I not mourn the abſence of my beſt Beloved? How unreaſonably may any this deny me! But ah! what a bitter-worded check did I even now receive; as if my ſorrow would ariſe from the envying of his now glorious ſtate, and not from any love I bear him? Oh! what needle-pointed words are thoſe! methinks they have pierc'd mine heart in every part, and from each prick hath ſtarted forth a drop, that hath ſet it o're with a bloody dew! But how can it once be thought that envy ſhould get a room in an heart that's full of love, with which it ſwells, it bubbles up, and runs all over? it cannot be. Bear witneſs heavens! I do not grieve that you contain him,

but

but that I on earth have loſt him! Oh my God! I am not ſorry that thy Son hath paſt his ſufferings, and is arriv'd to reſt, and got again into thy boſom, his ancient neſt of love and pleaſure. Oh you bleſſed Orders of *Seraphims* and *Cherubims*, and you *innumerable company of the ſpirits of the juſt men made perfect!* I do not envy that you have my Lord with you, that you ſee his face, and live and walk, and joy in the light of his countenance: Alas! we your poor Brethren could not make him ſo welcome here on earth, as you can there: we lov'd him as ſincerely as you, and believ'd in him, and took delight too in him; but yet nothing near ſo much as you. You know him better than we do; for you know him as you are known, and therefore know better how to prize him. We know him but in *part*, and the value, price, and love could but be in the like proportion. He is therefore far much better there than here; and how ſhall I then either envy him or you! And what, my ſoul! ſhould I wiſh him back again? what if I thought I could prize and love him more, and could promiſe the like for all his beloved diſciples? I could not alike engage for the wicked, envious, malicious, unbelieving world; I could not promiſe he ſhould meet with no other *Herod* to ſeek his life, or that the hard-hearted *Jews* would give him better entertainment, whom they dare yet curſe with the name of Conjurer, though *Moſes* and their Prophets bore witneſs to him, and though they received a ſeal from Heaven in voices, thunders, ſigns, and an innumerable company of real Miracles. Oh no! my Lord! though

I could

I could wiſh to ſee thy face again on earth, yet not in ſuch a ſtate of miſery in the midſt of a den of Bears and Lions, as not long ſince thou waſt. Ah! thou knoweſt I took no delight to hear that traiterous news of thine own *Apoſtle* that had betray'd thee; and that it fill'd mine heart with anguiſh to hear how ſhamefully and ſcornfully thou waſt abuſed. Thou ſaweſt me bluſh when I heard thy face was ſpit on; my head did ake when thine was crowned with thorns. Anguiſh and indignation did looſe my nerves, and with a palſie ſhook mine hands, when thine had a mock-Scepter put into them, a reed, and a ſcoff, *Hail Jeſus King of the Jews.* And did not mine heart break and bleed to hear that thine was pierced! Ah my Lord! and ſhall I yet find an heart to wiſh thee here again! No, no, I am glad thou haſt eſcap'd their bloody hands, and now got quite without their reach. I am glad thou haſt got to perfect eaſe and reſt; and know'ſt no pains, nor griefs, nor ſorrows. Oh! take a full poſſeſſion of thy Fathers breaſt, and ſit thee down upon his Throne, *Thou art a King for ever.* And take delight in theſe thy ſoul did travel, die and bleed for on earth. I will repine at nothing that ſhall advance thy glory. But Oh! thou cruel bloody unbelieving world! you wicked murtherous bloody *Jews!* though I rejoice my Lord is ſafe arrived home, and quietly landed within his haven; yet from you I cannot hold mine anger, that made his Sea a Sea of blood, and drain'd his heart to make it deep, and fill'd his ſails with ſighs and groans, that caus'd his voyage to be ſo doleful. What good got you to ſtand and laugh to ſee him for-

ſorrowful? to ſcoff and jeer to hear his lamentations? what curſed rage was that to make ſuch haſt to fetch him vinegar and gall to prolong his life, to lengthen out his dolors? How could you find ſuch barbarous hearts to triumph over a bleeding dying lamb, that was ſo innocent? How could you taunt at him when you heard him praying for you, *Father forgive them!* and ſo tenderly excuſing you, for *they know not what they do!* Methinks that kindly harmleſs carriage ſhould have pierced your hearts; thoſe melting words ſhould have diſſolv'd them; and inſtead of piercing him, I ſhould have thought you pierced. And ah! but that I know an unbelieving heart my ſelf, and underſtand what hardneſs means, I ſhould ſtand and wonder! Oh! it's too hard an Adamant for downy words, and doleful ſounds, and tender carriages to break and ſhatter! How often have I outſtood all thoſe my ſelf! And when I ſerved my fleſh, how little did I mind them! And when they have been preſented to me in the Goſpel, or in a Sermon told that all theſe tortures he endur'd for me, and I in part believed it too, yet was I not as a man bereft of my ſenſes, and I was no more mov'd in mine heart, as if I had not heard or underſtood, and were quite bereav'd of ſenſe and reaſon. But had I thus continued in my ſenſeleſs unbelieving ſtate, and as I liv'd ſo died; yet how deſervedly ſhould I have born the wrath of God, and have been ſent to Hell as a recompence of mine unbelief? And yet, you careleſs ſecure *Jews*, can you think to eſcape when God comes to make inquiſition for blood? How will you do if this ſin ſhall find you out?

out? If God requires blood for blood, what will become of yours? If he had been no more than a common man, the Law would then have required your lives for payment. But how if in the end he prove a *Prophet?* nay more than that, the Son of the moſt high God, the Prince and Saviour whom God had promiſed to raiſe, the *Meſſiah* whom *Moſes* and the Prophets bare witneſs to, and him that you ſo long long'd and wiſht to ſee! How will you look! what will you ſay! what anſwer will you make when all theſe truths are cleared? where will you hide your ſelves for ſhame? and what will you do when confuſion ſhall thus take hold upon you? What! will you then confeſs the fact, or will you deny it? with what face can you do the firſt? And if you do the latter, the curſe you and your Fathers drew upon your ſelves, *Let his blood be upon us and our children!* ſtands ſtill on record againſt you, and will cry you guilty. Will you excuſe it with your unbelieving ignorance? But how will you be able to rub your brows into ſo much confidence? How dare you ſay you were ignorant of him, when you ſay you knew both *Moſes* and the *Prophets*, and they bare witneſs of him? You askt a ſign, and did he not give you both ſigns and wonders? How often did he cure your Lame? How wonderfully did he heal your Lepers, and thoſe ſick of the Palſie, yea of all manner of diſeaſes? How did he open the eyes of the blind, and give light to him that was born blind! yea, reſtore the withered hand, and make the crooked ſtraight, and open the ears of the deaf, and caſt out Devils, and raiſe the dead! *Therefore*

let

let all the houſe of Iſrael know aſſuredly, that God hath made that Son Jeſus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Chriſt.

Upon which Text, *Act.* 2. 36. the Author Mr. *Tho. Wadſworth* preach'd at *Gregories* Church by *Pauls*, *March* 29. 1656. evidencing clearly from thoſe words:

(1) That the poor life and ignominious death of him that was crucified at *Jeruſalem*, was no good argument why the *Jews* ſhould reject him from being the promiſed *Meſſiah*.

(2) That that very God-man named *Jeſus Chriſt* that was crucified at *Hieruſalem*, was the *true Meſſiah* whom God made and appointed to be Saviour to the World.

If his Notes were ſufficiently legible, in the proving and improving of theſe two Propoſitions, ſo that they might have been publiſht (as they cannot, unleſs any took them in ſhort-hand for his own uſe) there would have been found in that Diſcourſe a notable antidote againſt the poyſons of *Judaiſm*, and the *Atheiſm* of this preſent age.

Three Letters of Mr. Tho. Wadſworth *to his Siſter* Elizabeth Wadſworth *in* South-wark, *when he was a young Student in* Chriſts-Colledg *in* Cambridge, *wherein we may ſee the early breathings of his pious Soul.*

Dear Siſter!

YOU may remember very well that I ſent a Letter to you all in general, to wit, my Brother and other Siſters; but it is my wonder and grief that I ſhould receive an anſwer from none of you! I thought that your loves to me were not ſo contracted, but that I might have procured ſuch a favour at your hands as three or four lines in a Letter; but however your not regarding of me, hath not begotten in my ſoul ſuch regardleſneſs towards you, and therefore from among the reſt I have choſen *you* out in particular to ſee whether you in particular will give me an anſwer to my other Letter. I remember that the laſt time I was with you, upon Conference that I had with you, I found a good and pliable nature in you; ſome ſoftneſs of heart appear'd by that cryſtal dew which trickled down your cheeks: I would have wiſht in ſome reſpects that it had continued until this time. For truly nothing ſpeaks fairer weather in Heaven than moiſtned cheeks below on earth; you muſt not think to come to *Mount Zion*, the *Heavenly*

venly Jeruſalem, before you have paſt thorow a vail of tears. Heaven is not a bauble, and it can't be attain'd by mirth and jollity; you muſt not think to live merrily in Earth and in Heaven too. I know you are naturally merry and jocond, but you muſt labour to mortifie that merry nature you have; you are naturally full of talk, but if you love your *ſoul* you muſt labour to bridle the *tongue*. Perhaps you would ſay, *O Brother!* this I would willingly do, but I cannot tell how. I will give you this *anſwer*:

Firſt, Labour to live more ſeriouſly, to talk leſs; let your thoughts be on God, and think that he hears every word you ſpeak; and as our Saviour ſays, *You muſt give an account for every idle word*. You muſt not think you ſhall ever be ſwallowed up in love, that you ſhall ever bathe your ſelf in Divine raviſhments to all eternity with God in glory, and walk ſo lightly and vainly here on earth. O that I could but perſwade your ſoul of this! If I could, I know that you would deſire no other glory, than to ſwim all your life-time in a river of tears. I ſhall not here ſpeak of the glory which your ſoul ſhould enjoy in Heaven, leſt my ſoul in writing ſhould be ſwallow'd up with confuſion! for if I knew where to begin, yet I ſhould never know where to make an end. Angels themſelves have been wading theſe five thouſand years in this Ocean, and cannot come to the depth of it; yea, and ſhall be wading to all eternity with the glorified Saints, and yet ſhall never fathom it. And now if thou art willing that thy ſoul ſhould accompany my ſoul unto this Ocean of Love, take notice

then of theſe paths which I ſhall here ſet down, which will lead thee unto this deſir'd happineſs. And truly I beg of thee, and likewiſe charge thee, in the preſence of the Almighty God, as thou ſhalt one day anſwer it at the Judgment-ſeat, when God ſhall judg the quick and the dead, that you do not, when you have read this Letter, caſt it away, and look on it no more. Therefore I beſeech of thee, as thou art dear to me as a Siſter, that thou wouldſt put into practiſe every word that I ſhall ſay.

Firſt then, *Be conſtant in prayer by thy ſelf both evening and morning*; and if you find any good motion in the day-time, go then again to prayer. And if you ask me, How you ſhould pray? I anſwer thee, pray againſt every ſin thou find'ſt thy heart prone to commit. Pray againſt thy carnal joy, and beg that thou maiſt be moſt ſerious in thy converſation. Doſt thou find in thy ſoul that thou canſt not mourn for ſin? Pray that God would ſoften thy hard heart, that he would make thee to mourn, to weep and lament thy ſins, becauſe they are againſt ſuch a tender and loving Father as God. Doſt thou find that thou art given to anger, pettiſhneſs and frowardneſs; pray earneſtly, beg of God on thy knees, as if thou wert pleading for thy life, that God would humble thee, and give thee more love to himſelf, and to the reſt of thy brethren; and take heed likewiſe of angering them. O that thou wouldſt but practiſe this! truly, truly, I ſhould rejoice, Angels in Heaven would rejoice; as it is written, *The Angels rejoise at the converſion of a ſinner.*

Se-

Secondly, *Look that thou readeſt the Scriptures diligently every day*; and let this be thy *firſt* work in the morning, and the *laſt* at night. And if thou canſt not underſtand, go to God, and beg that he would give thee more light; and if thou doſt this likewiſe, happy ſhalt thou be. And ſeeing it is late before you go to ſupper and bed, therefore thou maiſt ſet apart ſome time for this duty in the afternoon. And this you muſt do, and then wait upon God for a bleſſing. And truly do but reflect on your ſelf, and tell me what's the cauſe of all that groſs ignorance which is in you? Truly 'tis becauſe you read little in the *Scripture*, and other good Books. And if perhaps you read a Chapter now and then, it is either becauſe you are forc'd to it, or becauſe you would read ſome ſtory in the Old Teſtament, only to recreate your carnal mind. Let me but ask you this *one queſtion*, Do you, when you take the Bible in your hand, conſider it is the *book of God*, and if you do not practiſe what you read, it will turn to your condemnation? Do but conſider this thing ſeriouſly, and the God of Heaven bleſs it to your ſoul. Now I pray and entreat you not to ſlight this which I have ſaid, but turn it into practiſe. And it will be my deſire that you will *write this out fair*, that thou maiſt read it ſometimes, and maiſt know that thy brother loves *thy ſoul* as dearly as his own. What I have now writ unto thee in particular, thou wilt do well if thou communicateſt it to all thy brethren, that they may not be wanting in theſe things which I have here deſired of thee in particular; for I could deſire that thou mighteſt begin to lead the

way to Heaven in that family; but especially let this be known to my Sister *Anne*; I pray her not to think much that I direct this to you, and not to her, for I thought you would write to me, and I questioned whether she hath not forgot; but if she doth write, I assure her, if my soul and body can do her service, it shall. I shall not mention my Sister *Mary*, because I have hinted her case in my Fathers Letter. The God of Heaven be with you: So I pray, who am

Your tender and most

affectionate Brother,

Tho. Wadsworth.

Dear

Dear and Loving Siſter,

IT hath been ſuch a great interval of time ſince we laſt exchang'd Letters with one another, that I know not whether to charge you, or my ſelf with negligence; but I hope neither of us are guilty of forgetfulneſs. God is my witneſs that I daily make mention of you in my *prayers*; and I aſſure you it will exceedingly raiſe my heart in *praiſes* if God will but anſwer them upon your ſoul. And truly my expectations are very great towards you and the reſt of my friends. I know not who they ſhall be, either in that family, or ſome where elſe, but rather there; for God of late hath ſhewn me much of his goodneſs *as to the anſwering of my prayers as to particular perſons.* And I am aſſured that he hath ſeveral times drawn out my heart as much, if not more for that family. So that I live in continual expectations of hearing of the *Sun of Righteouſneſs* to riſe among you, and the day-ſtar of holineſs and purity to break out of ſome of your ſouls. And to this purpoſe I have ſent you this Letter, that *you* among the reſt might be one that may fulfil my joy in the Lord. I am ſorry that all this while I have not heard from my Brother *John*; I hope that the Lord will ſtir up his heart likewiſe Heaven-ward. Tell him that I would have writ to him, but that I had ſo much to write to others, ſo that I was fain to ſteal a little time to write theſe few lines. As for your ſelf, for the preſent I ſhall only deſire you to *read Scrip-*

ture much, and pray constantly, if possibly you can, *twice or three times a day*. For *directions* herein I desire you to peruse seriously my Sister *Anne*'s Letter, which I have here sent her.

Lastly, Take a special care of my Sister *Mary*, labour to get her to *pray*; though she can but *chatter*, God can *hear*. He hears the young Ravens when they cry, and feeds them; and will he not much more hear a young child? To whom I pray you commend my love very kindly. I have no more at this present, but that I am,

Your ever Loving Brother,

Tho. Wadsworth.

Loving

Loving Sister,

AS the Letter was with great affection *desired*, so was it as gratefully *received* by me. Neither was it so much because that you did write, but because you writ so well and heartily. And I shall here assure you that you cannot rejoice me more than in letting me see such sentences dropping from your pen, as did in the last Letter. And I am likewise as certain that your discovery of them proceeding from your heart, carries in it a far more exceeding weight of joy to your own soul. I shall have but *one* or *two* things to you at this time, and I shall conclude.

First, *Be constant in Prayer morning and evening*, and labour not only to speak words, but let your words express your heart.

Secondly, Before and after Prayer, *join reading of the Scriptures*.

Thirdly, *Take heed of vain and foolish discourse*; be as little in talk as may be without it is in good discourse. I shall now only desire you to write to me every week or fortnight, and I doubt not but you will find your *parts* encrease; and labour but to put Letters in practice, and you shall find likewise your *graces* encrease. And with this I conclude, only desiring you to remember me to your Brother and Sisters, and I shall be as I ever was,

Your Loving Brother,

T. W.

A

SERMON

PREACHED BY

Mr. *THO. WADSWORTH.*

Taken in Short-hand.

REV. XII. 1.

And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven, a Woman clothed with the Sun, and the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a Crown of twelve Stars.

IN these words you have a description of the Church of *Jesus Christ* on earth; the Church of Christ is of all Societies of the world the most glorious; it is a Society *founded* by the Counsel of the great God; a Society that is *purchased* and bought by the blood of the Son of God; 'tis a Society *called* out of this wicked world to worship God in spirit and in truth; 'tis a Society that is to God himself as the *apple of his eye*;

eye; 'tis a Society that ſhall keep the Angels of Heaven company to all eternity in the Heavens, to glorifie the Maker and the Redeemer of the world. This is the Church; a Church in a Kingdom is the *glory* of the Kingdom; and *God* in the Church is the glory of the Church. When God leaveth a Church or Kingdom, you may name it this name, *the glory is departed*; the glory is departed from a Town or Kingdom, when the Church of Chriſt is departed.

If it be ſo, it will be worth our while to inquire which is this Church of Chriſt; for there are many pretenſions laid to the *Church*, many would *call* themſelves the Church; the *Jews* they would be the Church of God; the *Turks* would be a Church of God, for they profeſs to worſhip the God of Heaven; the *Papiſts* they would be a Church of God; and in *England* there are many parties laying their claims to the Church of God. No wonder, my brethren! that every one is ſo deſirous to bear that title of being the Church of God; 'tis the moſt glorious title of the world, as I have ſhewn you, 'tis the *glory* of the world.

But to help you to find out this Church in the midſt of all theſe claims that are laid to it, I have choſen this *verſe*, wherein the Holy Ghoſt giveth a *deſcription* of it, for by theſe characters you will be able to find it out, for this *verſe* is nothing elſe but a *characterizing of the nature* of the Church of God.

And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven, a Woman clothed with the Sun, and the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a Crown of twelve Stars.

The

The Church is described *two* ways:
First, *In General.*
Secondly, *More Particularly.*

First in general, *There appeared a great wonder in Heaven*; that is, in this Vision of *John* he did seem to see a very ſtrange and unuſual ſight; we call things *wonders* that are ſtrange things; it is *no wonder* to ſee the Sun ſhining, becauſe it is common; and the Stars to give light, becauſe common; but when we ſee a *Blazing-ſtar*, we call it a wonder; ſo the meaning is, *I ſaw a great wonder*, ſaith *John*; and what of that? I ſaw a *Woman*, I ſaw a *Woman in the Heavens*, It is common to ſee the Sun and Moon and Stars there; but to ſee a *Woman* is a wonder; and ſo the Church is a wonder; to ſee a fire keep alive in the midſt of the Sea; to ſee a people keeping themſelves *holy* in the midſt of a wicked and peryerſe generation; to ſee a people live to the *glory* of God in a wicked and debaucht Kingdom, is a *wonder*! for in ſpite of all the wrath and rage of the *Devil* they are reſolved to love God, and follow the Lamb where ever he leads them, this is a *wonder*; and in many reſpects the Church may be ſaid to be a *wonder*, a wonder to *Angels*, a wonder to *Devils*, and a wonder to the *wicked* world.

A wonder to *Angels*, we read they deſire to peep into the myſtery of Redemption, of Chriſts coming into the world to die for a company of ſinful creatures that deſerve no better a condition than the dungeon of Hell; but for you Angels to ſee God taking poor ſinners from the dungeon of

ſin

ſin and wrath, and raiſing them upon Thrones by giving them repentance and faith in Jeſus Chriſt, and adopting them Sons and Daughters, and taking them to be his friends; this the Angels wonder at.

And why may I not gueſs, a wonder to the Devils? for them to ſee the *Son of God* come, and themſelves to be paſt by, to be forſaken, eternally reſerved in chains, and to ſee ſuch creatures as we are to be brought into a ſtate of fellowſhip and communion with God, may make them ſtand and wonder. And truly how can it chuſe but be a *wonder* to our ſelves: if *David* in ſeeing the Heaven, Sun, Moon, and Stars, could cry out, *Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?* How can we chuſe but wonder when we look upon our ſelves, being guilty of all manner of ſins either in heart or life, to ſee God take us and waſh us like ſwine out of the mire, and cleanſe us, and make us live like his children, and call us his own, and write his name upon us, and ſeal us up for an eternal ſtate in the Heavens?

And ſo the wicked world do wonder that we do not follow them in the ſame exceſs of riot, drunkenneſs, and ſinging, and ranting in the Taverns and Alehouſes, they *wonder* at it.

Well, I ſaw this *wonder in Heaven*, that is in a moſt *exalted ſtate*, and ſo my Brethren, it is in its own ſelf, in its nature, it is highly exalted in the heavens of Gods favour and affections; and when the time ſhall come that God will perfect his Church, ſhe ſhall ſhine in glory as in a moſt exalted ſtate and condition, and it is this ſhe expect-

eth,

eth, and for this she saith, *Come, Lord Jesus*; and for this he saith, *I come quickly*.

But more particularly to the *nature* of this wonder, *What is it?*

1. It is described by a *Woman*. 2. The *Attire*. And 3. the *place* of her standing.

First, A *Woman*, and her *attire*, and that is first of her head, *a Crown of twelve Stars*.

2. The attire of her body, *clothed with the Sun*.

And then 3*dly*, Here is her standing, *She standeth upon the Moon*, trampleth that under her feet; and this is a description of *you*, so many of you as are true members of the Lord Jesus Christ; what great things are here spoken, are spoken of every believer here.

First, a *Woman*: why is the Church compared to a *Woman*? that the Church is compared to a *Woman* in Scripture, that is plain; the Book of *Canticles*, which is *Solomons Song*, is a Song of the Church represented as a *Spouse* to Jesus Christ: the *Prophets* frequently compar'd the Church to a *Woman* in the Old Testament, and God is her Husband; the *Apostles* compared it to a *Woman*. *I have endeavoured as a Virgin to present you to God without spot*. And the Church is called the *Lambs Wife*.

But for what reason does the Holy Ghost compare the Church to a *Woman*?

For these four *Reasons*.

1. For her *Beauty*.

2. For

2. For her *Affection.*
3. For her *Fruitfulneſs.*
4. For her *Weakneſs.*

For theſe four ſhe may well be compared to a *Woman.*

1. *For her Beauty.* I ſpeak not of that *outward*, that skin-deep beauty which a little time will bring to wrinkles; but I ſpeak of an *inward* beauty, a ſoul beauty; the Church of Chriſt is beautiful, that is ſoul-beautiful; the Graces of the Saints upon the ſoul of the Saints is the red and white; nothing enamours Chriſt ſo much as your *faith* in his Promiſes, *love* to his Glory, *patience* in afflictions, *obedience* to his Commandments. *Thou art fair, my beloved*, ſaith Chriſt to his Spouſe. The Church is compar'd to a Woman for her beauty, and therefore the Apoſtle ſaith, *I have endeavoured to preſent you as a Virgin*: how? not a deformed one, but a Virgin without wrinkle, without ſpot; when the Church is ſanctified by the Spirit of Chriſt, and nothing in your hearts but love, fear, and holineſs, then you have this *beauty* that is without ſpot or wrinkle; ſin does ſully the ſoul, but grace taketh away ſpots and wrinkles. Likewiſe,

2. The Church is compared to a *Woman* for her *affection*; their affections ordinarily are more ſtrong. 'Tis ſaid of *Jonathan*, his love did exceed the love of women. The Holy Ghoſt compareth the Church to a *Woman*, to ſignifie that all the members of Chriſt have a very ardent love and affection to Chriſt. No love ſo ſtrong as the love of a Saint

a Saint to Chriſt; and therefore 'tis ſaid, *That many waters cannot quench it.* There are few will be beggered for the ſake of another, or baniſhed or hanged upon a Gallows for the ſake of another, burnt at a ſtake for anothers ſake; and yet the love of a Saint maketh nothing of all this; it rejoiceth to ſee its goods ſpoil'd for Chriſt, to think it ſelf worthy to be whipt for Chriſt, to go up a ladder, and to be thrown down with a rope about its neck for Chriſt. Water cannot quench a Saints love, neither can fire hinder a Saint from Chriſt; neither things preſent, or things to come can ſepaparate from Chriſt. You would all be of this Church, pray look that you have *affections* ſuitable for Chriſt. You may have a time to try your *affections*; if you *want affections*, you are none of this *Woman.*

3. The Church is compared to a *Woman* for her *fruitfulneſs*; the Church of Chriſt is a *fruitful* Church; that is, the ſociety of the Lord Jeſus do bring forth daily children to God, and as like the Father as they can look. The Church does meet together to preach the Goſpel, and to pray and praiſe God together, and God does ſo bleſs them with the Ordinances, that they do convert ſinners unto God, they bring ſouls that were aliens in their mind, they bring them to acquaintance with God. The Church is always travelling and bringing forth, and God does bleſs her to bring Sons and Daughters to himſelf; and when they are born they are like Chriſt, patient as Chriſt was patient, meek as he was meek, humble as he was humble, and heavenly as he was heavenly. Whoever

ever pretend to be a Son or Daughter of this *Woman*, and do not bear the Image of the Lord Jesus Christ, they are bastards. Barrenness under the Law 'twas counted a very great curse. So take this note to find out the Church of Christ upon earth, and in *England*, look upon the several societies professing the name of Christ, see which look the most like him; have they affections to Christ? is there a beauty in their lives? are they barren? do they convert sinners to them? Some cry with a loud voice, *The Temple of the Lord are we*; but I pray see if they are *fruitful*. Are they travelling and bringing forth? and have they Sons and Daughters brought forth daily to them? or little conversion among them, they are not fruitful, they have not Sons and Daughters born to Jesus Christ? and by that you may know where to find Christs Church.

Lastly, The Church is compared to a *Woman*, because of her *weakness*; the Woman is the weaker sex, she is not made for fighting, but in case of danger for flying; for this is the nature of the Church; it is not of a domineering boisterous spirit, but a womanly spirit, modest, humble and meek. Where you see a people pretend to be this *Woman*, pouring out malice and wrath, a domineering people, are they like this *Woman* that flyeth in time of danger, but not from Christ? *vers.* 3. *And there appeared another great wonder in Heaven, behold a great red Dragon*, and that's the Devil; *and the Dragon stood before the woman to devour her child as soon as it was born*. But what was the end? did she fight? no, there were Angels

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stood to contend for her, she took up no arms, thought not upon fighting; but presently the Angel rescued her, *vers.* 7. *And there was war in Heaven, Michael and his Angels fought against the Dragon: and the Dragon and his Angels fought, and prevailed not.* That is, the host of Angels did contend with the Devil and his Angels, and would not permit him to destroy her, and she fled into the Wilderness, *vers.* 6. *And she fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.* She fled into a Wilderness, but in a secure state; she was secur'd in her Wilderness, and God lookt after her; and we are in this *thousand two hundred threescore days.*

She is a *weak* Church, but strong in Christ; and if so, my brethren, though you be weak, and meek as a sheep, and compared to a *Woman* the *weaker* sex, yet notwithstanding fear not; for I cannot stand to speak of all the things in this Chapter. *Great wings were given her to fly with; the whole earth stept out to help her, and swallowed up the flood which the Dragon cast out of his mouth: and the Angels helped her.*

Well now, let us come to the *attire*; I have shewn you the reasons why she is compared to a *Woman*, and we will begin at her *head*, and so come down to her *foot*: *On her head a Crown of twelve Stars; and her body was clothed with the Sun, and under her foot the Moon.*

What was this *Crown of twelve Stars?* if you do but

but mark the H. Ghost through this book of the *Revelations*, you will find him take a great deal of pleasure in this number *twelve*; and he does always use it, when he speaketh of the true Church; the new *Jerusalem* it had twelve Gates; and the Tree of life in the midst of this new *Jerusalem*; this Tree of Life bore *twelve* sorts of fruits, this you have in the last Chapter. *And in the midst of the streets of it, and of either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits; and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the Nations.* Why *twelve Gates* for the City, and *twelve fruits* upon the tree, and *twelve Stars* upon the Crown of this Church? what is the meaning of this? I will tell you what it is: You know *Jesus Christ* when he went about to gather this Church out of the world, he did chuse *twelve men* that were his *Apostles*, and these *twelve men* he did acquaint with the whole mystery of the Gospel; all the things that he would have them teach the world, he gave them in commandment, and they were to be under him, the Fathers to beget this Church. And Christ calleth them lights, *Ye are the lights of the world*, because they were to deliver forth this Doctrine of the Gospel, this light from Heaven, these truths that lead men like tapers through this dark Dungeon to the palace of God; they were to be the *lights* to them. Now these *twelve Stars* are the *twelve Apostles*. And *she had a Crown of twelve Stars*; that is, she was a *Woman* that professed faith in the Doctrine of the *twelve Apostles*; she owned those truths that the Apostles preached, and would receive no truths as

matters of her *faith* but what the *Apoſtles* did teach; and by this ſhe was to be known in the ſeveral Generations of the World, ſo that by this character of a Woman with a Crown of *twelve Stars*, the *Holy Ghoſt* hath given you a note by which you may find out this Church, thoſe ſocieties that *believe* what they taught, and *worſhip* God according to what worſhip they delivered, that is the *woman with a crown of twelve Stars*; but if you ſee any ſociety of Chriſtians, and you find more Stars than *twelve*, a ſtar of vain Philoſophy, or humane tradition, or a ſtar of rudiments of the world, look upon them as none of the *ſtars* that Chriſt hath put in the *Womans crown*; therefore when Chriſt commiſſioned the *Apoſtles* to preach the Goſpel, he gave not liberty to *Paul* or *Peter*, or any of the *twelve* to lay any Commandment upon his Church but what they had from his mouth in the laſt of *Matthew*; and indeed they are as it were the laſt words he ſpake to them: *verſ.* 19, 20. *Go ye therefore and teach all Nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.* Well, what ſhall we teach? *teaching them to obſerve all things whatſoever I have commanded you.* No more; no more let them believe than what I have delivered to you; let them uſe ſuch Ordinances in Worſhip as I have appointed you, and no more; they were not to *exceed* there commiſſion, it was as dangerous for them to do it, as any Ambaſſador to exceed the commiſſion of his Prince; and therefore the Apoſtles when they were brought before the Rulers and Governours, and they charged them to *teach no more in the name*

of

of this Jesus, say, *We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard*; how can we chuse but teach the things which we have seen Christ do? and reveal the miracles that we see wrought? and how can we chuse but preach the Doctrine that we received from his mouth? They did not say, how can we chuse but do that which we have seen invented by others; no, if they had taught any thing else, Christ would not have born them out; and therefore in the Election of a new *Apostle* in *Judas* his stead, they made choice of one to bear witness of what *Christ had said and done*; and all the Churches of Christ from that time, they are to keep close to those Doctrines, the Doctrines of the *twelve Apostles*; and by this they shall be known to be the Woman if they still keep the Crown that hath but *twelve Stars*. And now you may know what to think of the Church of *Rome*, and of the *Turks*, and what to think of the *Jews*. Some have not the *twelve Stars*, others have; as the *Pope hath them*, but he hath added; others have the *stars of humane tradition* of the *rudiments of the world*. I give you but the *general note*; for I will only give you *rules* in finding out the Church, and when you have found it, keep close to her; if you would find the Church, ask what Doctrine she holds, and whether there be any thing added, not one *star added*, but keep close to the Crown that hath *just twelve stars* in it.

Now let us come downward: *And she was clothed with the Sun*: and you see the Holy Ghost hath picked out the most glorious thing in all the

Heavens to reſemble the *beauty*, and *lovelineſs*, and *majeſty* of the Church; there was not any thing in the world to reſemble the luſter, and majeſty, and beauty of this Church; and therefore he goes up to Heaven, and putteth a Crown of Stars upon her head, and clotheth her with *Sun beams*; *and ſhe was clothed with the Sun*; what muſt this Sun be? why in the Heavens, you know, the Sun is the greateſt of lights, and its influences are moſt marvellous, and there is but one Sun. Why, what is there in the Kingdom of God that the *Sun* is moſt likely to ſhadow forth? I *anſwer*, it muſt be the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; and he is compared to the Sun in Scripture, as in *Mal.* 4. 2. *But unto you that fear my name ſhall the Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe with healing in his wings*; that is, *Chriſt Jeſus* ſhall ariſe with healing in his wings, the wings of the Sunbeams. Chriſt is here compared to the *Sun*; well, but how may this Sun be ſaid to be a *clothing?* is there any ground for it? why yes, the Apoſtle *Paul* does uſe an expreſſion wherein he holdeth Chriſt as the *Churches clothing*; and ſo put the compariſon that one compareth Chriſt to the *Sun*, and the other where you find Chriſt compared to the *clothing of the Church*, and then you have this truth, to wit, *the Church is clothed with the Sun*, i.e. with *Jeſus Chriſt*. Rom. 13. 14. *But put ye on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. Here you ſee plainly the Apoſtle does compare Chriſt to a *garment*, and does exhort the Church to *clothe themſelves with Chriſt*; and though Chriſt does not call himſelf a *garment*, yet he does invite the Church to him, that he may clothe her, *Rev.* 3. 18. *I counſel thee to*

buy

buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou maiſt be rich, and white raiment that thou maiſt be clothed, and that the ſhame of thy nakedneſs do not appear: and anoint thine eyes with eye-ſalve that thou maiſt ſee.

Well, pray, ſay you, how may the Church be ſaid to be *clothed with Chriſt?*

In two *reſpects.*

1. In as much as they are clothed with the *righteouſneſs of Juſtification*, and this in and by Jeſus Chriſt.

2. As they are *clothed with the divine nature*, with the nature of Chriſt, or with the *righteouſneſs of Sanctification*; they that have theſe *two righteouſneſſes* upon them, they are clothed with Chriſt, they are clothed with the Sun.

1. When you have the *righteouſneſs of Juſtification*, for ſo this *Woman* had; the *Church is a juſtified woman*, a pardoned woman, and ſo are all the members of this Church; all her iniquities are all blotted out; all hand-writings of Ordinances are all cancelled, all nailed to the Croſs of Chriſt, all wrapped up and buried, and ſhall never riſe up in judgment againſt them; this is a *clothing* by which her nakedneſs is clothed; why, Oh thou poor creature, that lyeſt open to the wrath of God, to the ſtorms of his diſpleaſure; thou haſt no pardon till Chriſt pardoneth thee; the Woman is clothed with the Sun, that is with the righteouſneſs of Juſtification that Jeſus Chriſt hath purchaſed for her. If you ſee a Church boaſting of a righteouſneſs of their own, a *Phariſaical* righteouſneſs, a *Legal* Righteouſneſs, a righteouſneſs of their

own, this is not the *woman*, for ſhe hath not the *clothing*; there is a people that ſay they are the Church, but look unto them and you ſhall ſee nothing of the *Righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt* upon them, they are not clothed with the *Sun*, neither have they the Crown of *twelve ſtars*; they do not build their faith upon the *Doctrine* of the *Apoſtles*, neither do they cover their nakedneſs with the *Righteouſneſs of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; wherefore be *not deceived*. There are many parties crying, we are the people; look to them, ſee if they keep cloſe to the *Doctrine* of the *Apoſtles*, have the *Crown of twelve ſtars*; and again, ſee whether they have the *Righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt*, his dying for ſinners; do they look upon all their acceptance that they hope to have with the Father, as from the Son? There is a generation that have ſome tokens of mortification upon them, but alas every one that looketh like the *Woman* is not the *Woman*; you muſt have all the attire upon her, if you will conclude her to be the *Woman*; never dare to join your ſelves to a people that are not clothed with the *Righteouſneſs of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt* that died for poor ſinners, and made their peace upon the Croſs, having expiated their ſin thereby. This *Righteouſneſs of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt* will grow more ſplendent, and more firm, the longer you wear it.

2. *There is a righteouſneſs of holineſs, of ſanctification*; it is not enough that this Church is clothed with the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt, but this Church is clothed with the *nature of Chriſt*, Chriſt is upon her, and Chriſt is *within her*; ſhe is all full

of

of Chriſt, all over clothed with Chriſt, *clothed with his nature*; and therefore you find the Lord Jeſus Chriſt calls you to an *imitation* of him, *Learn of me for I am meek*. This woman is no haſty woman, no wrathful, no revengeful woman; when ſhe is provoked, ſhe will not rail again, ſhe will *pray* for them that curſe her. And if you ſee a ſociety of people that live not in *meekneſs*, and *holineſs*, and do not follow the patterns of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that is not the ſociety which is the true Church; neither if you ſee a people boaſt of Chriſt dying for them, and yet wallow like ſwine in the mire, and defile them with the filth of ſin and luſt, that is not the *woman*, that is not the Church. And now you may, if you would ſee the Church, look upon the *converſations* of the Churches in *England*, look upon their *lives*, ſee how they live; if you ſee them a drunken, a curſing, a ſwearing Church, a blaſpheming Church, this is none of the *Lambs wife*, for the *woman* is clothed with the Sun, with the *new nature of Chriſt*, with the *holy nature of Chriſt*, hath *put on Chriſt*, and makes *no proviſion* for the fleſh, to fulfil the luſts thereof.

And thus you ſee the other part of her clothing, and *ſhe is clothed with the Sun*.

The laſt, and that is, *The Moon under her feet*; What is here meant by the *Moon*? We muſt here reſpect the *Moon* that ruleth by night. You ſee the clothing of the Church is ſet out by the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, he is called the *Sun*; now whatever is oppoſite to the *Sun*, to Jeſus Chriſt, that muſt be here

here ſignified by the *Moon*; whatever is in this *world*, or in *Churches*, found oppoſite to Jeſus Chriſt, why that is the *Moon* that the Church trampleth *under foot*, and will have nothing to do with; for as the Sun is the Prince of Light, and ruleth the day, ſo the *Moon* is the *Queen of the Night*; and by this *Moon* is repreſented all the works of darkneſs, of the Kingdom of *darkneſs*, which are oppoſite to the Kingdom of *light*.

Now this Church that weareth a *Crown of twelve ſtars upon her head, and is clothed with the Sun*, it is always *day* with her, they walk not in darkneſs, they are not the children of the night.

Well then, what are theſe things of the Kingdom of darkneſs? why,

1. *There are the heads of the Kingdom of darkneſs*, and thoſe are the *Devils*; the *Moon* ſignifieth the *night*, and the night ſignifieth the Kingdom of *darkneſs*; the *Devils* are the Moon that are under the Churches feet; Oh! in what ſtate does the Church ſit clothed with the Sun, and all the powers of Hell under her feet! ſaith Chriſt, *Go preach, and I give you power over all Devils; and they came back again, and ſaid, Lord, we have healed diſeaſes, and the very Devils are ſubject to us.* That is, the *Devils* lye trampled under foot of the Church. Satan ſhall be laid at your feet *ſhortly*; and what an honour is it? You think it much to conquer men, why here is a poor *woman* that conquers the *powers of darkneſs*, not in your own ſtrength, but in the ſtrength of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to whom you are *married*, whoſe righteouſneſs you wear.

2. All

2. *All the inſtruments of the Devil are under you*; who are they? they are all thoſe that take part with the *Devil* in the world; how ſhall we find them out? why, you may find them out thus: They are always *night-walkers*; *Moon walkers* hate the light; they are wicked and ungodly men, that live after their luſts, who pleaſe the fleſh, and are enemies to God, and to his people; theſe are the *inſtruments* of the *Devil*, theſe are they that are meant by the *Moon*, and the *Woman* ſetteth her *foot* upon them. And this does ſignifie, that *all wicked* men that are mocking and deriding her, and clap their hands when they ſee her fly, and ſay, Thus we would have it; ſhall fall under her feet in the iſſue. Know you *fooliſh ſinners*, the time is coming when you ſhall lie at *her foot*, and ſhe ſhall trample upon you; and that is another thing, the *Devils*, are the *Principalities and powers* of night, and wicked men are the Angels of theſe Princes, whom Chriſt made ſpoil of openly.

But again, all *principles*, *hereſies*, *falſe doctrines*, contrary to the *nature* of God, the Trinity, the *union of the two natures*, God and man; the Doctrine of *Juſtification by faith only*; all thoſe Principles that are raiſed by the *Devil* in the world that are *contrary* to the Doctrine of Chriſt, are principles of the *night*, and the *woman* ſhe treadeth down all *falſe* Doctrines.

Again, all *falſe apprehenſions*, *inſtitutions* and *appointments* concerning the *worſhip* of God, are all the effects of ignorance, born of the *night*; all *ſuperſtition* that is introduced into the world, and into the Church, thoſe who own ſuch, are not ſhe, that

that is the *woman*, that hath the *Crown of twelve ſtars*, clothed with the righteouſneſs of the Lord; and hath no *doctrine*, no *worſhip* but what ſhe *received from Chriſt*; ſhe tramples all *falſe doctrines*, and *ſuperſtitions*, and *hereſies*, ſhe tramples them all down under her feet.

Laſtly, *All wicked works*, all pride, all vain glory, all envy, malice, hatred, revenge, whatever is of the fleſh, this is all included under this notion or figure, to wit, the *Moon*; for as ſhe rules by *night*, ſhe does ſignifie nothing but a *ſtate of ignorance*, and of darkneſs, which is the Kingdom of the *Devil*.

Application.

And now my Brethren, take all theſe Characters together, and ſeek for ſuch a Church, and beg of God that you may find her; and though ſhe go into a *wilderneſs*, go with her, for ſhe is the *Lambs wife*: you read in the following part of the Chapter ſhe muſt go *into the wilderneſs*, but there is a place provided for her; though the *Dragon* ſendeth forth all his threatnings, yet ſhe ſhall be ſafe. Would you find the Church? look for a *ſociety* that is *beautiful, as a woman* that hath *ſtrong affections for Chriſt*; a *ſociety* that is *fruitful*, that bringeth forth Children to God; where you ſee Children born unto God, that is a ſign there is the *woman*; but where you ſee a people, [redacted], drunkards, or whoremongers, or ſwearers, or blaſphemers, they are not of this *woman*, for ſhe never bringeth forth but to the *likeneſs* of God, they

grow

grow up in Chriſt, into a likeneſs to him. And again, look for a Church that is *meek and humble*; where you ſee a boiſterous Church, a cruel, a bloody and revengeful Church, that is not the Church, that is liker a man, and not like a *woman*. Put on *patience*, if you would look like the Church of Chriſt.

And again, ſee what *doctrine* they hold; do they keep cloſe to this *Bible*? if not, reject them, tell them they are not of Gods people; why, I do not ſee upon your heads the *Crown of twelve ſtars*.

Again, ſee what *garment* ſhe weareth? does ſhe wear a garment made of Chriſts ſufferings? look and hope for a juſtification that way, by the ſuffering of Chriſt; 'tis not the *woman* that is found in her *own righteouſneſs*, but in Chriſts righteouſneſs.

Again, if you find them crying up the righteouſneſs of Chriſts Juſtification, and have *not the righteouſneſs of Sanctification*, they are none of the *woman*; that is the *Church*, where there is claim to the *righteouſneſs of Juſtification*, and a care taken for the *righteouſneſs of ſanctification*; theſe are to accompany each other.

Again, would you know the *Church?* look, ſee if ſhe hath the *Devil ſubject to her*, and all falſe Principles, and *falſe Doctrine*, and *falſe worſhip*; does ſhe trample them under her feet? for this *woman* hath all *ſuperſtition* and *falſe doctrine*, and temptations of the Devil under her foot, and all that is of the *night*, ſhe hath all under foot.

Having now ſhewn you what this Church is, I hope as to the further *application* I have been ſo

clear

clear in the *Doctrine*, that you may eaſily *apply it*, for I have in effect *applied* it as I have gone along. But ſome may be ready to *queſtion with themſelves what to do*, and ſay with the Spouſe, *where doſt thou feed thy flock?* one crys, Come to us, we are the people; and another, We are the people; and a third, We are the people; but I wont now tell you which is, but pray God to open your eyes to ſee and look upon the *ſocieties*, and ſee which is likeſt the *woman*, having the *Doctrine of Chriſt*, and his *Apoſtles*, *living in righteouſneſs*, and *trampling under feet all the temptations of the Devil*. I will leave you to find it out.

Exhortation.

But ſecondly, *I charge you when you have found it, be a member of it:* be a member of it, ſay you? if I am, I muſt be *in pain*; the *Devil* follows me, and poureth out a *flood* after me, ſhe runs away, and runs into a *wilderneſs*, *The woman fled into the wilderneſs*, verſ. 6. Shall I join with her? yea, join with her notwithſtanding; though ſhe be in a wilderneſs, ſhe keeps *her Crown*, and ſhe reigneth like a *Queen*, all the *Devils are under her foot* in a wilderneſs eſtate; join with her; alas! this is the *Lambs wife*, ſhe is married to Chriſt, and to be heir of all things, and to live eternally with the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, where ſhe ſhall never be perſecuted more.

But one thing more; Be not afraid to join with her; though ſhe runs into a wilderneſs, yet ſhe lives there, ſhe hath a place prepared of God;

verſ.

verſ. 6. *The earth helped the woman, and opened its mouth and ſwallowed up the flood*, v. 6. and the *woman* was ſaved, it was gone of a ſudden; water enough, threatnings enough to drown it, but all was gone in a moment.

Advice.

Again, one word to you that are of the *people of God*; you ſee your *calling*, my brethren; are you a Church of Chriſt? Oh how ought you to live! you are *crown'd*, do not ſtoop too low; it becomes not a *Prince*, to ſtoop for every pin, you are a crown'd people; take heed of an *earthly mind*, take heed of poring on the world, and griping at the world, and caring not what you do, ſo you can but ſcrape this world: it is below you; you are born to higher things; are you of this Church? Oh take heed leſt any of the Town ſee you without your *garment*, let them ſee you clothed with *holineſs and righteouſneſs*, let not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt be *blaſphemed* becauſe of you; your converſation may be made a bleſſing to the ſinful, to *convert* them, and bring them over from ſin to Chriſt, to be fellow-heirs with you; be *always clothed* with the *Sun of Righteouſneſs*. Take heed of pride and paſſion, that is not like Chriſt. Take heed of fear and being cowardly, that is not like Chriſt. When you are called out to ſuffer for Chriſt, he hath enough to bear up your hearts, he will keep you company. Live as thoſe that are *clothed with the Sun*, and hate ſin and wickedneſs, and all works of darkneſs, for they are all of the *night*, all rioting, all wantonneſs, all evil diſcourſes; trample

the

the *Moon* of vanity and sin under your feet; and then God will make you glorious, even in the eyes of your enemies, when Christ shall own you before his Father, and Angels, in the great day, *judging the world*, yea and *Devils* too; only walk you as the *woman* that hath this *crown*, this *garment*, and *this Moon under her feet*.

A SER-

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SERMON

PREACHED

On the Anniversary Humiliation for the Burning of *LONDON*, *September* 2*d*. 1673. And these Notes were taken, read over, and corrected by himself, at the importunity of some to have it Printed.

Amos 3. 6.

Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?

IN the year 1666, a year never to be forgotten, God did visit this City with a great and fearful fire; when you then saw all in flames, and that there was no stopping of that devouring fire, but it went on raging till it had brought all to ashes, the great question then in *London* was, How came this fire? was it accidental,

or was it by deſign? My Brethren, this part of the verſe that I have opened, will give you light into that queſtion, and will help you to know who it was that burnt *London*, it was the Lord, even that God which is the Author of every evil that is in a City; for ſaith the Lord, *Is there any evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?*

In ſhort, it was God burnt *London*, and God will juſtifie it; you need go no further to enquire into the Author of it, *I have done it*, ſaith the Lord.

The words you ſee are an Interrogation, *Is there any evil in a city?* But you may turn it into an Affirmation, and then the words run thus, *There is no evil in a city but the Lord hath done it.* Theſe words are a concluſion that do depend upon the premiſed verſes for their illuſtration. In the firſt verſe of this Chapter, God by his Prophet *Amos*, as by his Herald, doth proclaim War againſt the Twelve Tribes, he declareth himſelf to be an adverſary, an enemy to them: *Hear*, ſaith the Prophet, *this word that the Lord hath ſpoken againſt you. I come with a word againſt you:* why, who are theſe, you? who, the whole Family which I brought out of the land of *Egypt*, with every one of you, I have a word againſt you all; not only againſt the Ten Tribes, but I have a word of the Lord againſt *Judah* likewiſe, even againſt the whole family of *Jacob* that I brought out of *Egypt*. *I have a word*; that is, I have a word of threatning, I have a Proclamation of War from the great God againſt you. But this is ſtrange, that God ſhould have but one people in all the world, and that God ſhould fall out with them at this time! all the reſt

of

of the Nations were all Heathens, they were all Idolaters, all worſhippers of the Devil. And this people of the Twelve Tribes at that time, was the only people that God had in all the world, and yet God here entreth into a War with that very people; *Go*, ſaith he to *Amos*, *tell Iſrael that I am againſt them. I have a word againſt them.* It is true, becauſe they were ſuch a priviledged people, they had much ado ever to believe any Prophet that came with any ſad tidings againſt them. For ſtill when the Prophet came to threaten them with Gods wrath and vengeance, they put all off with this: Are we not the ſeed of *Abraham?* Are we not a people in Covenant? Have we not the mark of the Covenant about us? Are not we the people that of all the people in the world God only knoweth? We will never believe that God will turn enemy againſt us. To this ſaith the Prophet, Yea, but God hath, even againſt you, whom he did ſo ſignally deliver, when he brought you by a mighty hand out of *Egypt*; even that very people, you; I had it in my commiſſion to you; you whoſe fathers I delivered with an out-ſtretched arm out of *Egypt*. Therefore do not flatter your ſelves, to wit, that God hath been the God of your fathers, and therefore will not puniſh you their ſeed. I tell you I am ſent to you: But God hath known us, ſurely he will not fall out with us for old acquaintance ſake. Saith the Prophet, It is true, you are the people that God hath known of old, and hath known as a friend, hath known you familiarly; *You only have I known of all the families of the earth:* I grant it, ſaith God; I have known you in a way

of mercy; I knew you when I choſe you in *Abraham*; I knew you in bondage; I knew you when I delivered you out of *Egypt*; I knew you at the Red-ſea when I wrought a wonder to ſave you; I have known you at Mount *Sinai* when I gave you my Law; I have known you in bringing of you into *Canaan*, a land flowing with milk and honey. I know you well enough, ſaith God. And I know you likewiſe by your ſins as well as my mercies. I know you, and your fathers too, have been a rebellious generation, that have always provoked me bitterly; that provoked me ten times in the Wilderneſs. I knew you how you turned unto *Baal-peor*; I knew you in all your ingratitude; and therefore will I puniſh you. I know you as a people of the greateſt mercies that ever were in the world, that ever I manifeſted to the ſons of men; and I know you to be as ungrateful a people. I know you, and therefore I will puniſh you. But ſtill will God puniſh? ſo difficult a thing it is to bring off a profeſſing people from ſelf-flattery. How? it cannot poſſibly be: theſe *Iſraelites* were ready to ſay, What God turn enemy to us! what, God that hath been ſuch a great friend, and ſo long a friend! What, God that walked with *Abraham*, and *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*! What, God that led us out of bondage, and carried us as an Eagle her young ones upon her wings forty years through a Wilderneſs! What will God threaten us, and deſtroy us! no ſurely, it cannot be. Well, the Prophet obviates this too, *verſ.* 3. *Can two walk together except they be agreed?* True, I did walk with *Abraham*, and *Abraham* with me; I did walk with *Iſaac*, and

Iſaac

Iſaac walked with me; that is in ways of righteouſneſs, as *Enoch* is ſaid to walk with God; that is, in a righteous life. But, ſaith God, now we are not agreed; when you and I were agreed, then you walked in my judgments, and in my ſtatutes; and I walked with you in ways of mercy, and we were good friends; I did but ſpeak, and you obeyed; you did but ask, and I gave. But now, ſaith God, you and I am fallen out; you have broken my laws; my ſtatutes and my judgments are forſaken by you; I can live no longer with you, and I muſt part; we had as good part, we are not agreed; your ways and my ways, your nature and my nature are quite contrary; Therefore, ſaith he, I will part from you.

Thus you have the meaning of the firſt three verſes; we proceed to the 4*th* verſe. God knowing what would be the event of this meſſage, which is, that they would not believe it; He adds, But will they not believe I am thus angry? Go tell them, ſaith God, *Amos* go tell them, *Will a Lion roar in the foreſt when he hath no prey? will a young Lion cry out of his den if he hath taken nothing?* What is the meaning of that? It is obſerved of the Lion, that beaſt of the foreſt, that he ſeldom roars but either when he hath the prey in his paw, or the prey in his eye; when he ſeeth no prey, he roareth not; but when he hath gotten hold of the prey, and is tearing it with his paws and his teeth; or when he ſees it in his eye, then he ordinarily roareth. What doth God by the Prophet mean here? This roaring of the Lion is the threatning of the Prophet; Gods threatnings are as it were the

roarings of God. Now, ſaith he, ſhall God threaten deſtruction to you Twelve Tribes, and thus roar, and do you think yet that he will not deſtroy you? believe it, he will never thus threaten, but he hath the prey in his eye; he eyeth you Twelve Tribes, he intends to tear you in pieces, and to give your land to another people, why? becauſe he roareth, becauſe he threatens. This is the ſenſe of the 4*th* verſe; the 5*th* follows, wherein the Lord by his Prophet beats them from another refuge, where he knew they would ſeek to hide their heads, and that is, that though wars and deſolation ſhould come as was threatned, that they were but matters of chance incident to this world, and no argument of Gods anger towards them. This the Lord meets with in a Parable of a bird being taken in a net: *Can a bird* (ſaith he) *fall upon a ſnare in the earth where is no gin for him? ſhall one take up a ſnare from the earth when he hath taken nothing?* He meaneth, however accidental plagues may ſeem to be to men; yet they are determined of God; when a bird is caught, it is but accidental to the bird, he lighteth and is catched in the ſnare; but it is the deliberate act, the intentional act of the fowler, for he ſets the ſnare; for what end? to catch the bird; and he taketh not up this ſnare until he hath caught it. Oh *Iſrael*! when ever you find your ſelves caught in the ſnare of God, when ever you ſee your ſelves deſtroyed, however accidental thoſe deſtructions may ſeem to come upon you as to ſecond cauſes; believe it, I was the fowler, I laid the net, (ſaith the Lord) I did intend to catch you, it is my own work, my deſigned work.

There-

Therefore when ſuch a Judgment comes, ſay, I ſent it; when you are caught, I caught you; when you are torn in pieces, I tore you in pieces. And now in the concluſion of all this, ſaith he, *Can there be evil in the city, and the Lord not do it?* Theſe words they are put by way of queſtion, as I now told you; make them *affirmative*, and they ſhall be my Doctrine: That is then thus,

Doct. *There is no evil in a city but the Lord hath done it.*

In the opening hereof,

1. I ſhall ſhew you what is here meant by City.
2. I ſhall ſhew you what is meant by evil in the City.
3. I ſhall ſhew you how God is the author of all that evil in the City; and I ſhall ſhew you the reaſon why he doth aſſume to himſelf to be the author of all the evil in the City.
4. I ſhall ſhew you the reaſons why he doth inflict ſo many evils upon a City: and then we ſhall come to Application.

1. What is here meant by *City?* City may be taken here either properly or improperly; properly for the rows of houſes, the ſtreets of houſes, as they are compaſſed in with walls, which are the habitations of Citizens. The City, for the houſes of the City; and then it is thus, Is there any evil befalls the Houſes of the City, but I do it? Are Cities fired and burnt to aſhes? I do it.

Improperly, and here is a double *Synecdoche* to be underſtood in this word, *City*.

1. City is here taken for the things and perſons in the City, *Is there any evil in a city?* that is, Doth there any evil befall the Citizens of the City, or any concernment of the Citizens? and then there is another *Synecdoche* of the part for the whole: the City may be taken for the Kingdom, as being part of the Kingdom; nay, it may be taken for the whole world, as being part of the whole world; ſo the ſenſe will be thus, Is there any evil in a whole Kingdom? Is there any evil in the whole world but I have done it, ſaith the Lord? God owneth himſelf to be the author of all the evil, (that is of puniſhment, I ſhall ſhew preſently) that hath been in the world from the beginning of it to the end. But then we muſt in the

2*d* place, ſee what is meant by Evil: there is a great deal of reaſon that you ſhould be well informed hereof. There are therefore, my Brethren, two ſorts of evils which we muſt carefully diſtinguiſh.

1. There is the evil of ſin: And,

2*ly*, There is the evil of puniſhment. The evil of ſin, that is any tranſgreſſion of, or any nonconformity to the righteous Law of God, this is properly evil; the evil of ſin, yea, the greateſt evil in the world. There are no evils of what kind ſoever that are to be compared with this great evil of ſin. Now, my Brethren, in this ſenſe you muſt take heed of underſtanding the Prophet: God doth not here ſay, or the Prophet doth not here ſay, *Is* there any evil of ſin in a City, but I have done it? no, God forbid! this were the higheſt blaſphemy in the world, to make God the author of all the ſin of the City. He would be a ſtrange

God

God if he ſhould be the author of all *London*'s ſins, and all *England*'s ſins, and all the worlds ſins. This cannot be the meaning of the Prophet for theſe Reaſons:

1. Becauſe God is ſo far from be ng the author of all the ſin in a City, or in the world, that he never committed any ſin ſince this world was; the world hath had experience of God for near ſix thouſand years, but they never found God guilty of ſin, guilty of any unrighteouſneſs. God in upbraiding his people *Iſrael*, he doth make uſe of this, You have departed from me, ſaith the Lord; and why are you departed from me? What cauſe have I given you to depart from me? Have your fathers found (ſaith he) any iniquity in me? Have your fathers experienced any unrighteous dealings from me? Did they ever find me an oppreſſor of them? Did they ever find me to exact work, and not to give good wages? Did they ever find me to be falſe to my word? In *Jer.* 2. 5. *Thus ſaith the Lord, what iniquity have your fathers found in me that they are gone from me, and have walked after vanities, and are become vain?* What iniquity! your fathers never found any iniquity in God, no, nor you neither. The righteous God never was guilty, from the foundation of the world to this time, of any unrighteouſneſs to any of his Creatures. No, here is a challenge as to all generations, if they can tell any unrighteous works, or any unrighteous act that God was guilty of, and if they can challenge him for any, they may have ſomething to ſay for themſelves.

2*ly*, God is ſo far from being the cauſe of ſin, that

that he doth diſclaim an having any hand in it in any ſort or kind whatever, no not ſo much as in any temptation to it; as you may ſee in *Jam.* 1. 13. *Let no man ſay when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.* That is, when any man is tempted to ſin, let no man ſay when he is thus tempted, that God tempted him to ſin. Why ſhould they not ſay ſo? Why, ſaith the Apoſtle, the reaſon is, *for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man.* No man can ever tempt God to do that which is evil? neither doth God tempt any man to ſin. How come they then to be tempted? the Apoſtle telleth, *Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own luſts and inticed.* You are tempted of your ſelves, and of the Devil. Lay your ſins at your own door, God hath no hand at all in them.

3*ly*, God cannot be the author of the evil of ſin; Why? becauſe it is ſo contrary to the nature of God: It is ſo contrary, that it would even deſtroy, God if it were there. A ſinning God is no God at all; for the very notion of the Godhead doth imply all Perfection in him. Now ſin is the palpableſt imperfection in the world; an imperfect God is a weak God; and an impotent God is no almighty God; and that which is not almighty, is no God at all. It is a hard thing for any creature to put off its nature, or that which is eſſential to it; now righteouſneſs is of the very eſſence of the Godhead. How hard a thing is it, my Brethren, for you to think or conceive of a Sun without light, or to conceive of fire without heat? ſo hard and impoſſible is it for you to conceive of a God without holineſs, a God without righteouſneſs,

neſs, yea without perfection of righteouſneſs. And therefore the Apoſtle to the *Hebrews* doth reckon ſin in God as an impoſſibility; it is impoſſible for God to ſin, he inſtanceth in the caſe of falſeneſs, or a lye, *Hebr.* 6. 18. that by two immutable things, that is his word and his oath, in which it was impoſſible for God to lye. Now what the Apoſtle here ſaith of the ſin of *lying*, I may ſay of all ſorts of ſin, it is as impoſſible for God to do unjuſtly, as it is impoſſible for God to lye; it is impoſſible for theſe reaſons; you ſee it clear, that it is impoſſible for God to be the author of ſin. Well then, how muſt it be taken? by evil muſt be here meant the evil of puniſhment: Why is puniſhment called an evil? for this reaſon, becauſe that puniſhment doth deprive us of our good things; now that which taketh away our good things, is an evil thing; puniſhment taketh away our good things, ſtrippeth us of them all, both ſpiritual and temporal. Therefore puniſhment is called an evil; ſo then the ſenſe is this: Is there any puniſhment in a City? is there any evil of puniſhment? is there any plague? is there any judgment that doth befall a City? ſaith the Lord, I did them, I will own them: You are not aſhamed of your ſinning, and I am not aſhamed of my puniſhing of you for your ſin. You are not aſhamed to provoke me to wrath, and I am not afraid to tell you when I am in wrath with you. Now there are ſeveral ſorts of theſe puniſhments that God doth inflict for ſin, and God doth own himſelf to be the author of them all, there are none of them to be found in the world, but God will own himſelf to be the author

thor of them. There are ſome evils of puniſhment that do light upon the ſoul, and where ever you ſee of them in a City, the Lord is the author of them. All the evils, all the ſoul-plagues that are upon a City, they are of the Lord. What are theſe ſoul-plagues? why, judicial blindneſs, judicial hardneſs of heart, judicial unconvertedneſs; ſo far as theſe are judgments, ſo far God is the author of them. And alas! how much of this plague is upon *London*, this evil of judicial blindneſs, hardneſs of heart, unconvertedneſs, unhealedneſs? But will God own himſelf to be the author of this; yes, he doth do it by his own Son, *Joh.* 12.40. *He hath blinded their eyes:* who hath blinded their eyes? God hath blinded their eyes, he hath. God hath blinded their eyes. He hath hardened their hearts, *God hath hardned their hearts, that they ſhould not ſee with their eyes, nor underſtand with their hearts, and be converted and I ſhould heal them.* This is ſtrange! is it not, my Brethren, that God ſhould be the author of the blindneſs of the mind, and the hardneſs of the heart! I ſay it is as true as ſtrange; for ſo far as blindneſs is a judgment, ſo far as hardneſs of heart is a judgment; not as it is a ſin, but as it is a judgment, God is the cauſe of it: but if you ſhould be ſtartled as to wonder how poſſibly it could be that God ſhould be the author of blindneſs and hardneſs; if you will but compare this phraſe unto that other kind of phraſe which the Apoſtle uſeth in his Epiſtle to the *Romans*, Rom. 1. 26. the matter will be clear, Chriſt ſaith God hath blinded them; the Apoſtle he expreſſeth it by a phraſe of giving up to ſin.

God

God he then blindeth, and then hardeneth, when he giveth up to blindneſs, that is that blindneſs that men have contracted; when he giveth them up to that hardneſs of heart that by ſin they have contracted to themſelves: *For this cauſe* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *God gave them up unto vile affections* (God gave them up to them) *for even their women to change their natural uſe to that which is againſt nature.* God gave them up to it. All the Villanies that were acted among the Heathens, all thoſe abominable ſins that they polluted themſelves with, God gave them up in judgment to commit them. And truly when you look over this City of *London*, and you find all ſorts of ſins in a high degree to abound; when you hear of ſins that are not to be named, though theſe ſins are of mens own wicked hearts, yet as they are judgments, ſo they are of God. God gives them up to drunkenneſs, and up to ſwearing, and up to adultery and uncleanneſs; ſo far as theſe are judgments, they are to be attributed to God. God gives them up to them. And it is like that other phraſe that the Prophet *Hoſea* uſeth, *Hoſ.* 4 17. *Ephraim is joined to Idols, let him alone.* If you would know when God giveth up a people to blindneſs, and giveth them up to hardneſs, it is then when he lets them alone in their blindneſs, when he lets them alone in their hardneſs; when doth he let them alone? when he taketh off friends from reproving them, and Miniſters from exhorting them, and Conſcience from troubling them; giving them up to ſearedneſs of Conſcience, when he takes off the Spirit from ſtriving with them, then he lets them alone.

So

So to let a people alone in their blindneſs, to give them Prieſts after their own hearts, to give them thoſe that will ſew cuſhions under their elbows, and will flatter them in their ſins, and tell them it is an eaſie matter to pleaſe God, and get to Heaven, and therefore need not be at the expence of much trouble. When God giveth them up, I ſay, to ſuch Prieſts and ſuch friends as will flatter them in their ſins, daub over their iniquities, then he lets them alone, then he is ſaid judicially to blind their minds, and harden their hearts, that they ſhould not be converted and healed. Oh what a great deal of this plague is upon *London!* and truly, Sirs, this is a worſe plague than that of the Peſtilence; this plague exceeds the Plague of *Sixty-five*, and exceeds the great plague of the Fire, for which you humble your ſelves this day. It is worſe than Plague and Fire: why? becauſe thoſe other plagues are but the litter of this Coccatrice eggs, all hatched in this womb of ſin; *London*'s blindneſs, *London*'s hardneſs of heart under the light of the Goſpel, was the cauſe of *London*'s Fire, and *London*'s Peſtilence. It were well if there were a Faſt-day appointed all over *England* to bewail this great plague of blindneſs of mind, and hardneſs of heart; this judicial blindneſs and hardneſs that is as it were ſpread like a leproſie all over *England*; this is a plague we are not ſenſible of, little affected with, Why? becauſe it is inviſible in the ſoul. The fire that flamed and caſt a dreadful ſmoke, and affected our ſenſes, looked like *Sodom*, yea like Hell it ſelf, theſe we are affected with; and when we ſee our dying friends look pale, and ſee them gaſp and groan,

groan, this we are affected with; but for blind ſouls, dead ſouls, poyſoned ſouls, poyſoned with ſin, being full of ſin, and full of Hell, gaſping and dying, and going to Hell, no body is affected with this; how few hearts are affected with this, and thoſe leaſt upon whom this plague is!

2*ly*, There is another ſort of evils, and thoſe are ſuch that reach the body: *Is there any evil in a city but I have done it?* That is, Is there any puniſhment upon the body? there is not. My Brethren, you never know God aright, you never adore him aright, you never fear him aright, till you can ſee him concerned with every thing that you meet with in the world; yea, every evil. God doth look ſo narrowly unto all that you are and have, that there is not one hair of your heads can fall to the ground without his Providence; there is not an aking head but God hath a hand in it; the leaſt pain on your body that is inflicted, it is by a direction from God. There is not one evil in a whole City, no not among all the inhabitants of a City, but I have done it, ſaith the Lord; all the croſſings of your family, all of them, every one of them; whatever be the ſecond cauſes that are at work, God is the firſt; he is the firſt great wheel. There is not an evil; all thoſe burning feavers, agues, all the pains of the Stone or Gout, all thoſe Plague-ſores, thoſe Boils and Blains, let the diſeaſe be what it will, what it can, as it is a puniſhment, God is the author of it, God inflicts it.

And then there is another ſort of evils; there are many of them indeed, but another, that which reſpects

reſpects the eſtate; there is not one evil that may befall your eſtate in this world, but God is the author of it. Would you in *London* but believe this, it would be of great uſe to you: you never loſe one farthing but God knoweth of it, and he hath a hand in it. You never truſt a man, and he deceiveth you, but God giveth you up to be deceived by that man. You never truſted a man that breaketh through poverty, but God knew it before hand, and gave you up to lend him, or to truſt him. There is not a Ship miſcarrieth by Sea, but it is of the Lord it miſcarrieth. Oh that you were but well acquainted with this Doctrine, then would you learn to acknowledg God in all your ways, and in all his works of Providence that you meet with in the world; and if there is none of theſe evils can follow your eſtate without God, then ſurely *London* could not be burnt without God; for if the leaſt evil, how much more the greateſt evil? So that here you ſee it was the Lord *Jehovah* that burnt this City, a few years ſince he burnt it to aſhes, he would not have the fire ſtopt, he would have it go on raging till it had finiſhed his Decree; he would have it ſo, the Lord hath done it, he owneth it this day that you are met together, and hath in his Providence ſent me to tell you that God burnt *London*, God burnt it. Do not therefore much trouble your ſelves about Inſtruments, though likely ſome might be wicked inſtruments in it, yet it was God that did the thing. I have done it, ſaith the Lord. Doubtleſs it it of an humbling conſideration to us this day, now we are come before the Lord. But then the queſtion will be in the Third

Third place, How may God be ſaid to be the author of all puniſhment? How is it that God doth burn Cities, deſtroy Families, Kingdoms? how doth he do it? There are two ways that God may be ſaid to be the author of all the puniſhments that are in the world.

Firſt, God is the author of them by his decreeing of them.

Secondly, God is the author of them by ſeeing to means that ſhall certainly execute them. God in his Decree appoints the end; and God in his Providence provides the means too; ſo that if they be decreed by God, and theſe Decrees executed by God, then God may truly be ſaid to be author of them: I have done them, ſaith God.

Firſt, Then God is the author of all puniſhment in a City, in as much as when ever theſe evils come upon a City or people, they are firſt decreed by God; they do not come by chance, they are of Gods laying on, as the Prophet intimateth. God hath determined of them before hand; and this will be clear if you do but conſult ſeveral like caſes; when evils have befallen a world of people, and befallen Cities, they came not accidentally, but they came by the determinate counſel of God. We will give you ſome of theſe inſtances: One of the moſt univerſal plagues that God ever poured down upon this world, was that of the Deluge, when he drowned it: Why, whence come theſe waters? from God. Who drowned the World? I did, ſaith God. What, didſt not thou ſpare, except thoſe eight perſons, man, woman, nor child? no, not one, I ſpared none of them, but drowned them

all. What was it done raſhly, inconſiderately, as men uſe to do in a paſſion, doing that in haſte that they repent at leiſure? No, no, God thought of it long before, ſixſcore years before the world was drowned, it was determined of God it ſhould be drowned (he had paſſed his Decree upon it) for their iniquities, *Gen.* 6. 7. *And the Lord ſaid, I will deſtroy man whom I have created* (I will do it, ſaith God) *from the face of the earth, both man and beaſt, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made man.* I will do it, ſaith the Lord. Lord! when wilt thou do it? I will do it, ſaith he, about ſixſcore years hence. I will give them ſo much time to repent in, to ſee what they will do: verſ. 3. *For the Lord ſaid, my ſpirit ſhall not always ſtrive with man, for that he alſo is fleſh, yet his days ſhall be an hundred and twenty years.* That is between the threatning and between the performance, between the execution. So that the Deluge was of God, it was of Gods deliberate determination, he decreed it, he was the author of it. So again, as to the burning of *Sodom*, God firſt ſitteth in judgment upon *Sodom*, trieth *Sodom*, heareth evidence againſt *Sodom*, caſts her, paſſeth ſentence upon her, and all this before execution-day: the righteous Judg of the world did proceed righteouſly, he hath a trial and a ſentence before execution. And as he dealt with *Sodom*, doubtleſs he dealt with *London* too. *Gen.* 18. 20, 21. *Sodom* had grievouſly ſinned to provoke God, as *London* may have done; and there came continual tidings from earth to heaven, *Lot* ſent them up in his lamentations, good Angels peradventure

adventure declaims againſt them, crying out, How long, how long, holy and true, wilt thou ſpare yonder wicked *Sodom*? *And the Lord ſaid, Becauſe the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and becauſe their ſin is very grievous, I will go down now and ſee whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto me; and if not I will know.* I will deal very fairly with them, I will not burn them without they deſerve it. And you know the Lord ſent two Angels, who came to *Lots* houſe, who were eye-witneſſes of their abominations; for thither came the wretched *Sodomites* there to force the men that came to *Lot*'s houſe: and what was the iſſue of it? *Gen.* 19. 13. *Haſte thee hence* (ſaith the Angels) *we will deſtroy this place.* There is the ſentence, *for we will deſtroy this place, becauſe the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord, and the Lord hath ſent us to deſtroy it.* And do you think, my Brethren, (though it may be perhaps hard for you to underſtand it) do you think *London* was not tried before burnt, as well as *Sodom*? ay, no doubt *London*'s drunkenneſs, and uncleanneſs, and formality, cried in the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaths: God looked down to ſee what *London* did, and how *London* lived, and how *London* improved the Goſpel it had; and upon trial it was found too light; and God ſent them firſt the Peſtilence, then the Fire. Firſt, deſtroy the Citizens with the Plague, ſaith God; then burn the City. God decreed it, it was decreed before done. The Lord help us to have reverent thoughts of God in all his works here among the children of men.

Again, I might inſtance in two more, and that was the firſt and ſecond deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*: They were deſtroyed; who deſtroyed them? the Lord deſtroyed them. How was the Lord ſaid to be the author of the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*? becauſe it was decreed before it was done. God decreed the deſtruction of it, and God ſent *Jeremiah* to tell the people of *Iſrael* that he would bring the *Babylonians* upon them, a ſtrong and mighty Nation; God had purpoſed to do it, and that many years before he did it: It had paſt in the ſentence of God, the judgment of God was paſt upon them. So again the ſecond time when the Temple of *Jeruſalem* was deſtroyed and burnt by *Titus Veſpaſian*, when it was burnt, deſtroyed, and laid deſolate by the *Romans*; it is true, the *Romans* were the Executioners, but it was God that had paſt the judgment upon them. Nay, it had paſſed in the judgment of God five hundred years before it was done. God had reckoned with the *Iſraelites*, reckoned up their ſins from their fore-fathers, he had kept an account of them all from generation to generation; and foretold their deſtruction from the time of *Daniel*, which was to the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, about five hundred years, *Dan.* 9. 26. and what *Daniel* foretold ſo long before, that Jeſus Chriſt foretold in his day to be nigh at hand. Chriſt looking upon that beautiful ſtructure of the Temple of *Solomon* in the 24*th* of *Mat.* ſaith unto them, Do you not ſee a beautiful Temple here, the Temple of *Jeruſalem*? *Verily I ſay unto you, there ſhall not be left here one ſtone upon another that ſhall not be thrown down.*

down. How did Chriſt know that? Chriſt knew that his Father had determined to deſtroy the Temple. How long before? near five hundred years: For it is ſpoken of about five hundred years before by *Daniel*, as I have ſaid: *When ye therefore ſhall ſee the abomination of deſolation ſpoken of by Daniel the Prophet, ſtand in the holy place*, (that is, compaſs the City, beſiege the City) *whoſo readeth let him underſtand.* Why ſo? for now is the time ſpoken of by *Daniel* for to deſtroy this City, and for to deſtroy this Temple. Thus you ſee in theſe inſtances how God is the author of all the puniſhment that is in the world, in as much as he doth decree it before it comes to paſs.

Secondly, God is the author of all the puniſhments, becauſe he ſeeth, he provideth means and inſtruments for the execution of his Decrees. God doth not only ſay, let ſuch a plague come, let ſuch a fire come; but God taketh care to ſee it done: When God will have a thing done, there ſhall not want inſtruments, it ſhall be done in a way and manner of his own contriving. If you will ask me who are theſe executioners of Gods decrees in inflicting puniſhments upon this world, upon the Kingdoms, and Cities, and Towns, and Perſons thereof? I anſwer you, the whole Creation, all the parts of it, they all ſtand ready as Miniſters of God to do his pleaſure; when God will have any puniſhment inflicted, both Heaven, and Sea, and Earth, Men and Devils, they are all ready to execute his wrath and vengeance upon the World. The Heavens they are the executioners of Gods decree to puniſh men. When God had a

mind to defeat *Siſera*'s army, the very Stars in their courſes ſtood on Gods ſide and fought againſt *Siſera*. You have ſuch a paſſage as that is in the *Judges*, *The ſtars fought againſt Gods enemies*; the clouds, the hail, they are ready to do according as they are capable in executing Gods wrath; when God would puniſh the *Egyptians* and their Cattel with Hail, the Clouds they did as miniſters of God charge themſelves with Hail, and diſcharge like ſo many Harquibuſſes, diſcharged themſelves again upon the *Egyptians* and their Cattel, and deſtroyed multitudes of them. The Winds they are ready to ſerve the Lord, and to do what ever he would have them do; The Winds: ye ſhall ſee how *David* put them all together as Miniſters, ſervants of God, ready to do his pleaſure, in *Pſal.* 148. 8. *Fire, hail, ſnow and vapours, ſtormy winds, fulfilling his word:* they all ſtand ready at the word of God, to go and come, to do what God will have them do, all of them ready to fulfil his word. Will God uſe the Seas to puniſh the wicked? thoſe ſenſeleſs creatures, thoſe deaf creatures, they have ears to hear the word of God. God had puniſhed *Pharoah* and his hoſt, and his people in *Egypt* ten times, yet *Pharoah* was not ſatisfied, but followed *Iſrael* to the Red-Sea; now God will make the Sea to puniſh *Pharoah*, the very Sea can do it. God ſpake but the word, and thoſe great waters (a wonderful thing!)divided hither and thither, and contrary unto their natures, ſtood like two cryſtal walls congealed, until the *Iſraelites* paſſed through; but when *Pharoah* and his hoſt aſſayed to do the like, God ſpoke the word,

word, and like two Jaws they cloſe again, and devoured *Pharoah* and his hoſt. The Sea was executioner of Gods wrath upon that proud-hearted King. Look upon things upon the earth, they are all ready to execute vengeance upon Gods enemies; the Fly, the Locuſt, the Caterpiller, yea, the very Lice, God maketh uſe of to bring down the proud heart of *Pharoah*; and not only theſe inferiour creatures but all ſorts of creatures, yea the very Devils and wicked men ſtand ready to execute wrath even upon thoſe that are as wicked as themſelves. The very Devils, if God hath a mind to puniſh a man, they will be ready to run to inflict the puniſhment. They will do it, nay, they are very deſirous, they would go more about this work of plaguing and puniſhing men, than God is willing they ſhould do; and it was meer importunity, as I may ſay, whereby the Devil did get God to try *Job*. It is true, thoſe afflictions came not in wrath upon *Job*, but for trial; but however it was in wrath from the Devil. But God giveth the Devil leave to burn *Job* his Cattel by fire from Heaven, to raiſe a mighty ſtorm, to bring the houſe down upon the heads of his children while feaſting; to ſtir up the *Sabeans* to come into the field and take away his Cattel. And what he doth here for *Job*, ſo he will do it for thoſe that are otherwiſe his profeſſed friends and followers. *Ahab* was a good ſervant of the Devil, but *Ahab* had angred God, and God was reſolved he would ſpare him no longer, but cut him off. How will God cut him off? He ſhall be cut off in battel, ſaith God. But how ſhall *Ahab* be brought to the battel?

there ſteps one out, *a lying ſpirit, I will be a lying ſpirit in the mouth of Ahab his falſe Prophets, and theſe falſe Prophets ſhall perſwade Ahab to go to the battel, and there thou ſhalt cut him off.* This was the Devil, the Devil that had put *Ahab* upon Idolatry; the Devil that had put *Ahab* upon ſelling himſelf to do wickedly, the Devil is readieſt to do execution upon *Ahab* when his time is come. Saith God, he hath been falſe and treacherous to me, Go and be a lying ſpirit in the mouth of his Prophets, and they ſhall prevail upon him to lead him out to the battel, and I will provide an arrow that ſhall take away his life. Wicked men are ready to do execution upon any people that God is angry with. God threatneth his people *Iſrael*, I will but hiſs for ſuch a people, and they will all come: What a great people were the *Babylonians*; I will but becken, I will but nod, I will but ſpeak a word, and all that great Empire of *Babylon* ſhall be in arms: For what? to pull thee in pieces, Oh *Judah*, and Oh *Jeruſalem*. So likewiſe if there were any inſtruments that did wilfully help forward the burning of the City, I tell you they had all their orders. But will God give wicked men order to do thus wickedly? no. God only gives them order to inflict the evil as it is a puniſhment, no otherwiſe; what wickedneſs there is in the *principle* of him that is the executioner, that is to himſelf. God gave commiſſion to the Devil to burn *Job*'s Cattel, and to deſtroy *Job*'s Children; the Devil doth it maliciouſly, and with an intent to make *Job* blaſpheme God: Ay, but God doth only give leave for the trying of *Job*. So when God maketh uſe of wicked

men

men to inflict a judgment, he intendeth nothing but the demonſtration of his righteouſneſs againſt ſin, but wicked men they may have malicious ends of their own. So if God ſhould give leave to men to burn the City, I tell you, though the inſtruments be wicked, and do it wickedly, they are crookedſtaves, but yet therewith God ſtrikes a right ſtroke, a right blow. It was ſin in *Judas* to betray his Maſter, & yet the Apoſtle *Peter* tells you it was according to the determinate counſel of God. God had ſo ordered it in his Providence, that *Judas* ſhould be one of the twelve that ſhould betray Chriſt; ſo ye ſee that God is the author of all the evil of puniſhment, but not of the evil of ſin. He is the author of it by decreeing of it, by providing means to affect his Decree.

But then laſtly, we ſhall add the reaſons hereof, when God doth bring evil upon a City: Why doth God bring evil upon a City? I anſwer you, the principal reaſon for which God doth bring evil upon a City, it their ſin; for their ſins and their puniſhments are relatives; where there is no ſin, there is no ſuch thing as puniſhment. The Fire of *London* ſo far as it was *London*'s puniſhment, it doth reſpect the ſin of *London*, it was for ſin. This is very clear in all the Judgments that we read of, they are all for ſin. Why did God drown the old world? becauſe their imaginations were evil, and that continually, it was for ſin. Why did God burn *Sodom*? it was for ſin; their ſins cried in the ears of God. Why did God threaten the Twelve Tribes? it was for ſin. Why was ten of them deſtroyed by the *Aſſyrians* about threeſcore and ten

years

years after this *Amos* propheſied? it was for ſin. God telleth us ſo. And why was *Jeruſalem* deſtroyed by the *Babylonians*? for their ſin. And ſo the reſt. And if ſo, if ſin is the cauſe of all the Judgments you read of in the Book of God, then you muſt conclude where there was ſo great a Judgment, ſo great a puniſhment inflicted upon *London*, it was for ſin; it was for the ſin of *London*. Why, what ſins are there that God is ſo angry with? they are of two ſorts, there are ſins againſt nature, or the Law written upon the heart; and there are ſins againſt the Goſpel, againſt the grace of God in Chriſt Jeſus. The ſins againſt the law written in the heart, they are enumerated in *Rom.* 1. 28. *They liked not to retain God in their knowledg, God gave them up to a reprobate mind, to do the things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteouſneſs, fornication, covetouſneſs, maliciouſneſs, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whiſperers*; and ſo he goeth on, theſe are ſins againſt nature, againſt the law of nature, and uſually theſe are the ſins for which God doth puniſh the Gentiles, or thoſe that never had the Law nor Goſpel. But then the ſins againſt the Goſpel, are the greateſt ſins, becauſe they are againſt a moſt eaſie, gracious, merciful Law. God will more puniſh for ſins againſt the Goſpel, than for thoſe ſins that are againſt the Law of nature. *Sodom* ſinned againſt the Law written upon her heart, but the *Jews* they ſinned againſt the Goſpel, and therefore were the greateſt ſinners. Let Chriſt be judg: *I tell you* (ſaith Chriſt) *it ſhall be more tollerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the great day,*

day, than it ſhall be for you. More tolerable, why? for if they had had the means that you have had, they would have repented. They had ſinned, but they had not the means of repentance, or at leaſt not ſuch means as you have had; for you have had not only the means of the Law to convert yon, Oh *Jews*, but you have had the means of the Goſpel. The means of the Goſpel doth as it were lift a people up unto Heaven, it bringeth them as near to Heaven as means can bring them; and thus was *Bethſaida* and *Corazin* lifted up with, What? with the means of the grace of the Goſpel? they had the preaching of Chriſt among them, but they did deſpiſe theſe means, and continue in their infidelity, and therefore were thrown down to Hell, as Chriſt threatned them. And ſaith the Apoſtle to the *Hebrews*, (I am ſhewing of you that ſins againſt the Goſpel are the greateſt ſins) *If a trangreſſion againſt the Law of Moſes deſerveth death, and was puniſhed by death, of how much ſorer puniſhment ſhall they be thought worthy that do neglect ſo great ſalvation?* That is, the Goſpel-ſalvation; Goſpel-ſins are the greateſt ſins; when God puniſheth, he puniſheth for both.

And now I have ſpoken to the four parts.

Application.

Let me make a ſhort *Application*, and I ſhall conclude. Doth it thus appear that God is the author of all the puniſhments that are upon a City, are you convinced of it, my Brethren? are you ſatisfied by what I have ſaid, That there is no puniſhment that befalls any perſon, any family, any City,

City, but it is of Gods appointing, and of Gods executing; that is, he provideth and ſeeth to the execution of it? Is this true? Then you have in the

Firſt place, a clear and a full information of the author of the burning of your City. Who did burn *London?* why, what was the burning of *London*, an evil? ay, and a great one too. Was it ſo? Be it then known to all you *Londoners*, ſaith the Lord, you that are the Citizens thereof, be it known to you, I did burn this City, and I do this day own it. God doth own it this day. God hath burnt it. I know you may be ready to be complaining of inſtruments; and ſurely if there were any, they were wicked inſtruments; for as I told you before in ſeveral inſtances, God may make uſe of wicked inſtruments to do his work, to inflict his puniſhments. God made uſe of lying Prophets to deceive *Ahab*, for to bring *Ahabs* death about; and God made uſe of *Judas* his Treaſon to bring the puniſhment of the iniquity of us all upon the back of Jeſus Chriſt. But my Brethren, whoever were the inſtruments, God is the principal efficient. Pray will you remember and carry it home with you, God did it. How did God do it? God did decree it, it came doubtleſs according to the determinate counſel of God. For as the world was not drowned without an antecedent decree; nor *Sodom* burned without an antecedent decree, nor *Jeruſalem* the firſt and ſecond time deſtroyed without an antecedent decree; ſo doubtleſs this City of *London* did not come to aſhes without the decree of God, it was before determined in the counſel

ſel of God; and as God did decree it, ſo God in his Providence took order for all the means that were employed to the burning thereof. God had a hand in giving leave to all the leſſer wheels to work. It was God that by ſix week or two months hot weather did purpoſely dry the Houſes of *London* to make them fuel fit for the fire. Would you have believed it? the weather was the Lords, the Lord cauſed it. When it was fired, that men wanted wiſdom or courage, or ſucceſs to put it out, God took away their wiſdom; God took away their courage; God ſtood by, and as it were ſaid, Hands off, I intend to execute my wrath upon *London*, touch it not, let it go on. Magiſtrates do nothing, or if you do, let it be to no purpoſe.

Again, God provided a wind, that when the fire began at one end, God ordered the wind to blow it on to the other end. The wind came out of the hollow of Gods hand, it was no caſual thing, no accidental thing, my Brethren, it was according to the predeterminate Counſel of God.

That is the firſt thing; if God be the cauſe of all the evil of puniſhment, then of the burning of *London*, God hath done it; who ever was the inſtrument, God was the principal cauſe.

Secondly, if God burnt *London*, then in the ſecond place let us this day learn to be ſilent under the hand of God, let us not queſtion nor quarrel with his Providence; let us not ſay to the Almighty, why haſt thou done ſo? Let us not have a thought riſe up againſt him, as to charge him fooliſhly; let us be ſilent, nay, let us not too eagerly in our paſſion run out and vent our ſelves againſt any

any that were inſtruments, for that is to do like the Dog that ſnarls and gnaws the ſtaff and run after the ſtone, and gnaweth the ſtone, but never regards the hand that threw the ſtone, nor the hand that ſtrikes with the ſtaff; you vent your anger and wrath againſt the inſtruments, alas! the inſtruments they were but rods in the hand of Almighty God, they were but the ſtone and the ſtaff, alas! they were in the hand of God, he could have fruſtrated them if he would, but he had ſo ordered it in his Providence to give men leave to execute their malice upon *London*; let us lay our hand upon our mouths, and not murmur againſt the Lord; let us acknowledg that ſince it is the evil of puniſhment, it was a juſt one, for never did City deſerve to be burnt as *London* did. Never! No, ſay you! What do you think of *Sodom?* do you think that we are as bad as they? I tell you, worſe; you are worſe, you are as much worſe than *Sodom*, as *Bethſaida* was worſe than *Sodom*. Why, wherein was *Bethſaida* worſe? becauſe *Bethſaida* did ſin under Goſpel-light, and ſo did *London*. Never had a people more of the Goſpel than you have had; never Miniſters more gifted than you have had; never a Miniſtry more drawn out in their affections after your Converſion than you have had; and yet *London* have blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, and would not be converted, So that you deſerved it more than *Sodom*, and it will be more tolerable for *Sodom* in the day of Judgment than for you. Humble your ſelves therefore under his mighty hand: Why, how ſhall we humble our ſelves? by confeſſing it was juſtly done.

Take

Take the courſe that *Daniel* did upon a Faſt-day, as this may be, when he was interceding with God for the people of *Iſrael*, to bring them back out of Captivity, as you are this day, that God would not burn it again; he did it by confeſſing of ſin, and all ſorts of ſin, *Dan.* 9. 5. *O Lord*, ſaith he, *thou art a great God, a God on thy part keeping covenant and promiſe to them that love thee, and keep thy commandments; but as for us, we have ſinned and committed iniquity, and done wickedly, and have rebelled even by departing from thy precepts, and from thy judgments: neither have we hearkened to thy ſervants the Prophets which ſpake in thy name, to our King, and Princes, and Fathers; O Lord, righteouſneſs belongeth to thee, but to us belongeth confuſion of face.* To us, who of us? to our King, to our Princes, to our Fathers, all deſerve to be put to ſhame: why? becauſe we have ſinned againſt thee. This is our work this day to humble our ſelves before God, to humble our ſelves for our ſins here in this City againſt God, whereby he was provoked to burn our Habitations.

Thirdly, Is God the cauſe of all puniſhments? and are all puniſhments for ſin? then from hence you may gather that *London* is a very wicked City. Why? becauſe God is very angry with it: and it is certain, he is never angry without great cauſe; men may be angry without a cauſe, and we may chide one another without a cauſe; yet God never is angry without cauſe; and in as much as God hath ſhewn himſelf angry with *London*, it is a ſign *London* hath given God a great deal of cauſe for his

his anger: What cauſe hath *London* given God to be angry with them? Truly when I begin to think of *London*'s ſins, they are ſo many that it puzzles me where to begin, or where to make an end; but however let us name ſome of them; why did God burn *London*? for *London*'s pride; *London* had lifted it ſelf up in pride againſt God, and God pulled *London* down, he pulled it into aſhes to make the proud ones of *London* know what they are, and what their Cities are, nothing but duſt and aſhes. My Brethren, God is a great enemy againſt pride; for the great King of *Babylon*'s pride he took away his reaſon, and turned him into a beaſt, and turned him a grazing with the Cattel. Pride! God reſiſteth the proud, he is a great enemy to the proud, a great adverſary to them, and to their projects and deſigns, but he ſheweth grace to the humble. Wherein doth *London* appear proud? proud in their Apparel, proud in their Houſes, proud in their geſtures, proud in their Profeſſions, they are guilty of all theſe ſorts of pride. I cannot ſtand to ſpeak much of it, but the Lord open your underſtandings and your hearts that you may ſee where the guilt lyeth; the fantaſtick dreſſes of many of the *Londoners*, that is one ſort; the pride of their hearts, that's another ſort. The next ſort of ſins are *London*'s luxury, drunkenneſs, gluttony, their exceſſive feaſting, their prodigal expences. *London* is a wanton City; inſtead of worſhipping God in ſpirit, it is a City, for a great part, that ſacrificeth as it were unto *Bacchus* and *Ceres*; they make their belly their god; Oh the drunkenneſs of *London*! the gluttony of *London*!

Is

Is it not ſo? Again, the covetouſneſs of *London*: God was angry with *Iſrael* for being covetous; why, you covet gold more than grace; covet earth more than heaven. Oh the injuſtice, the wrong-getting, the lying, the perjury in getting of Eſtates! Oh the covetouſneſs in keeping, in not laying out proportionable to what God gave you to do good to others! God hath given you a Talent, and you wrap it in a napkin; or which is worſe, you prodigally ſpend it upon your luſts, that make nothing of ten or twenty pounds to beſtow upon a vain feaſt, and grudg to give an Angel or twenty ſhillings for the help of any of the poor ſervants of God; is not this a ſin, do you think, when you are ſo liberal to your own luſts, and you are ſo heart-bound and hand-bound towards God and his people? yea certainly, and an highly provoking ſin too.

Again, *London*'s prophanation of the Lords-day: God all the time of the Law was very zealous for his Sabbath, and he had a Controverſie with *Iſrael* often upon the account of his Sabbath; and there are many Promiſes that he gave them to encourage them to keep his Sabbath: *If thou wilt keep my Sabbaths, and count them thy delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, I will make thee honourable and great in the world: but if not, I will pull thee down and deſtroy thee, and make thee the tail and not the head.* Hath not this been one of *London*'s great ſins? How full of walkers have the ſtreets been on the Sabbath? how full have the fields about this City been on the Lords day? what playing, what drinking, what drunkenneſs at every

Alehouſe, eſpecially your by-Alehouſes in *London*, and in the Fields? How few in *London* do ſtrictly obſerve the Lords-day? that pray with their Family in the morning? that take care that their whole Family wait upon God all that day in his Ordinances, that when they come home at night, are careful to ſee what they profit by what they hear? How few are there in *London* that ſpend the Lords day as they ſhould do? God hath a Controverſie with you for this. What account can you Maſters, give of your ſervants ſouls? What care have you had over them, either all the week days, or elſe on the Lords day? What have you done for them? For your ſinful neglect herein, God is angry with you. For the adultery and uncleanneſs of *London*, for the whoredoms of *Iſrael* the land mourneth; for the whoredom of *London*, *London* was burnt. God puniſhed the City with one fire for the ſin of another, that is the fire of luſt. But, my Brethren, it is not barely theſe ſins that God hath been angry with *London* for, but for the aggravations of them. Why, wherein?

Firſt, For the brazen-facedneſs of them; alas! we know that theſe ſins may be found every where: ay, but we are grown impudent ſinners, brazen-faced ſinners, we are not aſhamed of our ſins; but we can be drunk with boldneſs, and commit adultery, and boaſt of it. We can ſin, as *Abſalom* lay with his Fathers Concubines, in the face of the Sun before all *Iſrael*. Here is the aggravation of the ſin now, it is not the drunkenneſs only of *London*, and ſwearing, and perjury, and Sabbath-breaking, but *London*'s ſhameleſneſs in it. As God when he came to re-

reprove *Iſrael*, and threatens Judgments upon her, ſaith he, Thou haſt a brazen face, thou haſt the looks of an harlot, thou doſt ſin, and thou doſt not bluſh at it. Truly this hath been *London*'s ſin, they will ſwear and receive no reproof; be drunk and ſcorn a reproof; it is the very mode of the times to be drunk and commit adultery; ſobriety is laughed at; a ſcornful defiance is bid to the Law of God, and Miniſters have now much ado to perſwade men that theſe things are ſins. It is for *London*'s impudence in ſin that God burnt *London*.

Secondly, they are not only the bare ſins of *London*, but God is angry with them for theſe ſins under the preaching of the Goſpel. Alas! if you were drunk, you might be drunk, and God never have burnt the City; if you ſwore and forſwore, and had been ſome of the *Americans* that had no Law, nor Prophets, nor Chriſt, nor Apoſtles, nor Miniſters, you might have ſworn and curſed, and God would have ſtood ſtill and let you alone, and only took a courſe with you at death, burned you then in Hell. But ſince God hath taken *England* for his people, and *London* for his people, and ſent Chriſt to be preached, and ſent Miniſters, and gifted them, and bid them cry, and cry aloud; believe it, God will not take your ſins as he takes the ſins of others. No, Sabbath-breaking is a greater ſin in *London* than it is in the Northern parts of this Kingdom: Why, you have more means, you have the Goſpel in a greater light. And you Parents in *London*, and Maſters, for you to neglect your Families, God taketh it worſe at your hands, than he doth at thoſe in the Country.

Why? you ſhould know better: God hath given you more means to know the preciouſneſs of ſervants and childrens ſouls, therefore you ſhould look more carefully after them. Your ſins are committed againſt Goſpel-light, and therefore more dangerous, therefore God puniſhes you.

Thirdly, ſins after vows of reformation: did *London* never promiſe God ſolemnly to reform? if you have forgotten it, God hath not. *London* hath been under a promiſe to reform: How to reform? to entertain Chriſt and the Goſpel, and to improve it better, to promote his Ordinances, and to reform their Families, every one in their places. If you have broken your Vows, and thrown them behind your backs, God is ſtill alive to puniſh for it. Ay; your ſins are greater too than others: Why? becauſe they are againſt more mercies, temporal mercies, in ſome reſpects, than the Countries about. In the time of the Civil War, when all the Country almoſt was laid waſt, *London* was not touched; there were Cities beſieged, Cities burnt, Cities and Towns laid waſte and deſolate, people beggered and undone every where. *London* did thrive all the while. God had a great reckoning with *London*. *London!* a people of ſo much means, ſo many mercies, ſo many deliverances, ſo much of the Goſpel, and yet *London*, a drunken *London*, a covetous *London*, an adulterous *London!* Believe it, God hath now at length reckoned with you, and hath begun to pay off your old and long ſcore, and I fear he hath not yet done with you. Chriſt hath been neglected, the Spirit grieved, Miniſters rejected, hated, perſecuted

cuted, Sabbaths prophaned, *London* full of pride, covetouſneſs, lying, ſwearing, luxury, drunkenneſs, and all theſe under the Goſpel, and all theſe committed with a brazen face, impudently; for theſe things God is angry with you; for theſe things God ſent the Peſtilence, for theſe things ſake God brought the fire.

If this be true, here is another Inference followeth: Have our ſins burnt our City, and brought ſo many thouſands by the Peſtilence to the grave? Oh that we could be aſhamed of our ſins, confeſs them with ſhame, be humbled for our ſins, learn to hate our ſins, beg of God for grace to conquer our ſins. Oh that there might be a ſeparation between ſin and us, that the great ſeparation between God and us may be prevented. Is God angry with *London*? it is for ſin: Oh be rid of your ſins, let us all this day ſearch our hearts, and try our reins, and ſee what iniquity is in us; what perſonal ſins, what Family-ſins, what City-ſins, what Church ſins; let us ſee how far we contributed to the burning of *London*; and Oh that we might by repentance and reformation crucifie thoſe ſins that burnt *London*; this would be a good work, and without this work, in vain do you faſt this day. God told *Iſrael* when they came faſting and mourning before him there in the Prophet *Iſaiah*, That they ſhould ceaſe to do evil and learn to do well, and then come and faſt and pray; and then ſaith he, *Let us reaſon together*, if you will ceaſe to do evil, and learn to do well, *Though your ſins be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be as white as ſnow; though they be red like crimſon, they ſhall be as wool.* So I

ſay in the name of the Lord to you this day, you are about praying to God that he would be at peice with *London*; let all of us ceaſe to do evil; what evils? thoſe evils that I have named: have any of us been guilty of *London*'s pride? the Lord help every one of us to reſolve for to crucifie that ſin, and to reſolve we will not have a hand any more in burning *London*. Which of you would not part with pride to ſave ſo great a City? let your ornaments be ſober as become men and women profeſſing Godlineſs. Thoſe that have been guilty of drunkenneſs, let them be drunk no more, take up that reſolution; thoſe that have been guilty of injuſtice in their callings, let them reſolve they will never more ſin to get an eſtate, and that they will rather live and die beggars. Believe it, that is not the way to die beggars if you come to reſolve upon it. For God can bleſs you in his way more than you can gain by walking in your own ſinful ways. Reſolve to lye no more, cozen no more, ſwear no more; are there any unclean? let them be unclean no more. Have you broken the Lords-day, and prophaned that, do ſo no more. Reſolve every one of you in your places, that for the future you and your Families, will endeavour to ſpend the whole Lords-day, in ſerving God, and looking after the Salvation of your Souls.

Again, take up a reſolution to give Chriſt a greater acceptation, a better acceptation; ſtand with your hearts wide open to the offers of Salvation; do not neglect and ſlight Salvation when God offers it. When you deſpiſe his Son, you de-

ſpiſe

ſpiſe God himſelf: *They that receive me*, ſaith Chriſt, *receive him that ſent me*: So thoſe that reject Chriſt, reject God the Father. When you come hither, and Chriſt is offered, and you will not entertain him, you reject God, you will not entertain God. See that the Goſpel may come in its efficacy and power upon your ſouls. God is angry with every Citizen that hath not after all the offers of Salvation, accepted of it. Every impenitent unconverted ſinner, becauſe of his impenitency and unconvertedneſs, he had a hand in the firing the City. Let us, I ſay, repent of our ſins, let us forſake thoſe ſins whereby we have provoked the Lord againſt us. But you will ſay, How if we ſhould? we ſhall leave thouſands, and ten thouſands that will not? What if we here reſolve to be ſober? how many will go on to be drunk? if we reſolve to keep the Lords-day, how many ſhall we find ſelling next Lords-day in the fields or ſtreets, playing, and at Ale-houſes and Taverns drinking to drunkenneſs? What ſhall we do here? let not others wickedneſs diſcourage you to be good. Deſpair not, God doth not ſtand upon the repentance of a whole City, as to make it neceſſary for him to ſave it, or to ſave a Kingdom; but if there be any that do convert and turn, if there be any that do ſet themſelves to humble themſelves for the ſins of others, and do intercede for Gods mercy in his ſtaying with a people, God will have reſpect to a City and a Kingdom for their ſake. Let us, and let all that fear the Lord this day up and down *London*, reſolve all to reform and bemoan the ſins of *London* before God, and therein become interceſ-

ſors for *London*, ſo we might prevent *London*'s ruin.

For a concluſion, let me add theſe encouragements to perſwade you to reform, notwithſtanding the generality of *London* will not reform ſtill.

1. Becauſe God will have you to reform, though others do not. God ſpeaketh to all to reform; do not you ſay I will not, becauſe others will not; it is thy duty, if others do not; thou doſt but thy duty when thou doſt it, though ten thouſands neglect it.

2*ly*, God will take it better at thine hands if thou wilt reform in a wicked City, than if the whole City were generally good: Why? becauſe the ſervice is more difficult; it is an harder thing for a righteous *Lot* to live in a *Sodom*, than to live in a place where more godly perſons dwell. It is an eminent piece of ſervice, and an eminent teſtimony we give to God of our love to him, when we can ſerve him in a place where he is deſpiſed, his Laws broken, and he rebelled againſt.

3*ly*, Some of you muſt reform, or it is certain God will go on ſtill to be angry with *London*; and if God go on, wo unto us, ſurely it will be very bitter in the end. God hath not yet ſpent all his venom'd darts. He hath more and greater plagues than yet we have felt, and nothing but the repentance and heart-reformation, at leaſt of ſome of us,

us, I ſay of ſome of us, that we may become fit interceſſors for the reſt, can prevent the pouring of them forth upon us. But you will ſay, Is it poſſible to have greater, than to have an hundred thouſand ſwept away by the Peſtilence in one City, and in one year? than to have ſuch a famous City burnt down in three days? Yes. If God ſhould but ſuffer Popery to come in, it would be greater. If God ſhould bring in a company of bloody *Papiſts* that ſhould threaten you with burning, or elſe with provoking God by groſs Idolatry, you will ſay it is a greater; when you ſhall live in a *London*, and in *England*, and not hear of Chriſt Jeſus preached to you from one end of the year to the other, I think it will be a plague; and to have it brought in too by a foreign enemy. No, perhaps you will ſay, God will never do ſo. This was *Iſraels* old preſumption: What, God that brought us out of *Egypt*, he deſtroy us! What! that God that hath known us, and hath been our God, and hath ſignified himſelf our God by many mercies! He that walked with us, and we with him, he ſend a foreign enemy! it is impoſſible. Do not deceive your ſelves, God was as much engaged to the ſeed of *Abraham* as to *London*, as to *England*; and what he hath done, he can do again. This is one of the greateſt Judgments that can befall the Land, if God ſhould take away the Goſpel, leave us in darkneſs and blindneſs, take the Candleſtick away, and give us up to Idolatry, and ſay as to *Ephraim*, *He is joined to Idols, let him alone.* Repent, reform, leſt worſe things come upon you.

Let

Let the Lord ſee you after this day that you are a more careful, watchful, circumſpect people in the whole courſe of your lives and converſations; and if ſo, doubtleſs God will have this day an ear open to your prayer; he will have an heart ready to pity you, and to compaſſionate you when you cry; you ſhall be numbred among thoſe Interceſſors that have ſtood in the gap, that have kept wrath from coming in upon *England*, to the utter ruin of it.

A Me-

A Meditation for the raiſing of mine heart above diſcouragements under ſlightings in my Miniſtry.

WHAT mean theſe drooping groans, and this languor of thy ſpirits, as if thou hadſt neither life nor heat! What's become of thy wonted joy, and magnanimity in the courſe of thy *Miniſtry?* Thou lookeſt and ſeemeſt as if a weary of thy work! what is the cauſe? Is it that Gods glory is leſs, that thou car'ſt not whether he is honoured or diſhonoured by men? or what is it? That he is not ſo good to theee as formerly? Haſt thou not meat, drink and cloaths as freely and fully as ever? Is thine health or ſtrength abated? Or is the Throne of Grace, or the way to it ſhut up? Is God angry with thee? This were cauſe indeed, but nothing elſe, if thou enjoyeſt this. Or what is it? that thou canſt not ſee theſe ſo well, his honour, and theſe mercies are ſo much prized? Oh! none of theſe are the cauſe; Gods glory is the ſame, and his mercies they are continued, and conſtant to me as ever. And it's not becauſe I want a relliſh of them. I do not ſerve an hard Maſter, that makes me weary of ſerving him. Why, what then is the matter? Hath he recalled his promiſe, or denied himſelf, and abated thy wages? Oh! no, Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but not a tittle of his word; and let God be true though

all

all elſe be lyars. What is it? are the ſouls of men leſs precious, or their eternal life and ſafety now leſs dangerous? Is fire leſs hot, and Hell leſs tormenting? Are not the joys of Heaven ſo much to be deſired? and ſo is the work of the Miniſtry leſs needful? Is not the caſe the ſame to deliver men from ſo many burning coals, as when *Chriſt*, his *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* preached? Art thou then weary? Oh! no, my ſtrength's the ſame. But Oh! I am unprofitable to my God, I am *ſlighted*, they wonder I can come into a Pulpit, and have no more to ſay! How! and is that me a poor worm! and wilt thou be thus cruſht with ſuch a ſtraw, and loſe thy ſpirits under ſuch a contemptible weight!

(1) And didſt thou not expect to meet with ſuch things before? who bid thee go, and ſet thee on this work, and promis'd thee every hour a word? waſt not told, thou ſhouldſt be perſecuted, *ſlighted*, ſcoffed at? And was it not *predicted*, there ſhould be *ſcoffers in the laſt times*, as in the firſt? Why didſt not think of this before? a wiſe man would have done it.

(2) And was not *God* himſelf *ſlighted* by thoſe that were invited to the feaſt? Was not Chriſt worſe than *ſlighted?* and was not *Paul* called a *Babler?* and the *Goſpel fooliſhneſs?*

(3) But conſider further, Is not the *Goſpel*, and the God of it ſlighted in thee? the meſſage thou knoweſt is not *thine*, but *his* that ſent thee.

(4) And think, is it not natural for the *carnal* mind to have unſavoury, dark, fooliſh thoughts of the *Goſpel?* was it not always ſo? did not Chriſt wonder, ſeeing their unbelief? (5) But

(5) But think, it's *God in Chriſt*, or the ſtrictneſs and *ſpiritualneſs* of the *Goſpel* that they undervalue, and think nothing of the excellency of. They ſay, it's *thou* ſpeakeſt nothing; they would ſay the *other*, but they dare not ſpeak out; and ſo they caſt it on thee; and art *thou* not willing rather to ſuffer, than *it?* wouldſt not thou have interpoſed thy face to Chriſt, to have received the *ſpittle*, and kept it from him? and thine head to have been *crowned with thorns*? and what doſt thou ſhrink in taking of this!

(6) But think, what reaſon have they to charge thee with a *nothingneſs* and impertinency in preaching? what mean ſo many to follow thee! they may hear *nothings* and *impertinencies* nearer home. Wherefore go on chearfully and boldly in thy work, and regard not what ſome few ſcoffers ſay, when thou art carrying on that work for the good of ſouls which the Lord will own and bleſs.

HYMN I.

WHat ails my ſoul to look ſo wan?
My vitals they are fled:
What faintings do I feel within?
My heart as 'twere is dead.
Love-beams do ſhine full in my face
From off the throne above:
They ſparkle glories round my ſoul,
Yet, yet I cannot love.

I ſee the Heavens open wide,
My Lord upon his throne,
I ſee his Saints all cloth'd in gold,
Bedeckt with glittering ſtone.
I ſee a Crown held in his hand,
To ſet upon my head,
If once I were laid low in grave,
Yet, yet my heart is dead.

What my diſtemper is, God knows;
It's cauſe I can unfold,
My heart lay down upon the earth,
And there it caught a cold.
This, this alone had been enough
My health to overthrow;
But I of fleſh a ſurfeit took,
Which made my grief to grow.

Lord,

Lord, what compaſſions in thy looks,
What pearls ſtand in thine eye!
Like a kind friend thou turn'ſt away,
As loth to ſee me die.
No cordials can my ſp'rits revive,
Thoſe glorious ſights do'nt move:
Oh, I am loſt, there is no hope,
I ſee, yet cannot love.

My God! my God! don't me forſake:
If I muſt needs then die,
Whil'ſt I am breathing out my laſt,
Oh! do but thou ſtand by.
Help! help! thou great ſoul-curing God,
In languiſhments I lye.
Speak but the word, my heart revives:
Oh yet I ſhall not die.

I find my native heat reſtor'd,
My wonted joys return:
I love thee, Lord, I love thee now,
With love my heart doth burn.
Oh what are all the things below!
What toys they ſeem to me!
When ſhall I leave them, and come up
To dwell, my Lord, with thee!

HYMN II.

The Souls Farewell to her Body.

TIr'd with a body, now at laſt
In travel on my road,
I muſt take Inn, and reſt my ſelf,
I muſt of fleſh unload.
I ſee my priſon-walls fall down,
And mold'ring into duſt:
I feel my chains of fleſh break off,
As eaten up with ruſt.

Oh! I am going! help, my God!
A little reſpite give;
Reverſe thy ſentence, add ſome years,
That I on earth may live.
Ah! fooliſh ſoul, how fond of life
Doſt thou thy ſelf betray!
Why a few minutes more doſt thou
With tears for life thus pray?

Are not the years enough thou 'ſt been
A Pilgrim here below?
Thy Father calls, bids come away,
Ah! fool, thou wilt not go.
What ſeeſt thou in this wicked world
That thus delights thine eye?
A father, brother, or dear friends?
Thou 'lt find them all on high.

Thy Saviour hath a Palace there
Imboſt about with Gold.
Thine's but a den where now thou dwell'ſt,
Whoſe walls ſcarce keep out cold.
What canſt thou ſee more than thou haſt?
The ſame Sun runs its round,
The rivers ebb and flow alike;
No new thing can be found.

The pleaſant faces of thy friends
Thou ſeeſt but o're again:
The ſweets of meats and drinks thou taſts,
Are but the very ſame.
Yet theſe ſweet and beloved things
Have thorns been in thy ſide;
Their Prickles have ſo torn thy heart,
Thou ſcarce could'ſt them abide.

But Oh thou lump of Gold, my Soul!
How full of droſs and tin!
Thy Father would but melt thee now,
And purge thee of thy ſin.
Thou art, my Soul, a ball of light
Here in dark lanthorn place' t:
God in a golden ſocket would
Thee ſet to burn, not waſte.

Ariſe, my Soul! come ſhake thy plumes,
Prepare thy ſelf for flight,
Like a fledg'd Eagle mount aloft,
And bid the world Good-night.
Farewell, then deareſt friends, farewell,
Farewell fond world, I ſay,

Lord, now I come, Oh take me up,
With ſighs and groans, I pray.

HYMN III.

The Reſurrection of our Bleſſed Lord.

ON *Golgotha*, that fatal day,
While Chriſt on Croſs did bleed,
The whole Creation groan'd (they ſay)
To ſee that bloody deed.
The Earths big heart with ſorrow ſwells,
Which burſt out in earth-quakes,
The Sun his eye hides in a cloud;
The lowring Heaven ſhakes.

The bodies of the dead ariſe,
Moſt ghaſtly look and wonder;
Becauſe mens hearts nor garments rent,
The Vale doth tear aſunder.
Yet one thing do I admire more,
To ſee a God-man dead:
His breathleſs royal trunk they took
And laid in grave, deaths-bed.

Like conquer'd captive there he lies
In th' priſon of a grave?
Three days the tyrant death him holds
In fetters like a ſlave.
So long, ſaid he, I'le lye; then cry'd,
Hell, grave, death, do your worſt;

Faſt

Faſt tye me, bind me, chain my hands,
I'le all your fetters burſt.

Rowl, rowl a ſtone upon his tomb,
The *Jews* of *Pilate* pray;
Set watch and ward leſt that his friends
By night ſteal him away.
With bills and lanthorns there they ſtand;
With ſcoffs they him deride;
See how he riſeth! jeeringly
They flout on every ſide.

At length the third days morn doth dawn;
Our Lord begins to 'wake,
Whileſt the hard ſtony Cover-lid
Away the Angel takes.
Look! look! the watch-men! ſee! they run
As frighted! hark, their crys!
The buried Jeſus, he is riſen,
We ſaw him with theſe eyes.

Shout, ſhout for joy, ye Saints of his,
This is your Saviour dear:
When you this wretched life muſt leave,
Graves, Coffins, do not fear.
This day a perfect conqueſt he
Of grim-lookt death hath made;
Your moulder'd rotted bodies he
Can raiſe, as he hath ſaid.

HYMN IV.

Of our Lords Aſcenſion into Heaven.

I Sometime wondred why thou Lord,
Thoſe forty-days didſt ſtay
On earth, betwixt thy Grave and Crown,
Or thy Aſcenſion-day.
It ſeems moſt like a Captain great
After ſome bloody fights,
Who walks to ſhew his friends he lives,
And puts his Hoſt to rights.

Thus all things ſetled, up he mounts
Upon his Royal Steed,
Who prancing through the ſtreets is prais'd
For his victorious deed.
Juſt ſo my glorious bleſſed Prince
With vict'ry on his ſide,
Being won with ghaſtly gaping wounds,
In triumph he muſt ride.

Down with a Chariot made of clouds,
From th' Palace-yard on high,
His Father ſent to fetch his Son
In great ſolemnity.
Before he ſteps up to his ſeat,
Like Royal Prince he gave
Rich-wonder-working gifts to 's friends,
And then he took his leave.

Strait

Strait at command the foaming winds
With prancings up they fly,
Proud of the burthen that they drew,
A load of Majesty.
When he got home, Oh! with what shouts
Of joy did Heav'n resound!
When th' Father sat him on his Throne,
And there himself him crown'd!

Angels and Saints do all at once
The Song of the *Lamb* sing,
As worthy of all honour, praise,
Yea worthy to be King.
Sit there thou great Victorious Prince,
At thy Fathers right hand,
Bring down thine en'mies to thy feet:
Rule all by thy command.

HYMN V.

The Souls Access.

LOrd, hear my knockings, hark my crys,
Want drives me to thy door:
Oh! chide not, do not say, Away;
I was here once before.
Where shall I go? thou only hast
That life none gives beside:
I went about the world to beg
For life, but all deni'd.

Thou art my God and Saviour;
To thee I naked creep:
Beſmear'd in blood and tears I lie:
Lord! pity, ſee I weep.
If I have ſin'd, Lord, thou haſt di'd,
To free me thou waſt ſent:
And thou haſt ſaid, I ſhall not die
If that I will repent.

Juſtice, Oh hold a while thy ſtroke,
Suffer a ſinner plead:
It's for my life; one word, and then
Strike on and make me bleed.
If I had ſin'd, and would not yield,
But ſtoutly ſtand it out,
Thy wrath might then have broacht my heart,
And let my life run out.

If I had heard a Chriſt was come,
With open arms to ſave,
Had I not run for refuge there,
Mercy I might not crave.
Now Juſtice ſtrike, 'tis done: but ſee
Where I incircled lye,
Within the folds of *Jeſus* arms:
Strike! in his arms I'le die.

Chear up my heart! the ſtorm is o're,
Juſtice is ris'n and gone;
All thy accuſers creep away,
Thy Chriſt is left alone.
What bleſſed voice was that I heard!
My Son riſe off thy knees,

Thy

Thy ſins are pardon'd, thou art free,
And I have paid thy fees.

Lord! what a quick diſpatch haſt thou
In grace giv'n to my cauſe!
I am arraign'd, acquit, ſet free
By thy moſt gracious Laws.
Had I not guilty dar'd to plead,
Though fraught with Angels skill,
How ſure my impannel'd conſcience would
Have ſought and found the bill!

HYMN VI.

The deſcent of the Spirit.

WHO knows the winds from whence they (come,
Or whither they do go!
The holy breathings we receive
Are from the Spirit: ev'n ſo,
Sometimes its cooling gales we feel
On Conſcience all on fire;
Sometimes its cooling heats we find
Our nummed hearts inſpire.

This is that Holy Ghoſt that Chriſt
Did promiſe for to ſend,
This is that pow'rful Spirit that
Our ſtubborn hearts muſt bend,
Jeruſalem the City was
Deſign'd for his deſcent,

Thither the Chriſtians at th' command
Of th' Heavenly Angel went.

No ſooner were they ſet, but ſtraight
A mighty tempeſt roſe,
Shook the foundations of the houſe
Which they for pray'rs had choſe.
Struck with amazement, ſoon there fell
Flames ſhap't both flat and long,
Which hovering, light upon each head,
Much like a Cloven-tongue.

Thoſe little fiery buſhes were
But wonders for to ſhew,
That th' wonder-working Spirit was
Come down to men below.
For ſtraight he tun'd each Chriſtians tongue
All Languages to ſpeak:
The *Parthians*, *Medes*, and *Elamites*,
To them their minds might break.

Thouſands of *Salem* flock to ſee
This ſtrange unheard-of thing;
They flock too faſt: for they forget
Good hearts with faith to bring.
Some are amaz'd, but others ſcoff:
Some praiſe, but others ſay,
They have too much of tongue, they'r drunk
With much new wine to day.

Oh injur'd God! how can'ſt thou bear
Theſe dreadful Blaſphemies!
Theſe wonders ſpeak thy Goſpel true,
They ſay it's nought but lyes.

Scarce

Scarce fifty days now paſt, thy Son
With nails they Crucifi'd;
And now to heap up ſin on ſin,
Thy Spirit they deride.

Inſtead of wrath Gods bowels yern,
Yet thinks them thoughts of Grace:
The bleeding Chriſt while *Peter* preacht,
The Spirit gave them chace.
Three thouſand hearts at once he ſtruck;
Who bleeding came and cri'd,
What ſhall we do? we do believe
On Chriſt we Crucifi'd.

O holy conquering Spirit! thou
Thoſe ſouls did'ſt captivate;
This is a ſecond wonder wrought,
Which we with Songs relate.
Oh let me find thy heats within
As a refiners fire;
Purge from my heart all droſs and ſin:
This, this is my deſire.

HYMN VII.

Firſt Part.

THOU dreadful Judg! whoſe Majeſty
Angels themſelves adore,
That can't with open face thee ſee,
But clap their wings before:

When

When thou with whiſpers doſt but chide,
The arch of Heaven doth quake;
Big-bellied clouds forth lightning bring,
And into thunders break.

When that thy wrath it doth but breathe,
Great ſtorms of whirlwinds riſe,
Hail, ſnow and rain come tumbling down,
Whileſt th' trembling ſinner flies.
The lofty mountains ſtoop their heads
To hide them in their vales:
Great men and Princes ſhrink for fear,
Their hearts and courage fails.

Some high and mighty Angels hatcht
Treaſon againſt his Crown;
He ſpar'd them not, but from their Throne
With vengeance pull'd them down:
He chains of darkneſs on them laid,
As pris'ners doth them keep,
Againſt the great and terrible day,
When hardeſt hearts ſhall weep.

When the old world thy name forgot,
And laid aſide their fears,
The gentle wrathful Heavens wept,
Drowns it with ſhowers of tears.
When *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* burnt
With fires of wanton luſt,
With flakes of fir'd brimſtone thou
Thoſe Cities burnd'ſt to duſt.

Sion it ſelf that darling hill,
In *Salem* that did ſtand, Them

Them both for ſlaying of thy Son,
Thou mad'ſt a fire-brand.
Our bleeding carcaſſes thy ſword
leaves reeking on the ground,
Yet after this we no more fear
Than men fall'n in a ſwound.

Second Part.

When thou, O mighty God, ſhalt come
Riding upon the wind,
To judg the world, Oh! in what place
Will th' wicked refuge find!
How ſhall we hear thy ſhrill voice't trump
Cleaving th' air aſunder,
To wake our aſhes in their graves
With noiſe like claps of thunder!

Lord! what a glorious train is that,
That on their wings do ride!
Look how they poſt in full career!
Thronging on either ſide!
Oh! they're the Angels of the Lord,
Egypt's firſt-born that ſlay'd,
That took poor *Lazarus* ſoul that di'd,
And him in boſom laid.

The Trump ſhall ſound, and *Michael* then
Th' Archangel ſtrait ſhall cry,
Ariſe you dead, to judgment come,
The Lord your lives muſt try.
Look how the wicked's bodies crawl
Like Toads out of their den!

What

What ghaſtly fearful looks they bear!
They look like frighted men!

Why do you ſinners now thus quake!
Call for your cups and ſing,
Scoff, laugh, deride your Preachers now:
Care not for Chriſt your King.
You worldlings call upon your gods,
See what your Gold can do:
Ye proud ambitious of the earth,
Judg whether Goſpel's true.

Fear not you humble holy Saints,
This is your Marriage-day,
Your night is paſt, your tears dri'd up,
Your ſorrows fled away.
This day you heard of, and believ'd;
At it your hearts did melt,
This wrath now come, you beg'd to 'ſcape,
Whileſt on the earth you dwelt.

Third Part.

Lord! I aſtoniſht ſtand to think,
What brightneſs will thy face
That day put on, when thou thy ſelf
To mortals wilt uncaſe!
How will the bleeding mangled Chriſt,
On earth that ſeem'd ſo poor,
Outſhine the Sun, and put it out!
For it ſhall ſhine no more.

Then to the wicked he ſhall ſay,
See him whom you have pierc'd;

It's

It's I whom you did ſcorn to fear,
And bid me do my worſt.
You ſin'd, yet would not bow your knee,
Though I you pardon could:
You would go on and have your way,
Though th' danger you were told.

I muſt not rule you, you had got
A better Lord than I:
I cri'd, I call'd, but you were deaf,
Why ſinners will you die?
How long did I your leiſure wait,
With hope you might repent!
Ah ſinners! now it is too late,
My patience is quite ſpent.

You hope't to find a Lamb your Judg,
And of my love to ſhare,
You ſhall me find a Lion now
That can in pieces tare.
Go curſed, curſed from my ſight,
I'le never ſee you more:
I would have wip't off all your debts,
Now you ſhall pay the ſcore.

Ye Angels that attend my will,
Bind them in chains about;
Now caſt them in the dreadful gulf,
They never ſhall come out:
Loaded with ſins now get you hence;
Sink deep, ſink deep in flames;
Torments ſeize on your trembling joints,
Never be free from pains.

Blow, blow thou wrathful breath of God,
That kindleſt *Tophets* fires:
Ye worms of conſcience catch your hold,
Bite hard and never tire.
You poys'nous curled ſnakes ariſe
Out of the ſulphur'd Lake,
Torment them ever with your ſmells;
Their lives yet never take.

Bear witneſs, ſinners, I your Judg
Am free from cruelty;
I would have ſav'd you from this death,
You rather choſe to die.
Now you would leave your loved ſins,
Have me at any rate,
Leave pride, and drink, and gold and life:
Ah! now it is too late.

Lord! hear a trembling ſinner cry,
While I on earth do dwell,
I thee will love, and fear, and ſerve;
Free me but from this Hell!
Oh! when I die, grant me this wiſh,
That I thy face but ſee;
Gold, honour, pleaſures here on earth
I will forſake for thee.

HYMN VIII.

WHat if my Cheſts were cram'd with Gold,
My Chariots ſtood at Gate:

What

What if a thouſand ſervants did
Upon my pleaſure wait?
What if my Houſe a Palace were,
Its walls with Rubies ſhone?
My Chambers coſtly Tiſſue wore,
In-laid with Diamond-ſtone?

What if my Bed were cloath'd with Gold,
Befring'd with Pearls moſt bright?
What if ſome clouds of ruffled Silks,
Were Curtains for my light?
What if I drank the ſp'rits of Pearl,
Eat of all fowls, beaſts, fiſhes?
What if each day theſe were ſerv'd up
In maſſie golden diſhes?

What if I had eſpouſed one
So wiſe, ſo good, ſo fair,
That both in ſoul and ſhape ſhe might
With Angels well compare?
What if my numerous off-ſpring were
Of Wits deeply profound?
Their outward carriage ſtate did bear,
Yet all with meekneſs crown'd?

What if for one whole thouſand years
Our youth a ſpring-tide had?
What if that while no pains we knew
That ever made us ſad?
Yet ah my ſoul! this thread of life
At length would fret away:
A dark and ſullen cloudy night
Would riſe upon our day.

This long-liv'd candle at the laſt
Would to her ſocket burn;
Her flame would ſtruggle for a life,
And then to ſmoke would turn.
My ſoul, chuſe rather to live well,
How long it matters not:
He that lives ill, while he hath liv'd,
Hath done he knows not what.

Thou maiſt live well without this wealth,
Be good without this ſtate;
Pleaſe but thy God, and thou wilt think
Thy death will come too late.

HYMN IX.

53 *Chap. of* Iſaiah *Tranſlated.*

WHO hath believed our report?
Who hath the Lords arm ſeen?
When he his Son ſends to the world
By blood it to redeem.
He muſt ſpring up before his face
As a moſt tender plant,
Out of dry ground he muſt ſhoot up,
Yet ſeem all form to want.

When one his viſage ſhall behold,
He nothing there ſhall ſee,
Of that alluring beauty which
May well deſired be.

Men

Men him deſpiſe, and ſhall reject,
Add ſorrows to his grief;
Of him aſham'd, they hide themſelves,
So give him no relief.

Yet certainly he only was
The man our griefs that bore:
But we thought he was ſmitt'n of God,
So paid but his own ſcore.
For our tranſgreſſions he had wounds,
And for our ſins was bruiſed:
By his chaſtiſements we had peace;
For our health, ſtripes he chuſed.

All we like ſheep have gone aſtray,
And turn'd from God each one;
But God all our iniquities
Hath laid on him alone.
He was afflicted and oppreſt,
Yet moved not his tongue;
Lay like a lamb, when to be kill'd
By butchers laid along.

From darkſome priſon he was took;
Who ſhall declare his birth!
For th' peoples ſins he ſmitten was,
And cut off from the earth.
With wicked men he found a death,
Among the rich a tomb;
Becauſe for ill nor done nor ſaid,
He had receiv'd his doom.

Yet did it pleaſe the Lord to bruiſe,
And put him for to bleed,
Therefore he ſhall prolong his days,
And after ſee his ſeed.
Therefore the pleaſure of the Lord
Shall proſper in his hand;
The travel of his ſoul ſhall ſee
His children at command.

By his knowledg my righteous Son
Shall many juſtifie.
For he by ſuffering ſhall bear
All their iniquity.
Therefore I him a portion
With the great will divide;
Becauſe to death his ſoul he pour'd,
His Kingdom ſhall be wide.

HYMN X.

A Conſolatory againſt the fears of Death.

THOU tyrant Death! look not ſo ſtern,
Think not me to affright,
The giddy tumult thou maiſt awe
With thy unconquer'd might.
I wear (di'd in a Saviours blood)
A ſcarlet robe about;
Strike where thou wilt, thy Serpents ſting,
This robe ſhall fetch it out.

Were I to die but like a beaſt,
I think my heart would break;
But now I know my ſoul ſurvives,
To fear it were but weak.
Were it not baſeneſs for to think
Of Saints ſouls, though the leaſt,
That after death they did enjoy
No more than a poor beaſt?

If then I ſhall as joyful be,
And happier every way
Than I am here, why ſhould I fear,
To bid that world good day.
But Oh! the fainting-fits and pains
That I muſt needs go through!
Why, what of that? they'r quickly o're,
Then what needs ſuch ado?

They are not paſt ſome fourteen days,
Diſeaſes come to height,
Be patient but for that ſmall time,
Bid ſorrows then good night.
What muſt be ſuffer'd? why, is't fear'd,
I can't my life defend?
Fear, or not fear, it's all a caſe,
My life muſt have an end.

Death comes! why let it, why ſhould I
Plead priviledg from what
My God hath pointed out for all?
It muſt be then my lot.
He lent me to my ſelf a while;
My lent-out life recalls,

What is his own he may demand,
He wrongs me not at all.

Why ſhould I tremble at the grave?
Alas! it is not Hell:
Why ſhould not I thank God and die?
That it's not worſe it's well.
Art thou new-born, then thou haſt felt
The pains of death to luſt,
They'r greater than thoſe thou wilt feel,
Which brings thee to the duſt.

To leave a ſin, to wicked men
Doth far more torment bring
Than ſhame, than beggery or death,
Or any other thing.
Think how the wicked go to hell,
How careleſs do they die?
Shalt thou leſs fear it than they do,
Though thou muſt ſore on high?

Think that thy grave were but thy bed,
That God thee there did keep;
That when that dying thou wert but
A falling faſt aſleep.
Think what a quiet undiſturb'd
Repoſe thou there ſhalt take,
That God when thou haſt ſlept enough,
Himſelf will thee awake.

Think that thy Lord and Saviour
In this cold bed did lie,

Wilt thou not with him lay thy ſelf?
What love him, and deny!
Think that a thouſand thouſand Saints
Have hither crept for reſt,
Have long'd and hop'd to be diſſolv'd,
All counting it the beſt.

Think, what's this world that thou muſt leave,
It is not Paradiſe;
A hell of torment, ſin, ſhame, grief,
A cinque of filthy vice.
Where luſt and pride do ſit and reign,
Grace, goodneſs, ſubjects are;
If thou art good, thou maiſt go pack,
That's all the world doth care.

How often their ungodly lives
Have vext thy ſoul, but think;
Their ſelling Heaven for a luſt,
For droſs, a cup of drink.
It's true, thou maiſt them contradict,
But what get'ſt thou by that?
They curſe thee, wiſh thee in ſome pit,
Where thou maiſt lye and rot.

Thou ſay'ſt, there's good as well as bad
That thou muſt leave behind;
If good men make thee will to ſtay,
Above thou 'lt better find.
The beſt on earth are bitter-ſweet,
Weakneſſes have their ſtings,
They can thee hurt, and will ſometimes,
Till God to Heaven them brings.

Thou ſay'ſt, if God the ſhepherd ſmite,
The ſheep will ſcatter'd be;
If they were ſafe, it matters not
What did become of thee.
Thou fool! God will them bleſs or curſe;
If curſe, thou muſt not live:
But if for them he bleſſings hath,
Better than thee he'l give.

I come then; Oh ye Heavenly hoſt
Of Angels take me up!
I've broke my faſt with grace on earth,
With you above I'le ſup.
I come, my Father! and my God!
Now to thy ſelf me take;
Through my Lords wounds I hope for love:
Oh love me for his ſake!

HYMN XI.

Comfortable at the death of a dear friend.

DRY up thy eyes, and let thy looks
Again ſeem fair and clear;
Let not thoſe briny ſtaining ſtreams
Thy blubber'd cheeks beſmear.
Who knows not man was made to die?
Can tears blur the decree,
Or ſpunge it out thoſe Heavenly rowls?
What God wills, that muſt be.

Was he not made of duſt that's dead ?
Can duſt for ever laſt ?
What wonder is it then to ſee
That duſt on duſt is caſt !
Hath not the wiſeſt God all things
Made ſubject unto change ?
Why ſhould he thee or thine except ?
Is not thy folly ſtrange ?

Why his departure thus bemoan'd ?
He paid but nature's ſcore :
He me not leaves, I follow him,
He's only rid before.
It's God commanded him away ;
'Twas he that gave him thee ;
Is it not reaſon, more than thou
the Giver pleaſed be ?

Thou ſay'ſt, no ſorrows like to mine,
None e're loſt ſuch a friend !
How many thouſands ſay the like ?
Complaints will ne'r have end.
Nay, think how far others in grief
Have cauſe thee to exceed ;
Thou 'ſt loſt a friend, but they a child ;
Thou weep'ſt, but they do bleed.

Is thine a child ? theirs is a wife,
Or elſe ſome dead husband :
But if this laſt be thine own caſe,
Think his is worſe that's damn'd.
Look round and view that num'rous heap
Of houſes that do ſtand,

Tell me the houſe that hath not mourn'd
By ſtrokes giv'n by deaths hand.

Go round about the Royal Tombs,
Number the Queens and Kings;
How oft have Palaces worn Black
By wounds made by Deaths ſtings?
Or think how many mourners thou
haſt cheered up before;
Let the ſame reaſons on thee move,
That thy heart grieve no more.

Or think of him as ne'r been born;
Or born, not known to thee;
He might have di'd a thouſand times,
'Twould ne'r have troubled thee.
But did thy life and livelihood
On him alone depend?
For ſhame do not forget thy God,
Who meat to Ravens ſends.

But ah! alas! he lov'd me more
Than all the world beſide.
Ah! take thou care, in ſaying ſo,
Thy God he be'nt be-li'd.
But, Oh the friend of my boſom!
He cannot be forgot!
But, fool! didſt think he could not die?
What did thy mind beſot!

Play not the child, my grown-up ſoul!
Many ſpectators gaze
At thy high ſpirit! under grief
Soul-weakneſs will amaze.

Think

Think thy employment calls aloud,
To lay aſide complaints;
Think that thy Friends, thy Country, Church,
Cry to thee as in wants.

Or elſe look up unto thy God,
In whom contentment lyes;
His heating brightneſs will dry up
All tears from out thine eyes.
If all the reaſons I have us'd
Will nothing move thy heart,
Then take thy courſe, I only wiſh
Thy cure be wrought by ſmart.

HYMN XII.

Of Thanksgiving for the reſtoration of Health.

THE God of Heav'n is but one,
To him alone I pray:
To him in ſtraits I made my vows,
Which now in health I'le pay.
My God is light, life, help, hearts eaſe,
Phyſician, Nurſe and Friend;
Himſelf was the beſt Phyſick I
Could take to make me mend.

For ſin, me weakneſs did confine
Within my Chamber-walls:
In priſon as with Iron-bolts,
My limbs were ſore with gauls;

My

My bones were all as out of joint,
My ſinews lax and looſe,
Each member was ſo feebly hung,
As if 't had loſt its uſe.

All elements did ſeem to ſtrive
To raiſe my miſery ;
They would have ſurely me orewhelm'd,
But that my God was by.
My trembling skin, my chattering teeth,
The ſhiverings of my bones,
My ſhoulders ſhrugging up with cold,
Thus ſadly made their moans.

As if all hail, and ſnow, and rain,
Their coldneſſes had lent
To ſome night-ſtormy bluſtring winds,
My body to torment.
I was like weary pilgrim that
All night in foreſt lies,
While rain, and ſnow, and chilling winds
Do pinch him till he dies.

But my good God ! thoſe nipping blaſts
Screen'd off me with his palm ;
He ſweetly rockt me faſt aſleep,
So they did me no harm.
The freezing air now thaw'd, I thought
Me ſafe, but was deceiv'd :
For ſtraight a watry vapour roſe
As much my body griev'd.

Each pore about a channel was,
Which pains had open'd wide, Through

Through which as through ſulphureous mynes
Did ſcalding liquors glide.
Amidſt thoſe ſimpring plaſhes lay
My wrinkl'd par-boil'd skin;
In my own ſweats I had expir'd,
Had not my good Lord been.

My God then dri'd up all my dews,
Me richeſt cordials gave;
Out of thoſe waters I did cry,
And he my life did ſave.
Colds gone, and waters now aſſwag'd,
A fire faſt hold doth catch,
My muddy cottage was on flame
Through ſparks within my thatch.

Its findgings made my former griefs
Deſir'd they would return,
That winds would blow, or waters flow
To cool me that did burn.
While my houſe flam'd about my ears,
My ſoul wiſht to get out.
I cri'd, I call'd, my God did hear,
And then put th' hot fire out.

Next, muſt my reſt a burthen prove
Unto my drowſie head;
My ſpirits ſpent, my ſtrength's decay'd,
I was as thoſe are dead.
My eyes as uſeleſs were through ſleep,
My tongue had loſt her taſte;
Each thing it did offend my ſmell,
My fleſh about did waſte.

That

That very God that on dry bones
Did breathe, and make them live;
That very pow'r that *Laz'rus* rais'd,
Again this life did give.
He put this quickneſs in my joints,
Theſe ſpirits in mine eyes,
Reſtor'd this joy unto my heart,
Thus anſwer'd all my crys.

HYMN XIII.

Remedies againſt Diſcontents.

THAT bleſſed peace which all men wiſh,
That none but good enjoy,
Is when all ſtates of life do pleaſe,
And nothing doth annoy.
If thus unſhaken thou wouldſt live,
Contemplate God on high,
As near as may be live like him,
Fixt in ſelf-conſtancy.

Wiſh nothing more than to be good,
Do juſtly, fear no man;
Think on the bleſt eternity,
Let th' world do what it can.
Be no more mov'd with thy reproach,
Than God when men blaſpheme;
Let not want, loſs, or death affright,
Which men ſo dreadful deem.

Think that the world below the Moon
As yet thy ſelf contains;

And that all things here ebb and flow
That nothing fixt remains.
What wonder is't the Mariner
At sea meets with a storm?
How boldly yet he plows the waves
In danger fears no harm!

The traveller his weary steps
Directs unto his Inn;
Sometimes meets Sun-shine, and then storms,
Yet ne'r leaves travelling.
Are not our days, and months, and years,
Now foul, and sometimes fair,
Variety doth not annoy,
Change makes things please as rare.

Why should I wish it always day?
The world without a night?
Why should I wish it always Spring,
For flowers for delight?
Were I not fool to weep to see
A cloud creep o're the Sun?
Such folly is it to lament
A cross when it is come.

II.

Rash man complains, In any strait
But this, I could be blest;
Any mans trouble I could bear,
Mine only gives no rest.
Says he, what sorrow can be like
To want and beggery?

This,

This, this I feel, or elſe I fear,
Which makes me wiſh to die.

Man, be thou faithful, do thy work,
Thou ſerv'ſt a righteous Lord;
He will not let his ſervant want,
But bread will ſure afford.
Starving-extremity thou fear'ſt,
This beggars never feel;
Better allowance God them gives
To whom his doſe he deals.

Hunger and cold, and nakedneſs,
True, bleſſed *Paul* complains,
Yet ſo as that he glorieth
In them, ſo in his chains.
Are not the Lilies gaily cloath'd?
They neither toil nor ſpin.
Are not the birds of th' air fed,
That ne'r brought harveſt in?

Will God give grace and glory both,
Yet barely bread deny?
Will he give Crowns and Scepters too,
Of want yet let thee die?
True, murm'ring *Iſrael* cri'd out,
Can God a Table ſpread?
Can he in this vaſt wilderneſs,
Prepare for all here, bread!

The Devil could have taught thoſe men
That God of ſtones could take,
Could mould and knead them up to dough,
And of them bread could make.

III.

The fool fears want while plenty laſts,
Like one in Summers-day
Should ſhake and blow his hands for cold,
Then winters coming, ſay:
Or like one that in ſtreams doth ſwim,
Yet gaſps and crys for thirſt;
Then ſays, Oh me! what ſhall I do!
This river leave I muſt.

It's beſt things ſhould be as they 'r made,
That rivers ebb and flow,
That glaſs or earthen ware may break;
That riches come and go.
Fool! do'nt torment thy heart in vain,
If theſe things fleeting be,
Fix but thy ſoul on things above,
They 'l conſtant prove to thee.

All will be gone; ſay, let them go,
Man lives not all on bread;
There is a word of promiſe that
In want holds up thy head:
I never will to death thee leave;
I'le never thee forſake:
Think but on this, do but believe,
Thine heart 'twill joyful make.

IV.

I know whence ſpring more troubles yet
That do annoy me here;
My undertakings oft are great,
And I ſucceſs do fear.

I often

I often am engag'd in more
Than able to go through;
Which makes me ſit and moan my ſelf,
Not knowing what to do.

Whoſe fault is that? why didſt thou ſo?
Thy God's too good a Lord
To ſet thee on more work than he
To do doth ſtrength afford.
Where he finds *will*, he doth accept,
With eye to what thou haſt,
Give but thine *all*, he wont refuſe
To crown that all at laſt.

I often have intended much,
But could not what I meant;
I would men ſave, but ah! I can't,
Becauſe they wo'nt conſent.
Inſtead of thanks for my good-will,
With taunting ſcoffs I meet,
I would them raiſe up unto Thrones,
They would me under feet.

Sometimes I talk like to a fool,
Deridingly they ſay,
I now teach falſe, and then too ſharp,
I can't pleaſe any way.
Be wiſe, and ſuch things ne'r will touch
Thy heart as to diſturb,
All thy attempts if good, ſhould joy,
Though inſucceſs them curb.

It's reaſon to think in this world
That good things ſhould be croſt;

If thou wilt fiſh for men, thou muſt
With winds and waves be toſt.
What if I diſappointments meet?
They are in uſe with men,
Why ſhould I not expect to ſhare
Alike with my breth'ren?

What wonder is't that they ſhould call
That falſe, or ſharp, that tart,
That frets the ſinews of their ſoul,
And that corrodes their heart!
Can the old man it quiet take,
To ſee him bound about,
That thence, where ſo long he hath lodg'd,
He ſhould be thus caſt out?

Is not my work a warfare call'd?
What, and no enemy?
How canſt thou fight, and not oppoſe,
Or uſe Heav'ns armory.

HYMN XIV.

TWO things, Lord, I deſire of thee,
Firſt, that with thee I live;
If thou delay'ſt to bring me there,
Oh then aſſurance give.
Content I'le be in th' ſhades of night,
Until my glory dawn,
Do but for ſurety grant this wiſh,
That I may keep the pawn.

Give, Lord, the earneſt in my breaſt,
A gracious heart to ſee:
Let me but know thou doſt me love,
And I ſhall quiet be.
Can I have peace whilſt that I fear
Thy curſe hangs o're my head?
It makes my heart to ake to think,
What now if I were dead?

Pardon, O Lord: it i'nt that I
Do fear thou canſt not ſave;
Nothing can hinder if thou pleaſe,
Nor Devil, Hell, nor Grave.
Nor do I doubt, but 'tis thy will
To ſave ſome ſuch as I:
For as vile wretches as I am
Thy Son did freely die.

In the deep Seas of thy rich love,
Blaſpheming *Paul* did ſwim;
He, though thy Saints he ſought to kill,
Yet thou didſt pardon him.
The Harlot *Mary Magdalen*,
Who deeply ran on ſcore,
Who did ten thouſand talents owe,
Yet that debt-bond was tore.

A ſwearing curſing *Peter* thou
Didſt to thy mercy take,
That Son whom he did fear to own,
Thou pardon'ſt for his ſake.
This makes me confident, my God,
That Heav'n may be my place,

If thou would'ſt pleaſe to grant to me
Maries or *Peters* Grace.

Give me, O God, to go aſide,
And in ſome corner creep,
That there with *Peter* bitterly
In dolors I may weep.
Give me but ſinful *Maries* love,
Love ſhall my ointment be,
Which I upon my Lords feet will
Pour out as well as ſhe.

But ah, my God! this is my fear,
Their faith and love I want;
My carnal, proud, and ſenſual heart
Speaks me no penitent.
This only, Lord, I have to plead,
Thoſe luſts my heart doth hate;
I long, I wiſh to be ſet free
From this ſad ſinful ſtate.

Sure, Lord, I am no enemy
To holineſs within!
Thou ſeeſt my ſoul contend and ſtrive
To beat down every ſin.
When that perchance my foot doth ſlip,
And thee I do offend,
Doth not my ſin make me to mourn?
And don't I ſtrive to mend?

Had not I faith, why ſhould I fear
The threatenings of thy Law?

Why ſhould I dread thy Majeſty,
And of thee ſtand in awe?
Had I not faith, why ſhould I long
Thy face above to ſee?
Why ſhould I praying ſue ſo hard
To get my liberty?

Did not I love thee, why ſhould I
My loved ſelf forſake?
Why ſhould I loath my loved ſins,
For thy beloved's ſake?
Did I not love, why don't the ſhell
Of duties me ſuffice?
In Sacraments and pray'rs why do
I thus thy preſence prize.

Did I diſſemble to be ſeen
Of men; why doth my ſin
(Which none knows but my ſelf alone)
Me trouble, that's within?
Did I diſſemble, then my tears,
My ſighs in company
Would more be heard, and ſeen then when
My God alone ſtands by.

It's true, I love thee not enough;
Nor is my faith ſo ſtrong,
But that with grief I do confeſs,
Thy faithfulneſs I wrong:
But, Lord, remember, I'm but duſt,
In weakneſs here I live:
That little which I have, thou gav'ſt;
The reſt above ſhalt give.

Did not thoſe Stars that now do ſhine
With thee in Heav'n above,
While living on the earth, complain
Of want of faith and love?
Nay, Lord, do not I read that thou
The hungry ſoul didſt bleſs,
And it that thirſts for righteouſneſs:
Such am I, I confeſs.

But Lord, remember, he that thirſts
And hungry is for grace,
He ſome degree of grace muſt want,
And I am in that caſe.
If he is bleſſed, why not I?
My hung'rings thou doſt ſee:
If thou haſt ſaid, he ſhall be full,
Why ſha'nt that word reach me?

I ſin, I ſin, but thou haſt place't
The righteous Chriſt on high,
To advocate and plead his cauſe
That at his feet doth lye.
Lord! there a ſinner I do lye,
Thy promiſe I will truſt
For pardon, and for love will hope,
Till I fall to the duſt.

The Welcome.

I.

WElcome my child on high;
Heaven joys to ſee thee here.
Be not afraid, it is thy Fathers houſe,
And thy Saviour bought it dear.
It was for this he bled,
And his ſoul 'n offering did make.
When my Son thou didſt accept, this Jointure he
Now poſſeſs it for his ſake. (thee made,
Whyart thou aſham'd? come behold me! behold me!
I have forgot thy ſin,
And made thee clean within:
Now thou 'rt arrived here above,
Of nought think but of love,
I ſhall ne're be angry with thee agen.

II.

My ſervants that attend,
Put on his beſt attire,
Set a Crown on his brow, in brightneſs that out-
The cleareſt flames of fire. (ſhines
Spread out that cloth of Gold,
His foot-cloth it muſt be.
If you have him dreſt, come bring him, ſet him here,
He muſt keep me company.

Have

Have you done? if you have, bid him welcome,
He was our friend on earth, (bid him welcome,
And royal in his birth.
For whileſt he lived, I ſaw he
Forſook all to love me,
And did truly ſerve me to his his death.

III.

A child! a bride! a wife!
Ragg'd and adorn'd ſo ſoon! (I rais'd,
From the Dungeon to the Throne how quickly am
And my midnight turn'd to noon!
Even now on my death-bed,
I ſigh'd, I ſob'd, I groan'd;
I weeping cri'd, my God hath me forgot,
And by all my friends was moan'd. (not know,
What they think now on earth, I do not know, I do
Nor for't do I much care;
What a weeping though they are,
Of little do they think I
Do poſſeſs ſuch glory,
That I'm made ſo much-of here above.

IV.

This is *Jeruſalem*,
Pav'd o're with ſlates of Gold;
Her rows of houſes like to towers ſtand,
It's more ſtately than was told:
Here's not a ſtreet but's ſtrow'd
With flowers of Paradiſe: (pownd,
Not a ſtep that I tread, but ſuch ſweetneſſes I
More rich than *Arabian* ſpice:
Walls that her incloſe are far brighter, far brighter

Than th' oriental flame,
Or a thing that wants a name.
Her ſparkling gates are well known
To be made up of ſuch ſtone
That the richeſt Diamonds doth excel.

V.

Bleſt ſhades that here do dwell!
Theſe manſions that poſſeſs:
I never till now a place or people ſaw
That the God of Heaven doth bleſs.
Here's not a look ſpeaks care,
No ſign of tear or grief,
Not a ſigh, or a groan through all the ſtreets I hear,
Nor a beggar that wants relief.
All yet that I've met, are like Angels, like Angels;
In clearneſs they ſurpaſs
A Star or chryſtal-glaſs;
Whoſe unſoil'd beauty doth ſeem
To out-vye a Sun-beam,
Far, Oh far more ſplendid than all theſe.

VI.

Their locks like curls of light,
Their Lilly-necks hang o're,
Bedeckt with Ribbonds richer than of Gold,
I ne're ſaw ſuch before.
Sweetneſs of ſpirit blooms
And bloſſoms all the week,
In ſmiles of joy and love that do adorn
In their flowrings on each cheek.

In

In mantles as white as the fair Moon, the fair Moon,
They walk about each ſtreet,
And embrace all that they meet:
I never ſaw friends ſo love,
As they do here above.
Oh! I could lie at any of their feet.

VII.

I am where I would be,
In the City of my King;
This is the place I have deſir'd to ſee,
And to hear the *cherubs* ſing.
What lofty ſtrains are theſe!
I ne're heard voice ſo laviſh!
Not a note that I hear but melts me into joy,
And my heart doth in me raviſh!
In the cloſe when they ſhout, *Hallelujah, Hallelujah,*
Glory to God on high,
And the Lamb that below did die.
There's warmth methinks in theſe names,
That melts me into love-flames:
Thoſe! Oh thoſe are names make melodie.

VIII.

But ſee what is't there ſtands,
A tablet all of Gold,
Spread with a cloth of threads as fine as light,
Oh its pity 't ſhould be foul'd.
What dainty Fare is that?
How richly is 't perfum'd!
Oh it ſmells and it looks as dreſt of fires of love,
Meat that's eat, yet ne're conſum'd.
May I taſte! may I taſte! yea, & welcome, & welcome;

Thy

Thy Lord did it prepare,
That thou mighteſt have a ſhare:
Now he hath got thee above,
He will feaſt thee with love:
Thou muſt now forget all grief and care.

IX.

Here's honey-combs indeed,
Sweets that will ne're annoy:
I ſcarcely could think that Heav'n it ſelf could yield
Such delights that could not cloy.
This wine I have but ſipt,
It will make a ſick ſoul well.
One drop it would fetch a ſoul to life again,
That with grief were ſunk to Hell.
Will this life always laſt? yea, for ever, for ever:
Of want there can't be fear,
When God will make the cheer,
And that proviſion muſt laſt,
That with eating can't waſte,
Such is all the food that we have here.

X.

What lulling murmur's this
That thus ſalutes mine ear!
It's pleaſant muttering accents almoſt made
Me quite forget my chear.
Theſe are the ſilver ſtreams
Of joys ſprung from the Throne,
Of which each drop's more beautiful than pearl,
And more rich than th' *Onyx* ſtone.

Tranſ-

Transparent it is as the *Chryſtal*, the *Chryſtal*;
Of taſte and ſmell more ſweet
Than th' ointment on his feet.
Here ſouls and angels leap in,
And together all ſwim,
Who along her banks like arrows fleet.

XI.

Theſe dainty curling ſtreams,
About her ſhores that twine,
Is ſweetly ſhaded with a tree of life,
Yielding juice more rich than th' vine;
It's roots ſpreads in th' clouds,
As old as th' night and day. (year
Twelve ſorts of fruits, twelve times each ſeveral
It doth yield, yet don't decay. (pleaſant,
The Pomegranate or the grape a' nt ſo pleaſant, ſo
Compar'd to th' worſt of theſe,
Never fruit did half ſo pleaſe:
Beſides who taſts but one bit,
Is made immortal by it:
For its juice is clean from dregs or lees.

XII.

Here always it is ſpring,
A long continued *May*;
Our Sun ſtanding ſtill makes Summer ever laſt,
And an everlaſting day;
For my heart I cannot ſleep;
No, though I were to die:
Thoſe raviſhing Sun-beams keep me broad-awake,

Yea,

Yea, and will eternally,
It's God and the Lamb that thus gliſſen, thus gliſ-
Whoſe faces bluſh with light ; (ſen,
If I wink, it ſtraight were night:
Whileſt with theſe beams I'm then bleſt,
I'le never think upon reſt,
But conclude that waking's always beſt.

MORTALITY.

I.

FRom the womb,
From the womb,
Do I paſs to my tomb:
For my paſſage is quick in the caſt of an eye ;
I here that am living, you'l ſtraight ſee me die :
This warm breathing duſt to a clod of cold clay
In a trice will be turn'd, then molder away.
Hark you but a while, you'l ſoon hear the bell
Toul out my Funeral-knel ;
My thread is e'en ſpun,
My glaſs almoſt run,
That on earth I here cannot long dwell.

II.

Ev'ry breath, ev'ry breath,
Is a ſtep to my death.
My fleſh is conſuming each thought that I think ;
Each minute that paſſeth, to my grave I do ſink.

The

The hungry worms my neighbours will be,
And my gueſts too that ſhortly will feed upon me.
I was born of corruption, a cruel ſtep-mother
That brought me but forth to ſmother:
No ſooner in th' world,
But out I am hurld,
So I'm ſhufled from th' one to th' other.

III.

What is death? what is death?
But a ſtop of th' breath:
Some ſmall puff of wind that will blow a flame out;
Or the turn of a door for a ſoul to ſtep out?
It's no more than the wreck of a Ship that hath croſt
A Sea that's tempeſtuous, where no paſſenger's loſt:
The planks of my body may be tomb'd in a wave,
But my God will my ſpirit ſave:
It's but to ſtep in,
At moſt to unpin
My rags that are fit for a grave.

IV.

What's a groan?
What's a groan?
That our friends thus bemoan:
When they by our beds ſide ſit to cloſe up our eyes?
It's no more than a crack from the Heaven that flies;
Our ſouls then like lightning are breaking their way
From the clods of our bodies, and why ſhould they ſtay?
It's

It's a pang of corruption, our mother that (brings
Forth ſouls that ſhe breeds to be Kings:
For no ſooner I'm dead,
But a Crown's on my head,
And *Hoſannah* in Heaven I ſing.

V.

Not a day, Not a day,
That doth paſs, but I pray
That my work were diſpatcht, that I might hence (but go,
Though the firſt Inn I lodg at, is the grave I do (know:
Thoſe chambers of darkneſs my ſoul do'nt affright,
It is but mine Inn, I dare lodg there one night:
In my Coffin I'le creep as into my bed,
And my winding-ſheet I'le not dread:
There ſoundly I'le ſleep
Till the morning doth peep,
From the duſt then I'le raiſe up my head.

Self-Eſtimation.

MOunt up my ſoul! and ſtroke into a calm,
The ſurges of proud paſſions with a Pſalm:
Stretcht out on either ſide; tower up thy head,
O'retop the waves, ſtear on, let reaſon lead.
Be't as thy Polar-ſtar, while thou art toſt,
Leſt 'mong perplexing billows thou be loſt.

Look

Look how the firſt fiercely comes rowling on,
Which reaſon calls *Self-Eſtimation!*
A ſporting-wave turns viſage, now bold, now ſhie,
How fond, as if in love with thy *Egoiſm*.
She fawns, and with her circling arms
Embraceth that, which quickly feels her charms.
See how ſhe ſoars aloft! and on her wing
Mounts ſelf, yet all this while but flattering.
When at the height, her ſleiked face turns glaſs,
Which repreſents ſelf's vertues in a maſs,
Thrice double to their proper magnitude.
Take heed, don't look, my ſoul, it doth delude;
Think, what's but a wave will quickly ſink,
And mounts ſo weak, in vallies ſooner ſhrink.
Waves quickly fall, they cannot ſtand ſo faſt,
Their weight will preſs their fainting knees at laſt.
Thus with her higher guſts of flattery
She turns thy brain, then turns thine enemy.
Strange metamorphis'd paſſion! glaſs juſt now,
Fit for reflection of an amorous brow!
Now in a cup ſhe's turn'd, bow'd fit for th' lip,
Preſents thee with a Nectar, bids thee ſip.
Sip not, my ſoul, waters that brackiſh are,
Are much too ſtrong for weaker heads to bear;
Their duller ſpirits they will ſoon convey,
And chill thy brains to ice: for, as they ſay,
Salt will freez hard, though in a thawing day.

CONTEMPT.

A Dialogue betwixt Fleſh and Spirit.

Fleſh.

WHat all to ſmall! Nothing ſeems big enough
To entertain thee, yet doth th' houſhold-ſtuff
Of this vaſte Microcoſm prove now too ſmall
To dreſs and trim thy ſwoln-big heart withal!

Sp. *Her guſts to great contraction cannot bound*
That which infinite can ſcarce ſurround;
Contentment ſhe muſt have, which cannot be
Found cloiſter'd in the cells of poverty.

F. Won't world heapt upon world, and all made one,
Prove palace large enough for her alone? (one,
If we ſuckt dry ten thouſand more, of joys
And drain them in one torernt. Sp. *Yet all toys.*

F. What if we wreath a chaplet, and then ſteep't
In Stars, then crown her brow? Sp. *She'l yet defie't,*
Nor wont your duskie tapers yet ſuffice
To grace the room where fair Objects lies.
Natures bright flames of reaſon are but clouds,
As fainter lights when in the ſocket ſhrouds;
All glough too weak; light all thy graces up,
Yet all too ſmall, for with one glance ſhe'l ſup
That liquid fire quite dry, then with craving eyes
Seek out for more; not found, will thee deſpiſe.

F. Then

F. Then 't i'nt in me to ſatisfie the womb,
Which with a guſt ſuch pleaſures can entomb.
My flow'rs diſtill'd to ſweets can't pleaſures yield
Flagrant enough; nor though I hunt my field
With pretty winged beagles for to take
Light-footed odors, and all for her ſake,
To honey her delights; no melody will ſerve,
Her famiſht ear craving more than I have.
I'le eaſe my hands ſure then of ſuch a gueſt,
And let her ſeek her ſome-where elſe a reſt.

The ALARM.

I.

RISE, Riſe,
Hark! the Heav'nly cries,
That Eccho from the Skies!
From our ſlumbers to awake,
The Alarum doth ſound,
Bids us riſe from the ground:
For the Devil hath us found,
And to death will us wound,
But our God would have us crown'd:
Oh why then ſhould we lie,
Sleeping out till we die!

II.

What! What!
Is it that you have got,
Which your brains thus befot,

That you care not to ſtir?
Why drank you ſo deep
Of that cup, where did ſteep
Venom'd joys, whence did creep
Fumes that have rockt aſleep,
At which waking you may weep!
When the danger you eſpy,
I was 'witcht, you will cry.

III.

See! ſee!
Yonder Prince, that is he
That did deliver me,
When an enemy I was,
Though I have him forſook,
Yet a ſmile from his look,
My ſoul a captive took;
When for fear of death I ſhook,
Gave me Clergy on the book:
Oh why then will you die,
When a Saviour is ſo nigh?

IV.

Wake! Wake!
Your ſlumbrings off ſhake,
And to Jeſus betake;
The General of Souls,
Heaven him a Captain made,
That 'gainſt banners diſplay'd,
In wounds through blood dare wade,
And of Devils not afraid,
For a Crown that ne're decay'd;

If he can but it win,
We ſhall all have't of him.

V.

Fight! Fight!
While the day yields you light,
That as Conquerors by night
In triumphs you may dwell;
I'nt it better to ride,
With victory by your ſide,
Then as ſlaves to abide
With the Devil your guide,
Who at length will you deride?
Let us arm then and on,
We ſhall loſe not a man.

VI.

Turn! Turn!
You whoſe ſouls that muſt burn,
If you thus from him run;
Stay but a while and think,
What harm will he do,
If that he ſaveth you
From amidſt the damned crew,
That in glowing flames will rue
Thoſe ſins that will undo:
Oh do not you refuſe
While he gives time to chuſe.

A SONG.

I.

WHither, Oh wandring wight!
Art thou thy journey taking?
Why amidſt theſe caves and dens of wolves do'ſt (walk
As Pilgrim quite forſaken!
What is thy Countries name?
Thy Parents are they living?
What is the cauſe thou ſtray'ſt ſo far from home,
And art thus pin'd with grieving?
Why ſtill doſt thou cry, Oh my *Jeſus!* my *Jeſus!*
What is that name I trow?
I would its meaning know:
For each time that thou nam'ſt him
Thy eyes fill to the brim,
And thy heart with throbbing almoſt burſts.

II.

A ſtranger I am here,
And ſo was all my kin;
Who in tents or caves like *Hermites* here did dwell,
Such have their poor cots been.
My off-ſpring's from on high,
A beam dropt from the Sun.
I call him Father that the Heav'ns made,
And he doth call me Son.
I am a-kin to that *Jeſus!* that *Jeſus!*
Who in tears ſo long I've ſought,
That from Hell with blood me bought:

For

For through this wilderneſs he,
Bleeding ran to ſeek me;
Whom when found, to Heav'n in clouds was caught.

III.

To Heaven I ſaid he's gone,
And that's my Countries name:
Where breaths the ſweeteſt freſheſt gales of grace,
Which will augment my flame.
This Country lyes on high,
Far diſtant from my ſight:
Beyond yon hills and globes of fire that burn,
Stands a Palace wrapt in light,
Within which gilded roof dwells my Father, my (Father,
With him my Prince of Peace;
Where of glory's no decreaſe.
Where Chores of Angels ſing round,
And my breth'ren ſit Crown'd;
Who would joy to ſee me arrive at laſt.

IV.

The deſart when I've croſt,
I do expect to find
A black and diſmal grove of Cypreſs-trees,
Where doth breathe a numbing wind;
There wearied mortals reſt,
Their languid limbs lay down.
Here Crown-tired Kings and leprous beggars lie;
All a gaſping on the ground.
In th' belly of which grove there a cave lies, a cave (lies,

The Manſion-houſe of death,
Where I muſt loſe my breath;
In which black ſhades my Ghoſt muſt
ſhake off all her cold duſt,
Where do Angels wait to fetch me home.

A Spiritual Song.

YOU *Rabſhekahs* 'mong whom I dwell,
That paſs me and my cauſe to hell.
Do'nt me condemn and paſs your doom,
Till I am raiſed from my Tomb.

Gaze not upon my thread-bare skin,
Stuft with a ſlimy mud within.
Nor on the thatch upon my back,
Nor bread which I perhaps may lack.

Gaze not upon my watry eye,
Wherein a ſhow'r of tears do lye;
Nor on the clouds of looks that dim
The light of Heaven that's within.

Gaze not upon my blubber'd cheek,
Which lyes in puddles all the week;
Nor mind the throbbings of my breaſt,
Wherein I ſcarce find any reſt.

Gaze not upon my purblind mind,
That gropes in light its way to find:
Do not my words ſo ſtrictly mark;
My tongue walks ſometimes in the dark.

Gaze not upon my bleeding heart,
When God it wounds and makes to ſmart;
Or on me when you hear that I
For ſin do groan and wiſh to die.

Gaze not upon me in my race,
When ſtumbling I fall on my face:
Nor while in blood and wounds I fight
With hell, ſelf, world, till it be night.

For when my *Jeſus* once doth come,
My skin ſhall turn complexion:
My watery eye dries up and clears,
Which was beſprinkled all with tears.

My woollen thatch turns robes of light,
Whoſe Sun-ſhine dims the ſtrongeſt ſight:
My barly-bread turns Manna ſweet,
And I ſhall with the Angels eat.

My fulli'd cheeks ſhall then diſcloſe,
Their full-blown beauty in a roſe:
My Lord ſhall brood within my breaſt,
And hatch up glory in that neſt.

On this benighted mind of mine,
A ſevenfold Sun ſhall caſt its ſhine;
The morning of another day
Shall ſcatter thoſe night-fogs away.

Theſe gaping wounds my heart doth feel,
My God with balmy ſmiles ſhall heal;

He ſhall me melt in flames of love,
And ſhall this ſin and droſs remove.

The race will end which now I run,
The flowry garland will be won;
The conqueſt which I get by wounds,
Shall load my head with ſplendid crowns.

A Deſcription of Paul's *Shipwrack.* Act. xxvij.

WEll rig'd *Paul* in a various tempeſt's toſt,
Yet ne're by ſhip-wrack faith or conſcience (loſt.
When boiſt'rous winds broke from the hollow caves
Of helliſh breaſts 'gainſt *Paul*, himſelf he ſaves,
Taking occaſion by appeal to God,
To *Rome*'s great *Cæſar*, and it muſt be ſo.
Paſſing by various *Iſlands* 't length they came
To the *Fair Havens*, ſo they had their name.
But the Sun's ſpirit's ſpent, his languid cares
Shortens their work by ſhort'ning of the days,
Now the cold damps like rebel ſubjects plays
Their rackets in the skies, (a Prince though wiſe,
In age may have his ſubjects mutiniſe.)
They gather head, white round bullets form,
Wherewith they pelt us in a furious ſtorm;
Their pointed ſpears in *Icicles* they make,
Which they againſt our trembling bodies ſhake:
Then they contract winds into skins of clouds,
Which breaking like to drums they rattle loud.
Thus

Thus in a mutiny they tumults raiſe
In woods, in groves, in ſea amongſt her waves.
This grave ſage *Paul* well weighing, did adviſe
To Sea they would not ſet in any wiſe.
But the bold Captain otherwiſe inſpir'd,
The owners bad; gain had his ſpirits fir'd:
Wind, wave, or billow could not now allay
His heats, he muſt lanch out that very day.
Unty her cables, to his men doth cry,
Unpinion all her wings, and let her fly.
Thetis her ſtraight did in her mantles wrap,
And kindly ſeem'd to dandle't in her lap;
Plowing the waves, look how ſhe on doth haſte,
Like to a nimble-ſteed that is well pac't!
Or like a nimble Hind doth jump away
O're tops of hills, low dales, without all ſtay.
Thus wantonly ſhe had not poſted far,
There roſe a wind that all the ſport did mar;
Wide-jaw'd *Boreas* out his cheeks doth ſtretch,
And from his lungs a long-breath'd blaſt doth fetch;
Which beating full upon the teeming ſails,
Makes them miſcarry, ſo the journey fails.
Lank-bellied Canvas now no longer could
Help for to waft them where the Captain would:
When men deſpair, the next means ſeems the beſt,
They throw her reins, ſo wiſh the voyage bleſt.
The Ship being Maſter *Pilot* to her ſelf,
Had almoſt run them all upon a ſhelf;
A little embrio of a Ship that play'd
By the Dams-ſide, the Cock-boat was faſt lay'd;
Fear wings their hands and arms, their ſinews (ſtout,
With much ado at length they pull'd it out;
Which

Which drawing up, they laid it in the breaſt
Of her big mother, there to lye at reſt.
Juſt like the *Poſſive* when ſhe danger ſpies,
Her young in belly laps, and 'way ſhe flies.
But leſt her wieldy body which yet ſafe did ride,
Or moves, ſhould ſtick, they undergird her ſide;
At their wits ends, and almoſt of their lives,
They do unplume the Ship, and on ſhe drives,
Daring not truſt her winged as before;
Once they did truſt her, but will truſt no more.
The churliſh winds, and now the grumbling waves
They do petition, and their mercy craves.
Their ſaileleſs Ship now helpt with wind and tide,
More ſlow, yet with more jolting trots doth ride;
Like pamper'd ſteeds now great curvets doth take,
Yet no great riddance in their journey make.
Now you might ſee a billow ſtooping low
To take its burthen on its back below,
Which ſtraight with ſwift career ſhe lifts on high
With ſuch a noiſe, as if 'twould ſtorm the ſky.
The ancient *Gyants* once a war would wage
With God, 'gainſt whom a *Babel* in their rage
They rais'd; if they this way had found
By Sea, their war they'd manag'd none on ground:
But ſoon the billow with Ship both fall down,
Like horſe and rider, tumbling, ſhake the ground.
Now you would think in ſome deep pit they lay,
And that they ne're again ſhould ſee the day:
Or that the watry walls whoſe tops paſt ſight
Would have confin'd them to eternal night.
Thus in their ſwimming priſon up they're toſt,
Then down, ſo in a wood of waves they're loſt.

Thus

Thus lay the Ship a tipling night and day
Up *Neptune*'s Nectar, reeling every way;
Both ſides and ſtern, and keel do drink amain,
And out by pumps they ſpew it up again.
The Mariners to know each others minds,
With ſhouts do mingle voices with the winds;
Now under deck, now up again, they call
Now for this thing, and then for that they bawl;
Such great confuſions in their voices ſeem,
That th' Ship a *Babel* one would truly deem.
At length by ſigns they do at once agree,
T' unlade the Ship of all its trumpery;
Out fly the Trunks, the Cheſts, the Feather-beds,
The Bolſters, Pillows where they laid their heads.
Though they had boxes ſtuſt with maſſie Gold,
Or Pearls, or Diamonds, out they muſt be roll'd:
Sweet life! ſweet life! nothing is thought too brave
For to redeem thee from a loathed grave.
Thus like a ſcatter'd troop that's put to flight,
They throw down all to make themſelves more light:
Down falls the Musket, 'way the Pike is twirld;
Off goes the Scabbard, 'way the Sword is hurl'd;
Here flies their Hats, there their ſhoos do lie;
Nothing they care or fear, but leſt they die.
Or like a bird with prey, when in a fright,
Lets fall the prey, and takes her ſelf to flight.
The Ship far lighter than ſhe was before,
For one curvet ſhe now doth take a ſcore,
To the winds whiſtling ſhe doth dance apace,
Till th' briny ſweats run down her wooden face.
Yet for all this the Ship a burden feels,
That hung as clogs about her nimble heels:

The

The heedful Captain this obſerving well,
That her ſtretcht-ſide with burden yet did ſwell,
Gave in command that all the Tackling ſhould
Be thrown o're board, to ſwim where e're it would.
The wire-ſinew'd Mariners diſtreſt, with hands
Hard'ned to ſteel, obey their Roy's commands.
This anchor ſome, and that do others heave,
And all their anchors in the Sea they leave:
Some on the Tarry-cables hands do faſten,
And through the Port-holes do with ſpeed them (haſten.
One cuts the Tackling, others th' Maſts do mow,
And them with ſail-yards in the Sea they throw.
Fourteen long tedious nights, as many days,
Nor Sun, nor Stars, did yield them any rays;
Black reaking ſmokes from th' boiling Seas did riſe,
Which the bright Heavens with ſad ſables dyes:
Thoſe damping vapors that in fleeces flew,
Made the skies flaming tapers burn but blew;
Juſt as where ſcalding liquors fume I've been,
Candles go out, and nothing can be ſeen.
In this black dungeon, hark! the Pris'ners cry,
Who now on heaps, and now aſunder lye
As the Ship toſt them; ſome like ſtatues ſtand,
As pale as thoſe carv'd by the Artiſts hand:
Others with drooping heads and arms a croſt,
Bewail their Gold and Silver they have loſt.
Fool that I was! I could not be content
To ſtay at home with that which God had ſent:
Others their raſhneſs, that they dar'd to venture
Their lives with Seas thus in the depth of winter.
But Divine *Paul* did nothing thus complain,
Knowing ſuch ſpeeches were but fondly vain;

He

He wing'd his prayers, and out the ark he ſent
This winged *Dove*' fore, whom the clouds did rent,
And gave her way, 't length to th' Mercy-throne
She came and light, and there did vent a groan;
When all-eyed mercy there her once did ſpy,
He gave an Olive-branch, and bad her hie
Home to her Maſter, bid her ſpeak him peace,
That out of priſon he would all releaſe:
But that in chief his ſervant *Paul* ſhould know,
Before great *Cæſar* he's reſerv'd to go.
The *Dove* returning, o're his breaſt did hover,
And there this meſſage to him did diſcover:
Good news received, *Paul* he doth impart
It to them all, which did revive each heart.
Courage my friends! the God of Wind hath ſaid
He will deliver, be not you afraid;
Fear not the wide mouth'd yawnings of the deep,
It ſha'nt you ſwallow, for he will you keep:
We have long faſted, fill'd with grief ye know,
Eat ſomewhat now, then take the reſt and throw
To th' greedy Ocean, whoſe hot ſtomack may
Concoct, digeſt the reſt without delay.
With much ado, each down he gets a bit,
Standing or tumbling, none could hardly ſit:
Beſides, their fears and unbelief together
Spoke in their ſtomacks, 'twas but windy weather;
A poor ſmall morſel ſerv'd, as little beer,
A little ſerves the ſtomack fill'd with fear.
Some joy they had, in that they did diſcover,
That near ſome *Iſland* their toſt-Ship did hover;
Some anxiouſly lookt on the little boat,
And wiſht with all their hearts it were afloat;

Hoping

Hoping thereby their dying lives to ſave :
But that told, it would but prove their grave.
At length they all content themſelves to ſtay,
Longingly waiting when it would be day.
Time paid their waitings, night-ſhades did begin
To fleet away, while the thick fogs grew thin ;
The huge black raven of the blackeſt night
Draws up her wings, and yieldeth to the light ;
Great *Holypheer* awaking, lent his eye,
By which a creek and ſhore they did eſpy :
Weary of waters, thither they would fain
Have thruſt their Ship, to leave the cruel Main ;
One plies the rudder, others anchors tug,
Which with main force they into Ship do hug ;
Others hoiſt up their titter'd-tatter'd ſails,
Strugling for ſhore, yet all their labour fails.
Two Seas had meeting ſtrugled thereabout,
Which in contention and a furious rout,
Caſting up gravel at each others face,
Had piled a huge mount upon that place ;
Thither their Ship they fearleſs drew in haſt,
Which ran a ground, and in her keel ſtuck faſt :
One part did ſwim, another ſands ſtuck in,
And ſo another conteſt did begin.
Both land and water doth a little plead
Whoſe is the Ship, they neither are agreed ;
One ſays ſhe's mine, th' other doth deny,
And ſo the wrangling conteſt doth grow high :
Neptune pleads title from the end ſhe's made,
And that her back doth fit his back he ſaid :
But the Land ſays th' materials are hiſn,
But one to th' other would not yield to liſſen ;

They

They both conclude no longer to contend,
But by main force the hot diſpute to end:
One tugs behind, the other holds before,
And ne'r left tugging till they had her tore;
One ſnatcht a rib, th' other held the skin;
One broke a piece without, th' other one within.
Th' trembling Paſſengers this fray did ſee,
They did conclude on either ſide to be;
They court the waves for parcels of her prey,
And o're thoſe planks their ſhiv'ring bodies lay,
Making for land as faſt as they could carry,
Which if they toucht, would kiſs, and ever tarry.

A Sinners unregenerate inside turn'd outside: Or the language of the Kingdom of Darkneſs.

SUrely the fool hath ſaid,
'Twas not God the Heav'ns made,
If he be, he muſt be blind,
That our actions cannot mind;
Whether we do ill or well,
He in Heav'n cannot tell.
When one dies, who doth know
Whither doth his ſpirit go?
Heavens glory is a toy,
So are all the tales of joy.
Hell is but a childs bug-bear,
Only ſilly fools can ſcare.
Him I count a fool that ſaith,
I do live a life of faith.
He talks idly that doth ſay,
I got bread by pray'r to day:
Thou maiſt have as full a purſe,
Whether pray, or whether curſe:
He ſhall prove the richeſt man
That both cheat and cozen can.

But thou blind fool! if Heaven and Hell prove true,
Thou theſe black ſpeeches ſhalt moſt ſadly rue.
How if they do? thou blinded muffled buzzard,
Thou art a fool ſuch weighty things to hazard.

Grace

Grace is but a fancied dream,
Nothing, yet doth ſomething ſeem,
A conceit of melancholy,
There is nothing that is holy.
Drunkards do more joys inherit
Than thoſe that do pray by the Spirit.
I am proud, and that's a ſin,
I will then be proud again:
I do ſwell in oſtentation,
That is my ſweet recreation.
I ambitious am of place,
That I count my ſweeteſt grace.
But contentious I am,
I have always lov'd the ſame.
I a hater am of men,
I profeſs it, well what then?
I ſpeak to mens faces fair,
When for them I do not care.
He that takes from me a pin,
To ſtrive to hang him is no ſin.
Thoſe that the world above me prize,
I will ſpatter them with lyes.
If an action I do well,
I love thoſe that will me tell;
It doth much delight my ſoul,
When I hear my neighbours ſcowl.
It my joy doth much enhance
To put my friends at variance.
I matter not who th' loſer be,
So the gain doth come to me.
So much for my Father care,
That I wiſh in Heav'n he were:
For I think his money can
When he's dead make me a man.

Yet what were this mother of ruſt,
If it w'ant to ſerve my luſt.
If the Harlot doth command,
It commandeth Sea and Land,
Spreads my table, fills my pot,
Then deſtroyeth all the ſhot.
If a God I would adore,
Gold 't ſhould be to pay my ſcore.
Fidlers, Tapſters company,
Love I more then th' Pageantry
Of the holy brotherhood,
And I think my judgment's good.

This talking beaſt, what he doth plainly utter,
Sinner! but think thy heart doth only mutter.
The foul beaſt that I deſcribe:
Is of the Pharontick *tribe,*
Where the Babylonian *King*
Grazed, we muſt put him in:
Let them lye out both together,
Both expos'd to wind and weather;
Let them in the fields abide,
While night-dews do wet their hide:
When they do lament their ſin,
Turn them into men again.

The Rout. Demetrius, Act. 19. 23, &c.

HEroick *Paul*, in this thy ſoul was brave,
That wouldſt a Crown though gotten by the
Undaunted ſpirit! that could face a King, (grave!
And count great *Cæſar* but a common thing;
Could'ſt ſpeak thy meſſage with a ſtately grace,
In all things acted as became thy place. (ſtands;
God's ſpokes-man ſhould be ſtout, where e're he
When 'tis to utter what his God commands.
If God to *Athens* will with meſſage ſend,
He dare with wiſe men there for God contend.
Their Temples, Golden altars, gods, and all
Their Goddeſſes he vanities dare call.
Some him deride, but others what he ſaid,
Take him an Oracle, and's word obey'd.
Among the people hence diviſions came,
All do each others gods contend to ſhame;
Some cry for crutches for their gods of wood,
And ſay, they're neither wiſe, nor juſt, nor good:
Room in the hoſpital! Oh let them come,
Your gods are blind, lame, ſenſeleſs, deaf and dumb.
What is *Diana* but a lump of Gold?
'Way with her Shrines that ev'ry where are ſold.
The Silver and the Copper-ſmiths did hear
Theſe upſtart Heretiçks with no ſmall fear:
The One 'mong the reſt, *Demetrius* by name,
Unto his brethren he in fury came;
A man of upright ſtature as I gueſs,
But five foot high, I judg, no more nor leſs;

Of a pale face, and of a long ſtretcht noſe,
Yet of a ſprightful eye, as I ſuppoſe.
The laſt activity, th' other envy notes,
But the long ſnout one that on money dotes.
And if you'l add the tufts of hair that lye
About his lips of a deep carrot-die.
The end of 's whiskers ſinically 'roſe
Up ſtraight t' guard his promontorial noſe.
His garments ſuch that *Greek*-wiſe ſwept the (ground,
With a muff-cap hanging on ſide his crown.
Thus with grave countenance, as it was fit,
He fetcht a hum, and then moſt gravely ſpit,
Nodding his head on one ſide, then on t'other,
He thus began to ſpeak unto each brother:
Genteels, you know, *Epheſians* were your Sires,
And that you had your breeding 'mong the fires;
Your ſp'rits ſhould be warm, to ſee th' foundation
Of your divine and noble occupation
Race't to the ground; do you not all well know,
If this Sect do encreaſe, it will be ſo?
If that *Diana* men no Goddeſs take,
No man her ſhrine will buy, which we do make:
That ſhe a Goddeſs be, is it not fit?
When we by her our wealth and ſubſtance get.
Did not our anceſtors her e're adore?
Muſt ſhe be chang'd for gods ne'r known before!
Doth not all *Aſia* and the world allow
That ſhe be worſhipt, and before her bow?
That her rich Temple (is it not much pity!)
Should now at length be ſlighted by this City!
Now brave *Epheſian* Copperſmiths, I call
You ſuch, that you prevent your Goddeſs fall.
Shall

Shall this one fellow with his witleſs crown,
Be let to turn the great world upſide down!
The only feeble argument that he
Doth urge to us, is that no Deity
Is made by hands of man; you ſee
How he brings hither new Philoſophy:
I am no Sophy, yet an anſwer I
Will give to this poor ſilly fallacy.
Diana is a Deity you know,
And mans hands made her, tell me, i'nt it ſo?
Ergo, he lies: But yet he further ſings,
Can any make them that have made all things?
To this I anſwer him, I never yet
Studied the point. But I will never let
My Goddeſs and my trade go down together;
But right or wrong, I do not much care whether.
That you are of the very ſelf-ſame mind,
I hope this day by your warm zeal to find.
When this long ſpeech he ſweetly forth had ſtut-
(ter'd,
He paus'd, then made a ſtop, then no more utter'd.
Theſe things thus ſpoken by *Demetrius*,
Great is *Diana* of brave *Epheſus*;
They all with one continued voice did ſhout,
Throw down their hammers, ſo they all run out.
Tuck up their aprons, and do ſhrug the ſhoulder,
Run from their Maſters, whither, never told her:
Throwing their arms, and moving legs apace,
All ſeem'd as if they were to run a race; (yellow;
With red-coats, blew-coats, and add to them
The ſtreets do ſwarm, and each the other follow.
Some with fall'n ſtockings, others with one ſhoo,
Yet all reſolve the race to hobble through;

One up *Diana* ſhouted; th' other cries,
Down with all Taxes and Monopolies.
A third with loud and fearful far-fetcht Oaths
Curſed the Senators as th' publick foes.
A fourth ſteps out, asking what all this meant?
'Twas ſaid, becauſe a good mans cloak was rent.
Others more gravely would the cauſe unfold,
Telling demurely that two women ſcold,
Began the fray; that firſt by words, then blows,
They pull'd and tugg'd, and nimbly in they cloſe;
Down they both fell: to whom a ſtander-by
Said, it was no ſuch matter, he did lye.
He would have told his ſtory, but the rout
All on a ſudden up the ſtreets they ſcout,
Yelping and yawling what each thought the beſt,
Though all did ſtrangely differ from the reſt.
As they were running, 't happen'd that a Lad
In a black ſhirt, and a long apron clad;
I gueſt him Prentice to ſome Copperſmith:
In galloping his legs being tangled with
His longer apron, which did hang before him,
Tript up his heels, another ſtraight fell o're him;
A third o're him, and ſo in heaps they lay;
All chang'd their notes to cry, Oh ſtay! ſtay! ſtay!
My arm! my leg! another, Oh my thigh!
You are too heavy on my back that lie.
Oh where's my ſhoo's? you-ſir have torn my ſhirt.
Another, You-ſir 'twas that did me hurt.
Oh where's my cap? look there in kennel 'tis:
Oh that's not mine, but that Fur'd cap is his.
As they got up one crys unto the other,
I prithee take thy knife and ſcrape me, brother.

One toting fellow, ſtreet-yarn oft that reels,
Came crawling out with breeches 'bout his heels;
When the reſt ſaw that pitiful diſaſter,
They held their ſides, and fell to a loud laughter;
This ſtopt the rout a while in their ſwift race,
But up they get, away they run apace.
Now up their throats they raiſe, and do begin
Agen to fill the City with a din.
For two hours time this mad rout thus did hold,
Till that the Town-Clark came and it controul'd,
Telling *Demetrius* and the reſt, that they
To right all wrongs by juſtice had their way;
And that their foul fault to ſuch height did mount,
Of which he's ſure they could give no account:
So he diſmiſt them, and they went their way,
Moſt knowing not for what they met that day.

The FLINT.

THey ſay my ſoul's a Flint,
My thoughts are ſparks of reaſon,
Which her ſmall cells do ſtint
Unto an atoms priſon.

They ſay this fire's divine
That from this flint doth flow,
Which will our eyes refine,
And God and nature ſhow.

This moſt myſterious flame
I did deſire to know;
I to this flint ſtraight came,
To ſee if it were ſo.

For heat I grope't about,
The Priſon-walls felt cold,
Then I began to doubt
The truth of what was told.

At length I did begin
Their gates with ſtrokes to ſhake,
I found then fire within;
For th' priſon-doors I brake.

I ſtruck agen and place't
My breaſt, the tinder-box
Under which ſoon embrace't
The fire that fell with knocks.

The candle of the Lord
I then took up to light,
Which flame it did afford
That it did burn out bright.

On this pure ſtream of flame
Mine eye row'd to and fro,
And at the length I came
Of fuel within to know.

Within my breaſt I found
Loves taper without fire,
I ſoon with beams it crown'd,
So now my flame grew higher.

O what a warmth I felt!
Each pow'r about did glow,
My ſoul began to melt,
And round my body flow.

Lord! cri'd I, what a bliſs!
What laviſh glory's this,
We feel when thou doſt ſhake,
And doſt our hearts to fitters break!

A Divine SONG.

I.

COME, O ye winged Angels from above,
Can you not tell me news of him I love!
Where he aſcended
When the Clouds him took,
And wafted him
Beyond what we could look?
Did he not paſs the Sun, and pierce the sky!
Tell me:
Tell me:
For it's the ſame that here did die.

II.

What did he when within your gates he came?
Did he ſtrip off his rags, or wear the ſame?
Yea, but much mended:
Each jag glory wore:
They are the ſame;
But brighter than before.
That very torn fleſh now wears Majeſty:
And ſhall,
And ſhall,
When time yields to eternity.

III.

Go ſearch the Thrones, and tell me where's his (place;
You may him know by th' ſhinings of his face.

Is'nt

Is'nt he ſet higher
Then all your degrees
Of Seraphims,
Or Cherubs, if you pleaſe?
Doth not his brightneſs
Put your glory out?
And you,
And you,
Fall down to worſhip round about.

IV.

Can you inform me what's his buſineſs there?
Whether of us he taketh any care?
Doth there burn incenſe?
Are perfumes there ſweet?
Are there the prayers
Which we lay at his feet?
Doth he accept them? and his Father too?
Tell me,
Tell me,
But nought but what you know is true.

V.

You flaming fires that attend his will,
Can you inform how long 'twill be until
The winged winds ſhall
Bring their Royal load?
Or how long he
Will make with you his 'bode?
Are you preparing clouds whereon to ride?

Oh when,
Oh when,
Will you come flaming by his ſide?

VI.

If you him ſee, pray tell, his longing bride
Begs that he comes, the world his ſtay deride:
We groan for freedom,
Their ſins vengeance cries:
Since we are fit,
O will the Lord ariſe?
Will he come crown us, and the wicked burn,
Or ſtay,
Or ſtay,
Till more ſtray-ſouls unto him turn?

VII.

If that's his meaning, tell him then that we
Wait ſtill believing, and will patient be.
We know he will not
Quite forget us here:
We are belov'd,
Which will at length appear.
Let him but purge us, ſcowr off our ruſt,
And then,
And then
Let him but haſte us to the duſt.

A

A wounded Conſcience.

I.

CHide, chide no longer, I do ſmart,
Thy words, my Soveraign! they are keen,
They plow deep furrows in my heart,
And ſcatter ſeeds of wrath between.
Oh! what an harveſt is here like to be!
Thou maiſt reap glory, but I miſery.

II.

My ſin is poyſon rank enough:
Do not with it thine anger blend,
If thou wilt force me drink it up,
It will it ſelf work out my end.
If thou would'ſt have me die, thou need'ſt not go
But to my Conſcience, whence doth venom flow.

III.

If thou intendeſt to torment,
Thou need'ſt not ſend me down to hell;
Keep thou but up an angry look,
It's pain enough where e're I dwell.
Where thy beams ſhine not, but keen angers flame,
Muſt make hell-torment, or a pain wants name.

IV. Guns,

IV.

Guns, fire, nor ſword, doth Soldier fright;
The Mariner laughs in a ſtorm;
The Shepherd fearleſs is by night,
The Martyr counts his fire but warm.
If thou but caſt'ſt a frown, my ſpirits fail,
My heart it panteth, and my looks wax pale.

V.

Though my Spirit doth rocky ſeem,
If thou in anger doſt it ſmite,
It guſheth forth in briny ſtream,
That even ſuffocates my light.
Thy frowns may well cauſe dews in flinty mind,
When at thy blows hard marble tears can find.

A Petition for a proſpect of Immortalities.

HUmbly, my God! I beg of thee I might
Diſcharg'd a while from priſon take my flight
Into thoſe regions where I may converſe
With naked *Spirits*; let my conceptions dreſs,
Sit cloſe and comely to each thing, that I
With a clean mind ſhall venture to deſcry;
While Earths dull off ſpring, children of the night,
To coop their thoughts in ſhades of *ſenſe* delight:
While Owls and Bats are flut'ring with their wings
About this groſs dark world for *earthly* things.
Oh! let me ſnatch a glimpſe of that *above*,
And ſteal a glance of thee, thou God of love!
Why is my half a *ſpirit*, if that I
May not converſe with *Spirits* till I die?
May I converſe with *thee*, thou dazling Sun!
Father of Spirits, why not, when I've done,
May not I look upon the *Stars* and take
A view of their leſs brightneſs? while I 'wake
Why ſhould my Taper ſweal away for nought,
But me to gaze on things ſcarce worth a thought?
Scarce worth a thought, if but compar'd to *thee*,
And that retinue that in Heaven be.
O charge me not of niceneſs that I fain
Of *other* worlds would ſome ſmall knowledg gain.
Paſs me not home, if thou a *Pilgrim* find
Me in my travels, alas! my wearied *mind*
Is tir'd *with this world*; this muddy ſmoke
From Earth doth ev'n my languid *ſpirits* choak:

Let

Let me but take a little air, that I
May be refreſht, then home again I'le hie.
I do conceive a vaſt extended *Sphere*,
Farther above the Stars than we are here
Repleat with matter; ſome thick, ſome thin and (light,
In which are bodies, ſome opake and bright,
Tumbling about; ſo doth our earth where we
As on a float ſwim round the world we ſee.
In th' center of which orb, as in a Throne,
Sits the adored *Triad* all alone,
Shooting their Omnipreſent beams about,
Filling the Sphere within, and ſpace without:
Without I dare not ſay, they idle are,
For God is pleas'd not only here but there,
Yet we are ſure throughout this golden ring
His beams have been fæcund in ev'ry thing.
And do continue ehearing as a Hen
Her Chicks does nouriſh in her feather'd den;
But their *productions* vary, ſome opake,
That eyes may ſee, noſe ſmell, and hands may take;
Others ſo fine, ſo rare, that no ſenſe can
Grope out a touch; ſuch is the *ſp'rit* in man.
Such are the *Angels*, ſpirits more refin'd
From earthly tincture than the humane mind.
Such that no razor, knife, or ſword can wound.
Where was the carcaſs of an Angel found?
As glaſſie Sciſſers would clip off a ray,
Juſt ſo keen ſteel may cut a *ſpirit* in tway.
Spirits through ſteel can freelier paſs than light,
Can through that Sciſſer that it takes its flight.
In fire they burn not, having no fleſh to fry,
Where did you ſee an *Angel* Martyr die?

They sport about the belly of the deep,
And yet their sides no briny tears do weep.
Just as I've seen the *Sun* pass through her beams,
And pierce the bosom of clear crystal streams,
Yet have they liv'd unquench'd, nor have they
Moistned with th' cold dampy parts within. (been
Cast them in pits, ram them up fast with earth,
From these dark wombs they'l find a pass for birth.
Clap them in dungeons, lock them up in chest,
Stop up each chink, or cranny, you had best:
Yet that is vain, through brazen walls they'l pass
As easie as a Sun-beam through a glass.
Thus when proud *Pharoah* scorn'd his sail to strike
To th' Crown of Heaven, proudly did dislike
To own an equal; God his warrant gave
To bring th' *Egyptians* first-born to the grave.
In th' dead of night when all their doors were fast,
Fast lockt and bolted, through his *Angel*'s past,
Stifles them round, no bars, bolts, doors could keep
The infant safe in th' mothers arms asleep.
Thus when sweet slumber seiz'd the pris'ners eyes,
Whilst *Peter* twixt two Soldiers sleeping lies,
Closely confin'd within close prison walls,
Angels whip in, and up the pris'ner calls,
Opens the doors, sets free the shackled man;
Thus walls, doors, windows, penetrate they can,
Amazing Natures! somewhere you exist,
Now here, now there, yea where so e're you list;
Yet in no place, no circumscribing air
Can fit you with a garb that you can wear:
Your spungy parts sometimes so puff and swell,
That what wo'ld shroud a mountain, can't you well,
Again you bend and fold up every joint
Into the compass of a Needles point:
Like to the candle-beams that can shift,

Yet can again themselves so closely croud,
That in dark lanthorn they themselves can shrowd.
Or like a silken robe we can command,
Into the hollow of a Ladies hand:
Yet long and wide enough to cover o're
The body of that she I nam'd before:
Or take a shadow from another thing,
The glove that [illegible] hand can pass my ring.
Witness the various *Spectres* that have been
The sport and maygame of the Magick sin:
Sometimes they flirt and caper here and there
In shapes of flies about the flexile air:
Then shifting coats, they make a Mouses skin
The utmost confines of their room within;
Dislodging thence, the next-made randevow
Is in a figur'd *Hog*, a wanton *Goat*, or *Cow*:
Or else that *spirit* within a Fly contract,
Can the dimension of *Giant* act,
And turn a weavers-beam about the sky,
As nimbly as it did the wings of th' fly.
Speak *Holy Pen-man!* how many *spirits* can
Crowd in the body of one living man:
More than *six thousand* as his name doth tell,
Being called *Legion*; that sum's known full well.
Thus they contract and squeeze themselves together,
Thus they dilate and spread I know not whither.
Now for *self-motion* to them propriate,
My winged quill doth fly to explicate.
Source of all action! and the genuine spring
Of motion lodg'd in th' center of each thing!
Matter's too dull, too lumpish for to raise
It self, or stir. When I with wonder gaze
On th' foaming Planets, that do swiftly fly,
Prancing their rounds on th' pavement of the sky.

My thoughts do riſe, and inly ask my mind,
Whence is that motion that outſtrips the wind?
When I a ſtone, mountain, or rock behold,
I find them to all motion ſtark and cold.
Yet have they limbs as able for to move
As *Luna*, *Mars*, or elſe triumphant *Jove*.
Whence ſhould it come? ſurely it cannot be
That from themſelves comes that ability:
Then from ſome other 't muſt, but tell what is't?
Not other matter; that h'as little liſt
To move as they; what then may we it call?
What is the ſpring, or the original
Of all this ſwiftneſs? ſure it was ſome *ſp'rite*,
That put this world *firſt* in this moving plight.
Caſting mine eye now downward, I behold
Mine animate fleſh, ſtrange motions t' infold.
Whence ſo ſpontaneouſly have I the skill,
To move my flexile members where I will?
Whence move my ſinews, muſcles? I command
My joints to bend, and then again to ſtand.
Is't from my ſpirits that in purple-flood
Now ebbs, now flows in them as they think good?
But what moves them? is it from Chance, or is't
From deep conſults? Or tell me do they wiſt
What they are doing? By Chance! fain I'de know
Why only when I need them, they do flow? (know
Is chance ſo conſtant? can it their forces bend,
And ſtedily direct to th' thing I intend?
The *Clock* may well count th' hours of the day;
But can I think that ſturdy iron may
Direct it ſelf? or elſe by chance may ſtrike
This hour *one*, next *two*? our caſe is like.
When I believe I run, when I do ſet;
That water dries, and the fire it is wet;
That with mine *eyes* I hear, or with my *Toes*
I ſee, and that my taſte lies in my noſe;

Then I'le conceive that leſs than a *ſp'rite* can
Point out the motion that I ſee in man.
But how can that which is without extenſion,
As *ſpirits* are, perform the thing I mention?
Having no parts but ſuch are penetrable,
How to unite with *matter* are they able?
How can they thruſt or force dull matter on,
And yet themſelves want *parts* to faſten 'pon
The *parts* they move! who can then this avouch,
That *this* move *that*, yet neither of them touch?
Anſwer me this, and I will that, What ſight
So pierceth, that ſees *matter* to unite
With *matter*? how do they cleave together,
That hammers, chiſſels, axes, cannot ſever?
How do they *faſten*? is't by certain glew?
But that hath *parts*. What then? why fain I knew.
Is't from their reſt or ſtillneſs as they lie?
Why doth not then each ſtick or ſtone faſt tye
It ſelf to th' ground, when there it's caſt?
Would not all things incruſtate hard at laſt?
Should not we need a Chiſſel for to pick
Up what with eaſe we take, be't ſtone or ſtick?
Yet this we know that *parts* of bodies bind
And tye themſelves moſt faſt, and yet our mind
Spies not the *manner* how: what if then
Union of *ſp'rits* to *body*'s hard to men?
Oh! my brains ſweat ſome gentle breathing wind
Of finer fancies, chear up a tir'd mind!
Polliſh this rug'd diſcourſe, make it ſo bright,
That it may ſparkle in the darkeſt night.
I know no motion but from *ſp'rits* ariſe,
And moſtly from their preſence lives or dies:
The wheels of Heav'n now working, we'd ſeen ſtand
If not been turn'd *firſt* by th' *Almighty*'s hand.
What is't that hoiſts the feather'd ſails of *birds*,
And nimbly wafts them through the airy floods?

What rudder turns thoſe Pinnaces around,
Steers them now upwards, then ſlopes to the (ground?
What can it be that ſports and plays within
The center of the *ſcaly peoples* skin,
With bended tails, when they do skip above
Their glaſſie ceilings that they moſtly love?
The *Fox*, *Horſe*, *Hare*, and *Greyhound*, ſee them run,
Obſerve their jerks how they proceed and turn:
Tell me if ſluggiſh *matter* could produce,
Such pretty freaks, or any purple ſluce
Of blood that opens, and now ſhuts again,
Could make theſe *machins* poſt the way amain
O're hedg and ditch, buſhes of briar and thorn,
And mend their pace by ſwitch or wind of horn?
Tell me in *July* it doth fiercely freez,
I will believe't as ſoon as I can theſe.
Yet more prodigious motions I can tell,
Acted by *ſp'rits* on matter ſprung from Hell.
A cloud is ſeen by many to ariſe
Out of a pit by which a *Beldam* lies,
Stirring her urine, thence doth darkneſs fleet,
Baffling the light, making the day retreat;
Clouds in the air ingender, double charge
Themſelves with *thunder*, then themſelves enlarge
In ſheets of flame, thence follow winds
That ſtrike amazement to the hearers minds.
What ſhall I ſay of *Wizards* that are whirl'd,
In cloudy chariots round the airy world;
What of *Amantius* and *Rotarius* ſet
Perched on tops of Oaks bemir'd and wet,
Whence in a trice from out the ſhepherds ſight;
A wind them ſnatches, and then take their flight,
Like two *cock-ſparrows* 't length were ſeen to hop
Upon a towring lofty houſes top,

One trembling, th' other laughing bid him cheer,
It was as ſafe to be in th' air as there.
Thus was *Mag. Warrin* hackned on the back
Of ſome foul *Fien* that made the *welkin* crack
With ſtorms and *tempeſts*, as he her did rear
Aloft jolting along, yet void of fear,
Lighting at laſt on th' top of a tall oak,
Was ſeen condemn'd, and in a rope did choak.
Wondrous! is't eaſie, tell me, to conceive,
That *air* ſhould thus condenſe it ſelf, then heave
Such weighty bodies upward, or bare words,
Or ceremonious charms make them as birds
To courſe about the air? ma'n't we with eaſe
Rather imagin *ſp'rits* t' produce all theſe?
Strike ſail *my muſe!* thou 'rt now in ſight of ſhore,
Laden with traffick hath inricht me more
Than *Indian* voyage, knowledg of *ſp'rits* to me
Is far more ſweet than *Arab* ſpices be.
They may embalm the body, what care I?
Let body rot and *ſtink*, my *ſoul* can't die.
Spirits are all *immortal*, ſo's my *ſoul*,
It cannot waſt nor die: Bells they may toul
Their *mortal* knells for Bodies, but I have
What the *Father of Sp'rits* alive will ſave.
Welcome ye *Angels* then, 'tis for your ſake
That I in part this tedious voyage make;
My undiſturbed reaſon free from doubt,
Spirits hath ſeen in fleſh, and ſome without.
Lord! when this *priſon* falls, and I am free,
Let me i'th' number of *juſt ſpirits be.*

FINIS.

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WADSWORTH's Remains:

BEING A

COLLECTION

Of some few

MEDITATIONS

With respect to the

LORDS-SUPPER.

Three Pious LETTERS when a young Student at *Cambridg*.

Two Practical SERMONS, much desired by the Hearers.

Several Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations.

By that late Eminent Minister of the Gospel, Mr. *THOMAS WADSWORTH.*

With a PREFACE containing several Remarkables of his Holy LIFE and DEATH, from his own Note-book, and those that knew him best.

Heb. 13. 7. *Remember them which have the rule over you,* [or are the guides to you] *who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.*

Aliud est locis communibus laudare defunctum; aliud defuncti proprias narrare virtutes. *Hieronimus in vitâ Hilarionis.*

LONDON, Printed for *Tho. Parkhurst* at the *Bible* and *Three Crowns* in *Cheapside* near *Mercers-Chappel,* 1680.

A Sinners unregenerate inſide turn'd outſide: Or the language of the Kingdom of Darkneſs.

SUrely the fool hath ſaid,
'Twas not God the Heav'ns made,
If he be, he muſt be blind,
That our actions cannot mind;
Whether we do ill or well,
He in Heav'n cannot tell.
When one dies, who doth know
VVhither doth his ſpirit go?
Heavens glory is a toy,
So are all the tales of joy.
Hell is but a childs bug-bear,
Only ſilly fools can ſcare.
Him I count a fool that ſaith,
I do live a life of faith.
He talks idly that doth ſay,
I got bread by pray'r to day:
Thou maiſt have as full a purſe,
VVhether pray, or whether curſe:
He ſhall prove the richeſt man
That both cheat and cozen can.

But thou blind fool! if Heaven and Hell prove true,
Thou theſe black ſpeeches ſhalt moſt ſadly rue.
How if they do? thou blinded muffled buzzard,
Thou art a fool ſuch weighty things to hazard.

Grace

Grace is but a fancied dream,
Nothing, yet doth ſomething ſeem,
A conceit of melancholy,
There is nothing that is holy.
Drunkards do more joys inherit
Than thoſe that do pray by the Spirit.
I am proud, and that's a ſin,
I will then be proud again:
I do ſwell in oſtentation,
That is my ſweet recreation.
I ambitious am of place,
That I count my ſweeteſt grace.
But contentious I am,
I have always lov'd the ſame.
I a hater am of men,
I profeſs it, well what then?
I ſpeak to mens faces fair,
When for them I do not care.
He that takes from me a pin,
To ſtrive to hang him is no ſin.
Thoſe that the world above me prize,
I will ſpatter them with lyes.
If an action I do well,
I love thoſe that will me tell;
It doth much delight my ſoul,
When I hear my neighbours ſcowl.
It my joy doth much enhance
To put my friends at variance.
I matter not who th' loſer be,
So the gain doth come to me.
So much for my Father care,
That I wiſh in Heav'n he were:
For I think his money can
When he's dead make me a man.

Yet what were this mother of ruſt,
If it w'ant to ſerve my luſt.
If the Harlot doth command,
It commandeth Sea and Land,
Spreads my table, fills my pot,
Then deſtroyeth all the ſhot.
If a God I would adore,
Gold 't ſhould be to pay my ſcore.
Fidlers, Tapſters company,
Love I more then th' Pageantry
Of the holy brotherhood,
And I think my judgment's good.

This talking beaſt, what he doth plainly utter,
Sinner! but think thy heart doth only mutter.
The foul beaſt that I deſcribe:
Is of the Pharontick *tribe,*
Where the Babylonian *King*
Grazed, we muſt put him in:
Let them lye out both together,
Both expos'd to wind and weather;
Let them in the fields abide,
While night-dews do wet their hide:
When they do lament their ſin,
Turn them into men again.

The Rout. Demetrius, Act. 19. 23, &c.

HEroick *Paul*, in this thy ſoul was brave,
That wouldſt a Crown though gotten by the
Undaunted ſpirit! that could face a King, (grave!
And count great *Cæſar* but a common thing;
Could'ſt ſpeak thy meſſage with a ſtately grace,
In all things acted as became thy place. (ſtands,
God's ſpokes-man ſhould be ſtout, where e're he
When 'tis to utter what his God commands.
If God to *Athens* will with meſſage ſend,
He dare with wiſe men there for God contend.
Their Temples, Golden altars, gods, and all
Their Goddeſſes he vanities dare call.
Some him deride, but others what he ſaid,
Take him an Oracle, and's word obey'd.
Among the people hence diviſions came,
All do each others gods contend to ſhame;
Some cry for crutches for their gods of wood,
And ſay, they're neither wiſe, nor juſt, nor good:
Room in the hoſpital! Oh let them come,
Your gods are blind, lame, ſenſeleſs, deaf and dumb.
What is *Diana* but a lump of Gold?
'Way with her Shrines that ev'ry where are ſold.
The Silver and the Copper-ſmiths did hear
Theſe upſtart Hereticks with no ſmall fear:
One 'mong the reſt, *Demetrius* by name,
Unto his brethren he in fury came;
A man of upright ſtature as I gueſs,
But five foot high, I judg, no more nor leſs;

Of a pale face, and of a long ſtretcht noſe,
Yet of a ſprightful eye, as I ſuppoſe.
The laſt activity, th' other envy notes,
But the long ſnout one that on money dotes.
And if you'l add the tufts of hair that lye
About his lips of a deep carrot-die.
The end of 's whiskers ſinically 'roſe
Up ſtraight t' guard his promontorial noſe.
His garments ſuch that *Greek*-wiſe ſwept the (ground,
With a muff-cap hanging on ſide his crown.
Thus with grave countenance, as it was fit,
He fetcht a hum, and then moſt gravely ſpit,
Nodding his head on one ſide, then on t' other,
He thus began to ſpeak unto each brother:
Genteels, you know, *Epheſians* were your Sires,
And that you had your breeding 'mong the fires;
Your ſp'rits ſhould be warm, to ſee th' foundation
Of your divine and noble occupation
Race't to the ground; do you not all well know,
If this Sect do encreaſe, it will be ſo?
If that *Diana* men no Goddeſs take,
No man her ſhrine will buy, which we do make:
That ſhe a Goddeſs be, is it not fit?
When we by her our wealth and ſubſtance get.
Did not our anceſtors her e're adore?
Muſt ſhe be chang'd for gods ne'r known before!
Doth not all *Aſia* and the world allow
That ſhe be worſhipt, and before her bow?
That her rich Temple (is it not much pity!)
Should now at length be ſlighted by this City!
Now brave *Epheſian* Copperſmiths, I call
You ſuch, that you prevent your Goddeſs fall.

Shall

Shall this one fellow with his witleſs crown,
Be let to turn the great world upſide down!
The only feeble argument that he
Doth urge to us, is that no Deity
Is made by hands of man; you ſee
How he brings hither new Philoſophy:
I am no Sophy, yet an anſwer I
Will give to this poor ſilly fallacy.
Diana is a Deity you know,
And mans hands made her, tell me, i'nt it ſo?
Ergo, he lies: But yet he further ſings,
Can any make them that have made all things?
To this I anſwer him, I never yet
Studied the point. But I will never let
My Goddeſs and my trade go down together;
But right or wrong, I do not much care whether.
That you are of the very ſelf-ſame mind,
I hope this day by your warm zeal to find.
When this long ſpeech he ſweetly forth had ſtut-
(ter'd,
He paus'd, then made a ſtop, then no more utter'd.
Theſe things thus ſpoken by *Demetrius*,
Great is *Diana* of brave *Epheſus*;
They all with one continued voice did ſhout,
Throw down their hammers, ſo they all run out.
Tuck up their aprons, and do ſhrug the ſhoulder,
Run from their Maſters, whither, never told her:
Throwing their arms, and moving legs apace,
All ſeem'd as if they were to run a race; (yellow;
With red-coats, blew-coats, and add to them
The ſtreets do ſwarm, and each the other follow.
Some with fall'n ſtockings, others with one ſhoo,
Yet all reſolve the race to hobble through;

One up *Diana* ſhouted; th' other cries,
Down with all Taxes and Monopolies.
A third with loud and fearful far-fetcht Oaths
Curſed the Senators as th' publick foes.
A fourth ſteps out, asking what all this meant?
'Twas ſaid, becauſe a good mans cloak was rent.
Others more gravely would the cauſe unfold,
Telling demurely that two women ſcold,
Began the fray; that firſt by words, then blows,
They pull'd and tugg'd, and nimbly in they cloſe;
Down they both fell: to whom a ſtander-by
Said, it was no ſuch matter, he did lye.
He would have told his ſtory, but the rout
All on a ſudden up the ſtreets they ſcout,
Yelping and yawling what each thought the beſt,
Though all did ſtrangely differ from the reſt.
As they were running, 't happen'd that a Lad
In a black ſhirt, and a long apron clad;
I gueſt him Prentice to ſome Copperſmith:
In galloping his legs being tangled with
His longer apron, which did hang before him,
Tript up his heels, another ſtraight fell o're him;
A third o're him, and ſo in heaps they lay;
All chang'd their notes to cry, Oh ſtay! ſtay! ſtay!
My arm! my leg! another, Oh my thigh!
You are too heavy on my back that lie.
Oh where's my ſhoo's? you-ſir have torn my ſhirt.
Another, You-ſir 'twas that did me hurt.
Oh where's my cap? look there in kennel 'tis:
Oh that's not mine, but that Fur'd cap is his.
As they got up one crys unto the other,
I prithee take thy knife and ſcrape me, brother.

One

One toting fellow, ſtreet-yarn oft that reels,
Came crawling out with breeches 'bout his heels;
When the reſt ſaw that pitiful diſaſter,
They held their ſides, and fell to a loud laughter;
This ſtopt the rout a while in their ſwift race,
But up they get, away they run apace.
Now up their throats they raiſe, and do begin
Agen to fill the City with a din.
For two hours time this mad rout thus did hold,
Till that the Town-Clark came and it controul'd,
Telling *Demetrius* and the reſt, that they
To right all wrongs by juſtice had their way;
And that their foul fault to ſuch height did mount,
Of which he's ſure they could give no account:
So he diſmiſt them, and they went their way,
Moſt knowing not for what they met that day.

The FLINT.

THey ſay my ſoul's a Flint,
My thoughts are ſparks of reaſon,
Which her ſmall cells do ſtint
Unto an atoms priſon.

They ſay this fire's divine
That from this flint doth flow,
Which will our eyes refine,
And God and nature ſhow.

This moſt myſterious flame
I did deſire to know;
I to this flint ſtraight came,
To ſee if it were ſo.

For heat I grope't about,
The Priſon-walls felt cold,
Then I began to doubt
The truth of what was told.

At length I did begin
Their gates with ſtrokes to ſhake,
I found then fire within;
For th' priſon-doors I brake.

I ſtruck agen and place't
My breaſt, the tinder-box
Under which ſoon embrace't
The fire that fell with knocks.

The candle of the Lord
I then took up to light,
Which flame it did afford
That it did burn out bright.

On this pure ſtream of flame
Mine eye row'd to and fro,
And at the length I came
Of fuel within to know.

Within my breaſt I found
Loves taper without fire,
I ſoon with beams it crown'd,
So now my flame grew higher.

O what a warmth I felt!
Each pow'r about did glow,
My ſoul began to melt,
And round my body flow.

Lord! cri'd I, what a bliſs!
What laviſh glory's this,
We feel when thou doſt ſhake,
And doſt our hearts to fitters break!

A Divine SONG.

I.

COME, O ye winged Angels from above,
Can you not tell me news of him I love!
Where he aſcended
When the Clouds him took,
And wafted him
Beyond what we could look?
Did he not paſs the Sun, and pierce the sky!
Tell me:
Tell me:
For it's the ſame that here did die.

II.

What did he when within your gates he came?
Did he ſtrip off his rags, or wear the ſame?
Yea, but much mended:
Each jag glory wore:
They are the ſame;
But brighter than before.
That very torn fleſh now wears Majeſty:
And ſhall,
And ſhall,
When time yields to eternity.

III.

Go ſearch the Thrones, and tell me where's his (place:
You may him know by th' ſhinings of his face.
Is'nt

Is'nt he ſet higher
Then all your degrees
Of Seraphims,
Or Cherubs, if you pleaſe?
Doth not his brightneſs
Put your glory out?
And you,
And you,
Fall down to worſhip round about.

IV.

Can you inform me what's his buſineſs there?
Whether of us he taketh any care?
Doth there burn incenſe?
Are perfumes there ſweet?
Are there the prayers
Which we lay at his feet?
Doth he accept them? and his Father too?
Tell me,
Tell me,
But nought but what you know is true.

V.

You flaming fires that attend his will,
Can you inform how long 'twill be until
The winged winds ſhall
Bring their Royal load?
Or how long he
Will make with you his 'bode?
Are you preparing clouds whereon to ride?

Oh when,
Oh when,
Will you come flaming by his ſide?

VI.

If you him ſee, pray tell, his longing bride
Begs that he comes, the world his ſtay deride:
We groan for freedom,
Their ſins vengeance cries:
Since we are fit,
O will the Lord ariſe?
Will he come crown us, and the wicked burn,
Or ſtay,
Or ſtay,
Till more ſtray-ſouls unto him turn?

VII.

If that's his meaning, tell him then that we
Wait ſtill believing, and will patient be.
We know he will not
Quite forget us here:
We are belov'd,
Which will at length appear.
Let him but purge us, ſcowr off our ruſt,
And then,
And then
Let him but haſte us to the duſt.

A wounded Conſcience.

I.

CHide, chide no longer, I do ſmart,
Thy words, my Soveraign! they are keen,
They plow deep furrows in my heart,
And ſcatter ſeeds of wrath between.
Oh! what an harveſt is here like to be!
Thou maiſt reap glory, but I miſery.

II.

My ſin is poyſon rank enough:
Do not with it thine anger blend,
If thou wilt force me drink it up,
It will it ſelf work out my end.
If thou would'ſt have me die, thou need'ſt not go
But to my Conſcience, whence doth venom flow.

III.

If thou intendeſt to torment,
Thou need'ſt not ſend me down to hell;
Keep thou but up an angry look,
It's pain enough where e're I dwell.
Where thy beams ſhine not, but keen angers flame,
Muſt make hell-torment, or a pain wants name.

IV. Guns,

IV.

Guns, fire, nor ſword, doth Soldier fright;
The Mariner laughs in a ſtorm;
The Shepherd fearleſs is by night,
The Martyr counts his fire but warm.
If thou but caſt'ſt a frown, my ſpirits fail,
My heart it panteth, and my looks wax pale.

V.

Though my Spirit doth rocky ſeem,
If thou in anger doſt it ſmite,
It guſheth forth in briny ſtream,
That even ſuffocates my light.
Thy frowns may well cauſe dews in flinty mind,
When at thy blows hard marble tears can find.

A Sin-

A Petition for a proſpect of Immortalities.

HUmbly, my God! I beg of thee I might
Diſcharg'd a while from priſon take my flight
Into thoſe regions where I may converſe
With naked *Spirits*; let my conceptions dreſs,
Sit cloſe and comely to each thing, that I
With a clean mind ſhall venture to deſcry;
While Earths dull off ſpring, children of the night,
To coop their thoughts in ſhades of *ſenſe* delight:
While Owls and Bats are flut'ring with their wings
About this groſs dark world for *earthly* things.
Oh! let me ſnatch a glimpſe of that *above*,
And ſteal a glance of thee, thou God of love!
Why is my half a *ſpirit*, if that I
May not converſe with *Spirits* till I die?
May I converſe with *thee*, thou dazling Sun!
Father of Spirits, why not, when I've done,
May not I look upon the *Stars* and take
A view of their leſs brightneſs? while I 'wake
Why ſhould my Taper ſweal away for nought,
But me to gaze on things ſcarce worth a thought?
Scarce worth a thought, if but compar'd to *thee*,
And that retinue that in Heaven be.
O charge me not of niceneſs that I fain
Of *other* worlds would ſome ſmall knowledg gain.
Paſs me not home, if thou a *Pilgrim* find
Me in my travels, alas! my wearied *mind*
Is tir'd *with this world*; this muddy ſmoke
From Earth doth ev'n my languid *ſpirits* choak:

Let

Let me but take a little air, that I
May be refreſht, then home again I'le hie.
I do conceive a vaſt extended *Sphere*,
Farther above the Stars than we are here
Repleat with matter; ſome thick, ſome thin and (light,
In which are bodies, ſome opake and bright,
Tumbling about; ſo doth our earth where we
As on a float ſwim round the world we ſee.
In th' center of which orb, as in a Throne,
Sits the adored *Triad* all alone,
Shooting their Omnipreſent beams about,
Filling the Sphere within, and ſpace without:
Without I dare not ſay, they idle are,
For God is pleas'd not only here but there,
Yet we are ſure throughout this golden ring
His beams have been fæcund in ev'ry thing.
And do continue chearing as a Hen
Her Chicks does nouriſh in her feather'd den;
But their *productions* vary, ſome opake,
That eyes may ſee, noſe ſmell, and hands may take;
Others ſo fine, ſo rare, that no ſenſe can
Grope out a touch; ſuch is the *ſp'rit* in man.
Such are the *Angels*, ſpirits more refin'd
From earthly tincture than the humane mind.
Such that no razor, knife, or ſword can wound.
Where was the carcaſs of an Angel found?
As glaſſie Sciſſers would clip off a ray,
Juſt ſo keen ſteel may cut a *ſpirit* in tway.
Spirits through ſteel can freelier paſs than light,
Can through that Sciſſer that it takes its flight.
In fire they burn not, having no fleſh to fry,
Where did you ſee an *Angel* Martyr die?

They

They ſport about the belly of the deep,
And yet their ſides no briny-tears do weep.
Juſt as I've ſeen the *Sun* paſs through her beams,
And pierce the boſom of clear cryſtal ſtreams,
Yet have they liv'd unquench'd, nor have they
Moiſtned with th' cold dampy parts within. (been
Caſt them in pits, ram them up faſt with earth,
From theſe dark wombs they'l find a paſs for birth.
Clap them in dungeons, lock them up in cheſt,
Stop up each chink, or cranny, you had beſt:
Yet that is vain, through brazen walls they'l paſs
As eaſie as a Sun-beam through a glaſs.
Thus when proud *Pharoah* ſcorn'd his ſail to ſtrike
To th' Crown of Heaven, proudly did diſlike
To own an equal; God his warrant gave
To bring th' *Egyptians* firſt-born to the grave.
In th' dead of night when all their doors were faſt,
Faſt lockt and bolted, through his *Angel*'s paſt,
Stifles them round, no bars, bolts, doors could keep
The infant ſafe in th' mothers arms aſleep.
Thus when ſweet ſlumber ſeiz'd the pris'ners eyes,
Whilſt *Peter* 'twixt two Soldiers ſleeping lies,
Cloſely confin'd within cloſe priſon walls,
Angels whip in, and up the pris'ner calls,
Opens the doors, ſets free the ſhackled man;
Thus walls, doors, windows, penetrate they can.
Amazing Natures! ſomewhere you exiſt,
Now here, now there, yea where ſo e're you liſt;
Yet in no place, no circumſcribing air
Can fit you with a garb that you can wear:
Your ſpungy parts ſometimes ſo puff and ſwell,
That what wo'ld ſhroud a mountain, can't you well.
Again you bend and fold up every joint
Into the compaſs of a Needles point.
Like to the candle-beams that can emit,
As may the compaſs of a Parlor fit,

Yet can again themſelves ſo cloſely croud,
That in dark lanthorn they themſelves can ſhrowd.
Or like a ſilken robe we can command,
Into the hollow of a Ladies hand:
Yet long and wide enough to cover o're
The body of that ſhe I nam'd before.
Or take a ſhadow from another thing,
The glove that clothes mine hand can paſs my ring.
Witneſs the various *Spectres* that have been
The ſport and maygame of the Magick ſin:
Sometimes they flirt and caper here and there
In ſhapes of flies about the flexile air:
Then ſhifting coats, they make a Mouſes skin
The utmoſt confines of their room within;
Diſlodging thence, the next-made randevow
Is in a figur'd *Hog*, a wanton *Goat*, or *Cow*:
Or elſe that *ſpirit* within a Fly contract,
Can the dimenſion of *Giant* act,
And turn a weavers-beam about the sky,
As nimbly as it did the wings of th' fly.
Speak *Holy Pen-man!* how many *ſpirits* can
Crowd in the body of one living man:
More than *ſix thouſand* as his name doth tell,
Being called *Legion*; that ſum's known full well.
Thus they contract and ſqueeze themſelves together,
Thus they dilate and ſpread I know not whither.
Now for *ſelf-motion* to them propriate,
My winged quill doth fly to explicate.
Source of all action! and the genuine ſpring
Of motion lodg'd in th' center of each thing!
Matter's too dull, too lumpiſh for to raiſe
It ſelf, or ſtir. When I with wonder gaze
On th' foaming Planets, that do ſwiftly fly,
Prancing their rounds on th' pavement of the sky.

My

My thoughts do riſe, and inly ask my mind,
Whence is that motion that outſtrips the wind?
When I a ſtone, mountain, or rock behold,
I find them to all motion ſtark and cold.
Yet have they limbs as able for to move
As *Luna*, *Mars*, or elſe triumphant *Jove*.
Whence ſhould it come? ſurely it cannot be
That from themſelves comes that ability:
Then from ſome other 't muſt, but tell what is't?
Not other matter; that h'as little liſt
To move as they; what then may we it call?
What is the ſpring, or the original
Of all this ſwiftneſs? ſure it was ſome *ſp'rite*,
That put this world *firſt* in this moving plight.
Caſting mine eye now downward, I behold
Mine animate fleſh, ſtrange motions t' infold.
Whence ſo ſpontaneouſly have I the skill,
To move my flexile members where I will?
Whence move my ſinews, muſcles? I command
My joints to bend, and then again to ſtand.
Is't from my ſpirits that in purple-flood
Now ebbs, now flows in them as they think good?
But what moves them? is it from Chance, or is't
From deep conſults? Or tell me do they wiſt
What they are doing? By Chance! fain I'de (know
Why only when I need them, they do flow?
Is chance ſo conſtant? can it their forces bend,
And ſtedily direct to th' thing I intend?
The *Clock* may well count th' hours of the day;
But can I think that ſturdy iron may
Direct it ſelf? or elſe by chance may ſtrike
This hour *one*, next *two*? our caſe is like.
When I believe I run, when I do ſet;
That water dries, and the fire it is wet;
That with mine *eyes* I hear, or with my *Toes*
Do ſee, and that my taſte lies in my *noſe*;

Then I'le conceive that leſs than a *ſp'rite* can
Poinſt out the motion that I ſee in man.
But how can that which is without extenſion,
As *ſpirits* are, perform the thing I mention?
Having no parts but ſuch are penetrable,
How to unite with *matter* are they able?
How can they thruſt or force dull matter on,
And yet themſelves want *parts* to faſten 'pon
The *parts* they move! who can then this avouch,
That *this* move *that*, yet neither of them touch?
Anſwer me this, and I will that, What ſight
So pierceth, that ſees *matter* to unite
With *matter?* how do they cleave together,
That hammers, chiſſels, axes, cannot ſever?
How do they *faſten?* is't by certain glew?
But that hath *parts*. What then? why fain I knew.
Is't from their reſt or ſtillneſs as they lie?
Why doth not then each ſtick or ſtone faſt tye
It ſelf to th' ground, when there it's caſt?
Would not all things incruſtate hard at laſt?
Should not we need a Chiſſel for to pick
Up what with eaſe we take, be't ſtone or ſtick?
Yet this we know that *parts* of bodies bind
And tye themſelves moſt faſt, and yet our mind
Spies not the *manner* how: what if then
Union of *ſp'rits* to *body*'s hard to men?
Oh! my brains ſweat ſome gentle breathing (wind
Of finer fancies, chear up a tir'd mind!
Polliſh this rug'd diſcourſe, make it ſo bright,
That it may ſparkle in the darkeſt night.
I know no motion but from *ſp'rits* ariſe,
And moſtly from their preſence lives or dies:
The wheels of Heav'n now working, we'd ſeen ſtand
If not been turn'd *firſt* by th' *Almighty*'s hand.
What is't that hoiſts the feather'd ſails of *birds*,
And nimbly wafts them through the airy floods?

What

What rudder turns thoſe Pinnaces around,
Steers them now upwards, then ſlopes to the (ground?
What can it be that ſports and plays within
The center of the *ſcaly peoples* skin,
With bended tails, when they do skip above
Their glaſſie ceilings that they moſtly love?
The *Fox*, *Horſe*, *Hare*, and *Greyhound*, ſee them run,
Obſerve their jerks how they proceed and turn:
Tell me if ſluggiſh *matter* could produce,
Such pretty freaks, or any purple ſluce
Of blood that opens, and now ſhuts again,
Could make theſe *machins* poſt the way amain
O're hedg and ditch, buſhes of briar and thorn,
And mend their pace by ſwitch or wind of horn?
Tell me in *July* it doth fiercely freez,
I will believe't as ſoon as I can theſe.
Yet more prodigious motions I can tell,
Acted by *ſp'rits* on matter ſprung from Hell.
A cloud is ſeen by many to ariſe
Out of a pit by which a *Beldam* lies,
Stirring her urine, thence doth darkneſs fleet,
Baffling the light, making the day retreat;
Clouds in the air ingender, double charge
Themſelves with *thunder*, then themſelves enlarge
In ſheets of flame, thence follow winds
That ſtrike amazement to the hearers minds.
What ſhall I ſay of *Wizards* that are whirl'd,
In cloudy chariots round the airy world;
What of *Amantius* and *Rotarius* ſet
Perched on tops of Oaks bemir'd and wet,
Whence in a trice from out the ſhepherds ſight;
A wind them ſnatches, and then take their flight,
Like two *cock-ſparrows* 't length were ſeen to hop
Upon a towring lofty houſes top,

One

One trembling, th' other laughing bid him cheer,
It was as ſafe to be in th' air as there.
Thus was *Mag. Warrin* hackned on the back
Of ſome foul *Fien* that made the *welkin* crack
With ſtorms and *tempeſts*, as he her did rear
Aloft jolting along, yet void of fear,
Lighting at laſt on th' top of a tall oak,
Was ſeen condemn'd, and in a rope did choak.
Wondrous! is't eaſie, tell me, to conceive,
That *air* ſhould thus condenſe it ſelf, then heave
Such weighty bodies upward, or bare words,
Or ceremonious charms make them as birds
To courſe about the air? ma'n't we with eaſe
Rather imagin *ſp'rits* t' produce all theſe?
Strike ſail *my muſe!* thou 'rt now in ſight of ſhore,
Laden with traffick hath inricht me more
Than *Indian* voyage, knowledg of *ſp'rits* to me
Is far more ſweet than *Arab* ſpices be.
They may embalm the body, what care I?
Let body rot and *ſtink*, my *ſoul* can't die.
Spirits are all *immortal*, ſo's my *ſoul*,
It cannot waſt nor die: Bells they may toul
Their *mortal* knells for Bodies, but I have
What the *Father of Sp'rits* alive will ſave.
Welcome ye *Angels* then, 'tis for your ſake
That I in part this tedious voyage make;
My undiſturbed reaſon free from doubt,
Spirits hath ſeen in fleſh, and ſome without.
Lord! when this *priſon* falls, and I am free,
Let me i'th' number of *juſt ſpirits be.*

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